LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
1800

Oliver A. Taylor.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS WASHINGTON

# MEMOIR

OF THE

# REV. OLIVER ALDEN TAYLOR, A. M.

LATE OF

## MANCHESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.

*Καὶ ὁθάνατος οὐκ ἔσται ἔτι, οὔτε πενθος, οὔτε κραυγὴ, οὔτε πόνος οὐκ ἔσται ἔτι· ὅτι τα πρῶτα ἀπηλθον.*—Rev. 21 : 4.

BY

REV. TIMOTHY ALDEN TAYLOR, A. M.

AUTHOR OF

"THE SOLACE," "ZION," AND "ZION'S PATHWAY."

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS 1872

BOSTON:
TAPPAN AND WHITTEMORE,
114 WASHINGTON STREET.
1853.

THE LIBRARY
OF CONGRESS
WASHINGTON

BX7260
.T34A3

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853,
By Rev. T. A. Taylor,
In the Clerk's office in the District Court of Massachusetts.

PRINTED BY WHITE AND POTTER,
No. 4, Spring Lane, Boston.

# PREFACE.

FIVE years since, the subject of this Memoir committed his private papers, in case of his decease, to myself. He was then starting on a Western tour, and he acted in view of the uncertainties of life. Three months prior to his death, he again made the same disposition of those papers, provided he should not recover from the illness by which he was then prostrated. Hence, this work, if attempted, would naturally fall into my hands. Nothing but a sense of imperious duty could have induced me, in addition to my pastoral labors, to undertake it at all; nor would it have been possible for me to accomplish what is now presented to the public, had I not been constantly aided by one who sustains to me the dearest relation in life. That I have not been injudicious in supposing a Memoir of my departed brother desirable and important, may be evinced by the following communications, which I have received since the commencement of the work: —

"I mourn, with many others, the comparatively early removal of your dear brother. His memory is precious to me, and I shall be glad to see the Memoir of him which you are now preparing." — Rev. Mr. GALE, Rockport.

"I rejoice that you are about to give to the public an extended Memoir of your dear departed brother. Such a volume, I cannot doubt, will be deeply interesting to all that knew him, and highly useful to those not personally acquainted with him." — Rev. Dr. CROWELL, Essex.

"He was a noble Christian, and I am glad you are preparing a memorial of him." — Rev. W. A. STEARNS, Cambridgeport.

Rev. Dr. STEARNS, Newark, N. J., on enclosing a package of let-

ters which he had received from Mr. T., remarks: — "I send you what I can find, and shall esteem myself happy if thereby I may contribute in any degree to facilitate your worthy design of preserving the precious memory of your excellent and now sainted brother."

Prof. Smith, of Bangor Theological Seminary, says:

"I am heartily glad that you are engaged in preparing a memorial of your lamented brother. May you be prospered, my dear sir, in your labor of love, and be enabled, by creating a worthy monument for your brother, to do much towards awakening a kindred spirit among the ministry of this and future times."

"It gives me great pleasure to know that the example of industry and success in the pursuit of sacred learning exhibited in your brother's life is to be presented to the public." — Rev. Dr. Woods, President of Bowdoin College.

"When such men die, it is proper that a memorial of them should be preserved, and I am glad you are performing that office in behalf of one who, as a friend, a scholar, and a servant of Christ, has so many claims to our respectful remembrance." — Prof. Hackett, Theological Seminary, Newton.

From Prof. Tyler, Amherst College: —

"I rejoice to learn that you have undertaken to prepare a Memoir of your late brother. Such a tribute is due to his talents and piety, to his ability and faithfulness as a minister of Christ, and especially to his indefatigable industry and distinguished attainments as a Christian scholar. He devoted many of the last years of his life wholly to studies, illustrative of the literature and the theology of the Bible. The public have seen the results and are still reaping the benefits of those years of silent and unobtrusive toil on the Catalogue of the Library at Andover, and in several volumes, rich in learning and piety, which were written or translated and edited by him. Could they also be made acquainted with more or less of the *process* by which these results were wrought out, as witnessed by those who saw him from day to day in his studies and his perambulations at Andover; the unwearied patience and perseverance with which he ransacked books, and labored to apprehend, reconcile and digest their heterogeneous contents, and at the same time the conscientious and systematic care with which he walked and talked and *swam*, and in various

other ways recreated and exercised, that he might preserve 'a sound mind in a sound body,' the process would be scarcely less instructive than the results were honorable to himself and valuable to the Christian community. In looking over the very valuable donation of books from his private library, which, in accordance with his wishes, his surviving brothers have recently transmitted to the library of Amherst College, I have been struck, not only with his love of books, but with the wise and faithful use which he made of them. Large as the donation was, nearly all the books contain marks or notes from his pen in the margin, or on the blank leaves, showing that he had consulted them and expected to consult them again; that he appreciated their contents and hoped to apply them to some practical and sound purpose. Alas, that so many of his hopes and purposes were 'broken off' by his early death! There are few sadder offices than the distribution or appropriation by others of such a minister's library, unless it be that in which you are now engaged — the preparation of a tribute to the memory of such a friend, and that friend a beloved brother. Yet you will experience a melancholy satisfaction in rendering the service. It will be a labor of love on your part. May you be guided by that wisdom which is profitable to direct, and accompanied by that blessing which alone can render the work truly acceptable and useful."

Might I persuade myself that I have in any good degree answered the end desired by the distinguished men whose names and letters are here inserted, I should rejoice. But it is no easy task to prepare a Memoir, even when, as in the present case, *materials* are ample.

I have failed in attempts to procure some of the letters of my brother which I had hoped to incorporate in this volume. *One*, in Latin, and pronounced *classical* by high authority, I should have inserted, could it have been obtained; but the most persevering efforts to secure it have been unsuccessful. Scores of letters written by him in other than the English language, are in my possession; yet feeling myself incompetent to judge of their literary merits, I have not ventured to publish a specimen. I regret to say that the only Hebrew quotation in the book is incorrectly printed.

The design of this work is to present an impartial and faithful history of its subject. The volume might have easily been much enlarged. I am not without fears that I may be charged with

too much minuteness of detail; but I have thought that a full history of Mr. T.'s early struggles in pursuit of knowledge, would constitute no small part of the interest of the narrative, and also render it more serviceable to the young, not a few of whom are encompassed with poverty. Let them here learn what perseverance, in pursuit of knowledge, can accomplish.

It has been my aim to permit, so far as possible, the subject to speak for himself; yet it must be obvious to every reflecting mind that however excellent may be the thoughts of an uneducated *child*, his language will be entirely unsuited to appear in print. It was a misfortune of Mr. T.'s early years, and one over which he never ceased to grieve in after life, that opportunities for mental discipline were not then his. It was also ever an occasion of regret to him, that his first years of academic study were passed without rigid supervision. He used his pen, perhaps, too much. The habit of condensation and of strict classification would have simplified the many voluminous manuscripts from which the materials of this Memoir have, in part, been drawn.

No one, it is presumed, will read this volume without the conviction that the subject of it could say at the close of his life, as he did in his youth, "*I have endeavored to improve every moment.*" Diligence ever characterized him. Study was no drudgery; he not only loved knowledge itself, but enjoyed the acquisition of it. He could luxuriate in the driest principles of science, and would cheerfully have passed much of his life in those very researches, which multitudes, who crave the renown of the learned, wholly discard.

Most sincerely do I thank all those who have cheered me on by their expressions of kindness and sympathy. One year ago *this day*, the spirit of my brother winged its way from earth, and it is believed, to heaven.

For twelve months I have been engaged in the preparation of this work, and now, through the mercy of God, I am permitted to see it issuing from the press. Imperfect as it is, I commit it to the world, thanking the Almighty, that I have been suffered to do aught for the perpetuation of my brother's memory. If Christ be honored, though but in a small degree, by this volume, I shall not have labored wholly in vain. Farewell, my brother, farewell, a *short* farewell. I hope to meet thee ere long in the eternal City.

SLATERSVILLE, R. I., Dec. 18, 1852.

# CONTENTS.


## CHAPTER I.

PARENTAGE AND CHILDHOOD.

Born in Yarmouth, Mass. — Maternal ancestors clerical — Began life amid parental trials — Is transferred to a wilderness — Early religious impressions — Desires to unite with the church — Meditations — A revival in H. — Professes religion publicly — No relish for sinful sports — Zeal in attending social meetings — Love for books — His library — A providential escape, . . . . . 13–29

## CHAPTER II.

HIS FIRST ABSENCE FROM HOME.

A dark cloud over the family — His discouragement — A brighter scene — A summer in Ashfield — Becomes acquainted with Rev. T. Shepard — Various unsuccessful efforts to obtain means by which to prosecute studies — Letter to his parents — Encouraged by Mr. Shepard — Last interview with his father, . . . . . 30–37

## CHAPTER III.

THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER.

Is summoned from Ashfield — His father's charge — Returns to A. and studies there — Visits Williamstown — Becomes a beneficiary of the Education Society — Prepares for a journey to Pennsylvania — Resolutions, . . . . 38–44

## CHAPTER IV.

HIS JOURNEY TO MEADVILLE.

A farewell meeting — The parting — His mother's letter to him — The son's farewell to his mother — Her letter to her father — Oliver at Williamstown — Hears of the death of his uncle T.'s wife — Arrives at Athens, N. Y. — Writes to his uncle T. — Journey from A. to Meadville — Letter to his uncle O., . . . . . 45–52

## CHAPTER V.

RESIDENCE IN MEADVILLE.

Letter to his mother — Extracts from his journal — Letter to the Secretary of the Ed. Soc. — Corner stone of Bentley Hall laid — Studies — Absence of his uncle deplored — A narrow escape — A new year — Letter to his mother — Debating Society — Delivers a eulogy — A critical observer of things — Teaches a day school; also a singing school — Letter to his mother — Anniversary of his arrival at M. — Singing school in M. — Interview with Rev. Mr. Goodell — Eighteen hundred twenty-two — Discouragements in study — Decides to leave M., . . . . . 53–73

## CHAPTER VI.

LEAVES MEADVILLE.

Sadness on leaving — Prayer for guidance — Objects of interest — Finds friends — Lamed by walking — At Buffalo — Fears his trunk is lost — Acts the lawyer — Views the monuments of the dead — Is entertained by a Professor at Auburn — A family incident — Meets a Waterloo soldier — Reaches Schenectady, . . . . . 74–77

## CHAPTER VII.

IS A MEMBER OF UNION COLLEGE.

Letters to his mother — Visits his mother — Their meeting — Reflections on the farm where he toiled with his father — At the grave — Efforts to do good in H. — A family meeting — Skeptical tendencies — Kindness of the people to him in H. — Returns to College — Letter to his eldest sister — Journal — Letter to his mother, . . . 78–86

## CHAPTER VIII.

COLLEGE LIFE CONTINUED.

Smiles and frowns — Brief sickness — Letter to his brother T. — To Col. J. L. — Becomes a beneficiary of the Albany Presbytery — Studies in vacation — Sickness — Generosity of classmates — Leaves College — Arrives in H. — Recovers and returns to S. — Letter to his mother — Elected a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society — Letter to his brother R. — Visits a criminal under sentence of death — Teaches a singing school in S. — Undertakes the translation of a geometrical work from the French — Letter to his mother — Death of a classmate — Graduates, . . 87–104

## CHAPTER IX.

STUDIES THEOLOGY AT ANDOVER.

A visit to Yarmouth — Letter to his mother — First Sabbath at A. — Perplexed for money — Mental darkness — A new year — Letter to his mother — To a brother — To Rev. J. Grout — Spring vacation — A strange sermon — Letters to his eldest sister — To his mother — Dissatisfaction with his religious state — Thinks of Palestine — A vacation in Boston — A city missionary — A report of his labors — Letter to his mother — Returns to Andover — Visits Hawley, . 105–124

## CHAPTER X.

A YEAR AT GLOUCESTER.

Letter to Mrs. Matthews — To his mother — A new year's present — Letter to Mr. Grout — To his brother T. — Ways of usefulness — Visits Yarmouth — Returns to the Seminary, . . . . . 125–130

## CHAPTER XI.

SENIOR YEAR AT ANDOVER.

Death of his grandfather — Translates for Dr. Leiber — Thoughts on missions — Fondness for literature — Letter to his mother — Fears he has no piety — Reproof — Engages to preach at Beverly — Letter to his brother T. — Letter to his mother — To his sister M——a — Graduates, . . 131–138

## CHAPTER XII.

CALLS TO SETTLE, ETC. — PREACHES IN TOPSFIELD.

Receives a call — Answers it in the negative — Is invited to become a missionary to the Jews — Letters to his mother — Correspondence with Prof. Fiske — Residence in Hartford, Ct. — Letters to his mother and brother, . . 139–150

## CHAPTER XIII.

LITERARY PURSUITS.

Engaged in translating from the German — Letter to his brother T. — To his mother — Parts with Mr. Schauffler — Letters to his brother R. — Reflections — Publishes Memoirs, etc. of Reinhard — Letters to his brother T. — Various literary calls — Contracted minds — New divinity — Letters — Conjunction of Jupiter and Venus — Great dejection — Studies Rabbinic — Visits Hawley — Affecting scene — Invited to Braintree — Decides not to go, . . 151–167

## CHAPTER XIV.

LITERARY PURSUITS CONTINUED.

Publishes Views of the Saviour — Translates Pfeiffer on Music — Prepares a history of the pulpit — Letters — Preaches in Dracut — Letters to brothers and sisters — Teaches Hebrew in the Theol. Seminary — Death of Mr. Johnson — Is invited to the New York Seminary — Letter from Dr. Robinson — The early home of Mrs. Dwight — Great trials — Completion of the Catalogue — Distressing views of sin — The missionary cause — Publishes a brief statistical history of Andover Seminary — The Mourner, . . . 168–184

## CHAPTER XV.

DEVOTES HIMSELF TO PREACHING.

At Dracut — An affecting death — Ordained an Evangelist — Preaches in Greenfield — Letters to his brother T. — Visits Hawley — Preaches in Hatfield — Receives a call — Thoughts on missions — A scene in Natick — Preaches in Danvers — Pleasing incidents — Trials, . . . 185–198

## CHAPTER XVI.

PREACHES IN MANCHESTER.

Letter to the American Board — Death of his uncle T. Alden — Sweet communion with God — Receives a call to settle in M. — Accepts — A journey — At Princeton, N. J. — In Philadelphia — At Alexandria — Visits Mt. Vernon — Reflections at the tomb of Washington — Returns to M. — Letter to Mrs. McF., . . . . . 199–206

## CHAPTER XVII.

AS A PASTOR.

Installation — A letter from a parishioner to the compiler — Visits his old study at Andover — Emotions on bidding it farewell — Letters to Prof.—— — Letter to his brother T. — Book borrowers — Buying books — Revival in M. — Letter to Mrs. Thacher — Zeal for old studies — Invited to the ordination of his brother R. — Letters to that brother — Heavenly enjoyment — Fanatical scenes — Death of President Harrison — Private fasting — Zeal for the Sabbath-school — The pulpit an awful place — Temperance — The death of his predecessor — Visit to Andover — Comfort in God — Letter to his mother from Heath, . . . 207–224

## CHAPTER XVIII.

PASTORAL LIFE CONTINUED.

Andrew Lee — His death — The pastor's grief — Frequent sad news from sea — Midnight call — Fearful struggles —

Kindness to the poor — Augustine — Self-examination — Letter to Mrs. L. from Boston — An orientalism — Thanks for friendship — Preparing a Memoir — At Norwich, Ct. — Breathings after holiness — The Salem sufferer — Millerism — Rev. Mr. Knapp, Baptist — Revival in M. — Relinquishment of salary — No fellowship with errorists — A comet — Spiritual pride — Salary trouble — Looking to the everlasting hills — Wonders of glory, . . . 225–240

## CHAPTER XIX.

PASTORAL LIFE CONTINUED.

Letter to his brother T. and wife — Summoned to see his sick mother — Spiritual darkness — Prayer in the woods — Glimpse of heavenly light — Attends commencement — Graduation of his youngest brother — Visits Saratoga Springs — Letters to his sister-in-law C. — Letters to his mother — His marriage — A Sabbath at Hamilton — Letter to his sister M. — Letter from Boston to his wife — National election — Death of his mother-in-law — Habits of visiting — Salary trial — Letters to his wife — A smiling Saviour, . . . . . 241–257

## CHAPTER XX.

PASTORAL LIFE CONTINUED.

Elected a member of the New England H. G. Society — Visits N. J. — Affecting baptism of an infant — The closing year — Letters to his sister M——y — Reopening of the meeting-house — Letter to Mrs. McF. — To a brother — To his wife from Hawley — Affecting death of a parishioner — Death of Rev. Mr. Jewett, . . . . . 258–265

## CHAPTER XXI.

PASTORAL LIFE CONTINUED.

Rev. T. S. Wright — Death of Rev. Mr. Mansfield — Ordination of his youngest brother — Letter to Rev. Dr. Hooker — A Sabbath at Wenham — Reflections on the death of his father — Ordination sermon published — Scenes of sorrow — Exalted views of Jesus — His mother's likeness — Letter to a newly married sister, . . . . . 266–274

## CHAPTER XXII.

PASTORAL LIFE CONTINUED.

Church fast— Despair and consolation — Self-distrust — Inquirers — Infidel lecture — Anxiety for a sick brother — Letter to his wife — Visits R. I. — Death of Rev. W. B.

Tappan — Letter of sympathy — Change of habitation — Funeral of a dear friend — Case of Prof. Webster — Letter to his mother respecting his father — Revival in Essex — The new society in M — A heavenly season at the Anniversaries — Rev. Habijah Weld — Death of Gen. Taylor — A refreshing call — Birthday — Celebration at Topsfield — Mournful tidings — A present — Cleaveland genealogy — Closing a volume of journalizing — A returned Californian — Death of an aged saint, . . . . . 275–290

## CHAPTER XXIII.

HIS LAST YEAR — SICKNESS AND DEATH.

A new year's thought — Communion Sabbath — Dying youth — Publishes Articles of Faith — A letter to afflicted parents — A visit to Newburyport — A journey to Pennsylvania — Taken sick at Deposit — Visits his mother — Their tender parting — Returns to M. — Commencement of his last sickness — Is soon prostrated — His birthday — Prospect of recovery — Letter to his mother — An appeal to the Sabbath-school — A letter to the Sabbath-school — A letter to Mrs. McF. — Another letter to his mother — A letter to Mrs. M. — Thanksgiving day — Letter to his brother T. — A new attack — The last day of his life — The closing scene — The funeral, . . . . . 291–325

## CHAPTER XXIV.

NOTICES OF HIS DEATH; ESTIMATE OF HIS CHARACTER, ETC.

Boston Traveller's notice — Letters of condolence — Resolution of the Essex South Association — Also of the Salem Association — Characteristics of him as a pastor, by Rev. R. T. — His library — Publications — Letter to the compiler from Dr. Crowell — From Rev. Mr. Campbell — From Dr. Nott — From Bishop Potter — From Prof. Hackett — From Dr. Dana — From Dr. Woods, . . . 326–347

## CHAPTER XXV.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Ordination Address — Reasons, etc. — Revival in Hawley, 1816 — Western tour — Address at the dedication of the Union Cemetery — Poetry, Pilgrims of Leyden — Lines for an afflicted sister — Spring — To my wife on the death of her mother — Dedication hymn — On the death of C. M. N., only son of Rev. C. M. Nickels — Translation of "Dies Iræ" — Monumental inscription, . . . 348–396

# MEMOIR.

## CHAPTER I.

### PARENTAGE AND CHILDHOOD.

The Rev. Oliver Alden Taylor was born in Yarmouth, Massachusetts, August 18th, 1801, and was the eldest of eleven children. His parents were Captain Jeremiah and Mrs. Martha Shaw Taylor. With much research in subsequent years, he traced out the lineage of his paternal ancestors. Speaking of them, he says: "I have found no men of royal blood; no barons, lords, dukes or conquerors; but instead thereof, pilgrims and adventurers, characterized by all the imperfections of human nature, though often blessed with some of the virtues of Christianity. So let it be. Everything on earth that exalts the human body, goes to foster human pride, and destroy the soul. Let my boast then, like Cowper's, be,

> '——— not that I deduce my birth
> From loins enthroned and rulers of the earth;
> But higher far my proud pretensions rise:
> The son of parents passed into the skies.'"

On the maternal side, were many of the clerical profession. His mother was daughter of the Rev. Timothy Alden, who for nearly sixty years was Pastor of the Congregational Church in Yarmouth. She was granddaughter of the Rev. Habijah Weld, who eloquently and success-

fully preached the gospel almost fifty-five years in Attleborough, Massachusetts. Mr. Weld was son of the Rev. Thomas Weld, of Dunstable, Massachusetts, and married a daughter of the Rev. John Fox, of Woburn, in the same State. This latter gentleman was son and successor of the Rev. Jabez Fox.

Oliver commenced life amid severe trials on the part of his parents. His father had just returned from a voyage to the West Indies, where he had been sick of a fever, and where events commenced occurring which eventually bereft him of a handsome property, and for a season deprived him of his reason. When their little son was less than three months old, his parents removed with him into Ashfield, where they resided two years, and then took up their residence in the west part of Hawley. New England can hardly present wilder scenery than is witnessed in this town. At an early age, Oliver exhibited a thirst for knowledge. There were but few children in the vicinity, and it was not till he was eight years of age that he could love a brother. His father early taught him to be industrious, by taking him into the field and instructing him in the various branches of agricultural labor. Capt. Taylor meant ever to be kind to his children, therefore he employed them usefully. Whenever Oliver returned from the toils of the farm, he would seize a book before sitting down. This was his invariable custom, though he might be drenched with rain or shivering with cold. It was favorable for him that his parents were intelligent, and possessed of more useful books than was ordinarily the case with people in that period. He however was not long contented with the home supply, but borrowed of neighbors. An aged gentleman remarked, that when Oliver came to his house, a book was the first requisition of the youth. When a mere child, he was seen to weep because he could perceive no prospect of obtaining an

education. About his thirteenth year, his zeal for learning became so intense that he would sit up very late at night reading by the blaze on the hearth; and when the moon was large, he often arose from his bed, opened his chamber window, and studied through the assistance of her peerless beams. The penury of the paternal abode could not furnish him with even a dim lamp.

At the time of Oliver's birth, his father was not hopefully pious; his mother was; and within the next two years, the father consecrated himself to Christ. Both parents ever after walked before their family "as seeing Him who is invisible." Their son was dedicated to God in baptism while an infant. Oliver's mother taught him as soon as he could learn them, prayers, hymns, and scripture truths. She used also to sing him verses respecting a little pious child who died quite young. In subsequent years, he told his mother that his whole soul was wrought up by her singing about that child. When more than twenty years of age, he besought her to furnish him the exact lines which had so powerfully affected his own infantile spirit. The operations of his mind were recorded by himself from the time at which he became capable of writing sentences. The following extracts are from an account written of himself:

"When I was six or seven years of age, my thoughts were much on God and my soul. On retiring to rest at night, I would not allow myself to sleep till I had asked my mother so many questions as almost to tire out her patience; nor before I had offered secret prayer. Indeed, ever since I can remember I have been accustomed to pray in secret, and at times with comfort. The first which I recollect to have told my parents respecting my feelings, was what occurred one morning before the break of day. I had lain awhile weeping bitterly; then I arose and informed my mother that I was so sorry for my sins

as to cry on account of them. I continued quite serious for some time. Occasionally I neglected secret prayer, but grief would be the consequence. At times I fell into bad company, and went so far as to join with the profane in their vile utterances. Always, however, I managed to keep my guilt from the knowledge of my parents. Once I became so hardened that I cared not whether I were happy or miserable. But the Lord, as I hope, brought me out of that state. In the year 1815 he appeared for my renewal. I then supposed that my feelings were unknown to every human being except myself. But my father has since told me that he had seen me at prayer in retired places, and did not permit himself to disturb me. Often did I long to join with some companions in social devotions. Moreover, I desired to unite with the Church, yet dared not for awhile name the desire to any one. On a certain evening I contrived to ask my mother divers questions in regard to the method of professing religion. She remarked, 'I would be glad to see you join the Church, if fit for it.' Such were her tones as to fill me with grief, and cut short all my queries. I knew not what to do. Not long afterwards, my father, returning home from meeting on the Sabbath, announced *the coming out* of one convert. I then thought if I were truly born again, some person must be able to *report* the fact. I resolved to hope no more, and gave up all as lost. At this time I commenced a journal, which I have continued ever since." Subsequently to his professing religion publicly, he dated back his renewal as early as the time when he wished to become a church member. After reaching manhood, he was unable to determine definitely the particular time when a saving change probably occurred. The narrative above given was penned by Oliver when a youth. I cast his thoughts into my own language, as of necessity I must. This account proceeds: "I now have a desire to

be a minister of the gospel, that I may do what shall be in my power for the good of mankind. Oh that I had not spent so much of my time in sin. May I henceforth look to God, hope in him and trust myself in his hands, not because of supposed worthiness in me, but on account of the goodness of Jesus."

Allusion has been made to his commencing a regular journal. It originated in his fourteenth year, and continued till the close of his life. The memoir will be constructed in no small degree from the records left by the deceased. Readers must not, however, expect me to be scrupulous of my brother's diction; his sentiments I shall carefully present.

Meditations, 1815. — "O son of man, why dost thou not think of thy last end? Return unto the Lord. Who shall deliver me from everlasting burnings? I cannot escape except through Christ, and yet I lie on a bed of sloth, crying for a little more sleep and slumber. Assist, Lord, and I will come to thee, bowing at thy feet. Save me — save me for Christ's sake, before it be too late." The preceding is a specimen of what would fill pages of this volume.

At this age he was in the habit of turning into verse the most pathetic parts of the Bible. His first attempt of this nature seems to have been David's elegy on Saul and Jonathan. In the course of a few years the entire book of Lamentations had passed in this manner under his pen. The products of this nature left by him surely possess not much lyrical merit; but they show the bent of his mind and the industry which characterized him in efforts for mental improvement. He was also accustomed, while quite young, to write reflections on the deaths that occurred among those whom he knew or of whom he heard. "Let us seriously meditate on eternity. I behold my

fellow mortals fall into the grave, and know not how soon I shall be called to pass the iron gate of death. Lord, teach me the way to Zion. — One day when I was felling a tree, a limb descended suddenly and liked to have killed me. Thanks to God, I am spared. O my soul, why wilt thou not hear the calls to prepare for death. Open the door of thy heart to a crucified Saviour. Think a few moments on the solemn hour when thou wilt be called to stand before the judgment bar.

"Feb. 6, 1816. — Now let my pen record my sins, at least a few of them, for there is nothing good in me. My heart this day is in a dreadful state. I grow worse and worse every day. I have none to comfort me. My nearest friend knoweth not my trouble. 7. — Lord, let not thy spirit depart from me, but cause a double portion of it to rest upon me. O Jehovah, suffer not one who cries after thy love, to die without it. 10. — To-day I have been to the house of God, but has it done me any good? 11. — I awoke this morning with the same hard heart, though a sick mother is before my eyes. 14. — O that I could so live, that when called into eternity I shall not be ashamed to appear at God's bar. 19. — My youth is marked by many tears. 22. — Last evening heard my father and sick mother talking about their immortal souls, and what warning should their anxiety be to me a sinner. Still I seem insensible to my frailty. Oh state of sin! I have met with many accidents, and now have a broken arm. Yet my heart is hard; I fear harder and harder. I am, too, ill of the headache. It is quite severe. To-day I have heard the Rev. Jonathan Grout converse with my mother respecting her mind. 23. — Still I have a sick mother. Oh, in what distress she was last evening; how did she cry for mercy. Would that I could fear for my poor soul. 24. — To-day I am alone at Mr. Dickin-

son's.* The family are gone to meeting. I am here because of my mother's sickness. I read and write, but how little real comfort can a sinner find! Alas, I take none; nor can I, dear God. Without thy presence, what is there in this life but sin and mourning? 28. — My wounded arm is getting better; my soul, alas, I fear is growing worse; yet to-day I made a solemn promise to seek God. May he help me by his grace to turn from my many sins, and to fulfil my promise, for vain is the aid of man. Help me, a poor sinner, O Lord, for Christ's sake, or I am undone. March 1. — I have not been to the house of God for some time, on account of my broken arm, which is getting better. We hear of the goings forth of God in this and other towns. O joyful news! May the revival come even to me. My life is running to waste. Lord, pass me not by. 3. — To-day I have been reading, and now sit down to write; but it would be impossible to express all that I feel. Sometimes I am inclined to murmur against God; at others I feel as though I would seek him, and prepare for death; but in a few moments the good thought is gone, and I say or do something which fills me with horror. O Jesus, thunder into my ears the words of life. Fill me with a godly sorrow for all my sin; send me ever so much pain, if thou wilt only preserve me from death eternal. 10. — This is the day which the Lord hath set apart for man to devote to his Maker. How little have I done to honor him. The things of the spirit, I fear are to me foolishness. 17. — Must I be forever full of wickedness? I cry to God, and he will not hear me. Where shall I go, or whither shall I turn? I am the vilest wretch on earth. I know there is none like me. Thou friend of sinners, pity me. Or art thou changed from a friend to an enemy of the human

* This family resided one mile from Capt. T.'s, near the Forge.

race? I know thou hast power to save me; to thee will I look. April 10. — Give thanks to God, and bless his holy name for the goodness he has shown to my soul. After much affliction in my mind, I have received comfort, I trust from him. Light gently flowed into my heart, and I felt delivered from the borders of destruction. Wonderfully is the Holy Spirit poured out in this region. How greatly doth the Lord show mercy. 28. — Attended meeting to-day. Last week I was examined before the Church with others, and to-day have been propounded for admission into it. There are fifty-three candidates. May 4. — The spirit of God doth rest on old and young in this town. No one gainsays religion publicly. For awhile we did nothing but attend meetings every day in the week. To-morrow, fifty-three expect to profess Christ. I could, had I time, mention remarkable instances of very young children, who have had a sense of their undone state by nature, and have bowed at the feet of Jesus themselves, and implored others to cry for mercy — so that we see that out of the mouth of babes God has ordained praise. Who can give glory enough to God for his goodness to us? May it be that I shall be found having on a wedding garment. 6. — Monday morning. Yesterday I attended meeting, and with more than fifty of my fellow mortals entered into a solemn covenant with God." He stood the last of the candidates, and remarked afterwards, that he felt himself the least of them all. "Many were present from other towns. We sat at the table of our departed Lord. I hope that I did not eat and drink unworthily; yet fear that I have but little sense of his most precious body and blood. When for a moment I see myself in the arms of Christ, my heart is full, and I could devote my whole life to his service; then of a sudden, like Peter, I lose sight of him and begin to sink. Still he is always at hand to hear my cry for help. Forty-

eight out of the fifty-three who were received into the Church had been baptized on the faith of their parents, which shows that God remembers his covenant. 11. — To-day I am full of sin. Pity, O God, my suffering state. The revival increases. 16. — The Lord, I fear, hath given me up to the powers of hell. 24. — This day, as I was travelling, I turned aside into a burying ground, and took a view of the graves. When the trumpet shall sound, the dead will arise. I was affected by what I saw, and trembled for the wicked. It is indeed a solemn sight to see the flesh of man returning to dust; but sooner or later we must all come to it. Let us be diligent while we live, and make our calling and election sure. 30. — My mind is roving; one temptation rises after another. I know not to what I shall come at last. The awakening increases. May it spread even among the heathen, who are bowing down to dumb idols. June 4. — Feel that I am a poor worm; do not spend my time as I ought, nor enjoy religion as I should; yet I must not murmur against God. Yesterday my wicked heart said it was ashamed of Christ. God forgive me such a suggestion, and pardon all my sins for his dear Son's sake. 5. — Temptations within and without; Satan tries all his arts to ensnare my soul. How long wilt thou, O adversary, strive to torment me. Know thou that the Lord doth reign, and that he is God alone. I am in the land of hope and prayer; in him will I trust. 8. — How long wilt thou leave me to mourn, O blessed Saviour? Doth not my soul seek thee? I desire a lasting evidence in myself of acceptance with thee; also the constant presence of that meekness which marked thy mind when thou wast on earth. Frequently while I have been in company, it has been as much as I could do to refrain from bursting into tears and crying aloud, as I have thought of what Christ has suffered for me, and how little I am doing for him. An eternity will

be too short for giving sufficient glory to him. It would be a privilege to die for him among the heathen. It is my desire, should I be fit for it, to be a missionary to them. Perhaps I never shall be a minister of the gospel, though I wish to be one. Why are we not engaged night and day in prayer for the poor heathen? O that every Christian tongue would cry to God that the day may be hastened when all flesh shall see his salvation. 9.—There is a total eclipse of the moon this night. My soul has been in one for some time, but I trust the son of righteousness will arise upon me and chase away the darkness which lies between me and him. 12.—I still go mourning beneath the burden of sin. The heavenly dove has to report to the Saviour that I have grieved him from my heart. 14.—I think that I have some love to God; may I give thanks and seek for more. To-day real comfort appears to be my portion. 19.—I enjoy a calmness of mind. But when I reflect on the death of Christ, and how little what he has done for the world is known, my heart is ready to break for grief. 21.—Am full of doubts and fears. Indeed, I have all the wretched feelings that a mortal can experience. Nearly fifteen years of my life are gone, and how large a portion of them has been spent in sin! Unto the Saviour of sinners will I look, and hope in him. Cursed be the hour in which I first saw the sons of Belial, for they led me to form bad habits. 24.—Christ looks lovely—I feel sinful. 27.—The awakening appears to be dying away; yet at the time when we are concluding that stupidity reigns all around, joyful news reaches us. July 8.—Yesterday we again commemorated the love of Jesus, at his own table. Some were received into the Church. I did not feel as I could wish. 12.—Now I am quite happy. Wonderful is the love of God. May his spirit still continue among us. 16.—When I am tempted, I

reflect that Christ endured such trials, and thus I comfort myself. August 1. — Again do I feel a peaceful mind. 23. — The eighteenth of the present month is past, and I am fifteen years old. Why was I made to hear thy voice, O Jesus, and live — how thankful ought I to be! Woful is the case of sinners, without God in the world. Sept. 1. — Another sacramental Sabbath. Eighteen have been admitted to the Church. We hear the welcome news that the gospel is carried to the distant parts of the world. Jesus, awake my heart to love. Let me die in the remotest place, if thy cause require it. Sept. 15. — Alas, how little do I write to my kindred and young companions to warn them. Oct. 27. — I am a hard-hearted being. No sooner am I tempted than I yield. It seems as if the Lord had left me to choose the way of death. May God rather take away my breath than let me live, if my days are to be spent in wickedness. But if there be the least hope for me on a death bed, may I live yet longer. Nov. 4. — In the time of the sacrament, I had sudden flights of joy. Five united with the Church. 10. — Here I am stupid. Christ does not appear lovely — what shall I do? But did one ever die without Christ, while longing for him? April 24, 1817. — It is now nearly three months since I have attempted to write my thoughts. Why is the patience of God not exhausted? May 4. — Again I have partaken of the memorials of redeeming mercy, and seemed to enjoy myself a little; still something always interferes with my comfort. June 16. — I write not because I am happy, but because I am miserable. Oct. 14. — There has been an earthquake in this and neighboring towns. According to accounts it was felt also at a considerable distance. It occurred two or three weeks ago."

Oliver was never fond of going into the pleasure parties common among young people. In order to test him, one

day his mother told him that the youth in the vicinity were to meet the coming evening, and inquired if he did not wish to be one of the company. His reply was: "Mother, I have no desire for such places." This was when he was about fifteen years of age; yet evening after evening he would walk between three and four, and sometimes five miles, to attend religious meetings. This was done after severe labor through the day. If he knew of an associate, who could be induced to go with him, he would present an invitation. The region in which Oliver resided was wild and mountainous. It required no little courage to venture out amid the darkness of night. He could not go in any direction without passing through dreary places. Occasionally he would tarry away from home till morning; but it is believed that ordinarily he returned to his father's house. An old gentleman is now living who remembers to have heard a rapping at his door one night after himself and family had retired. On inquiring who might be there, and what was desired, he was answered: "Oliver wishes to lodge here." The lad was returning from a meeting, and either his strength or courage had failed him. What he sought was cheerfully furnished. Last May I saw a lady at whose husband's house the young people were accustomed, at the period to which I refer, to meet for weekly conference and prayer. She retained a distinct image of my brother's appearance. He was dressed in a manner indicative of his parents' poverty, and was characterized by extreme modesty. A remote and dark corner of the room was his habitual resort for a seat. Though not unwilling to speak and pray, he preferred to listen to others rather than to occupy the time himself. When enjoying the instructions of a pious teacher in the day school, he would seek private interviews with his instructor, that they might bow together before God.

My earliest recollections of him are connected with our being at home. He was several years older than myself. We toiled in the field in company many days and weeks. I drove the oxen and he held the plough. He felled the trees; I managed the team which drew them to the house for fuel. I can remember nothing on his part betokening vanity. Once he most tenderly addressed me on the subject of religion. When, one evening, he saw me retiring rather early, he expressed his regret, as he had purposed to speak with me about Jesus. Soon after he took the opportunity when we were in the field. I was only a child, but he told me that Jesus died for sinners, and that I needed to be forgiven; said I ought never to take my food without asking the blessing of God upon it; that all our petitions to the Lord should be in the name of Christ; that it was only for the Redeemer's sake blessings could be given us. Once he heard Rufus and myself uttering language that he deemed improper, and, with an authority commanding our respect, he administered a rebuke which had a permanent effect. Oliver never taught his younger brothers wickedness. We are informed by him that himself met with sons of Belial, so did they; but he was a *good* brother. His walk before them was worthy of imitation. Playful he could be, and at times terrified me by compelling me to get into water more deep than I chose. I also recollect his wooden sword, and personations of Napoleon, who was then closing his desolating career. Generally he was grave, devoutly meditating and philosophizing. The sparseness of the population afforded comparatively a small number of companions for my brother. A select few were highly prized by him. Their memory he affectionately cherished while he and they were dwellers together on earth. Some of them survive him. His attachments to the friends of his childhood were exceedingly strong. In the neighborhood where his early

years were passed resided a few young men, whose supreme happiness seemed to consist in hectoring the conscientious. These Oliver feared. I have heard him, in later years, refer to them. He would no more designedly come into contact with them than with greedy wolves. A walk of miles would have been a joyful alternative to the hearing of their reproachful remarks. Sabbath schools did not exist in Hawley while my brother dwelt there. They were, however, introduced the same year in which he left home. His mother taught him the excellent catechism, faithfully storing his mind with holy truth.

The sanctuary in our native town stood at a distance of five miles from our father's habitation. My parents taught their children strictly to keep the Sabbath, nor was it in their judgment an act of cruelty to require their little ones to *walk* up unto the courts of the Lord. Horses were not very common in those days. We owned none. I am not able to say at what age we were supposed capable of performing the holy pilgrimage. Of one thing I am certain. Our parents were not more anxious to present us before the Lord than we were to stand in the sacred place. None of my brothers or sisters ever craved the privilege of being heathen. Engraven on my memory is the first long journey which I made to the temple of Jehovah. I allude to it here as illustrative of the youthful character of my departed brother. Within those hallowed walls I had been baptized, and once subsequently had I glanced at their *exterior*, but was a stranger to the interior. The great era had arrived in my life when parental wisdom decided that I might go to meeting on the Sabbath. Scarcely an event, I am inclined to think, in subsequent years, has awakened livelier emotions or sincerer joy in my own breast than did their announcement to me during the week, that on the coming Lord's day I should join in worship with the great congregation. It was a pleasant sacred

morn. I, the second son, was fitted out for meeting, and was placed under the guardianship of Oliver. A hint from a sister impressed me with the duty of returning to her at least one of the two texts of the day. For about one mile we passed on rather silently, O. having then a very meditative mood, appearing to be more or less absorbed in grave reflections. His step was too quick for my little travellers, yet I was ambitious not to tax in any way his patience. It was his good fortune to fall in with a kindred spirit after we had advanced a fifth of the distance. During all the remainder of the walk they conversed on the works of God. I was struck by their language at the time, and have often thought of it since. Their theme was suited to the day; it was discussed with profound reverence. Evidently the Most High was in all their thoughts. Nor less distinctly do I remember the religious conversation between my brother and a man unknown to me, which was held during the intermission.

It has been intimated that our parents were poor. Rich they were in faith. By the dispensations of Divine Providence they had been compelled to seek a refuge in the wilderness. With scriptural submission they bowed to Heaven's sovereignty, and taught their children never to be ashamed of honest penury. Capt. Taylor was by nature a man of high spirits, but he had learned to sit meekly at Jesus' feet. He instructed his eldest son never to retaliate an injury. Oliver could not dress as young people generally did, still he went wherever duty called him, bearing patiently every reproach. He was not indifferent to popular opinions, but subjected his feelings to the manifest will of God.

The years passed by the subject of this memoir with his parents, were diligently employed by him in acquiring all the knowledge that his circumstances permitted. A friend once said to him: "You can have no bitter reflec-

tions for the loss of time." He replied: "I have *endeavored* to improve every moment." It became necessary for him to go out of his own school district one winter to find a teacher capable of aiding him in arithmetic, so much in advance was he of his associates in study, as also of their instructor. In the summer season, while employed on his father's farm, he was accustomed to write out lessons on pieces of paper, place them in his hat, look at them occasionally, and thus commit them to memory. In this way he mastered the rudiments of sacred music, and in the autumn of 1818 he commenced attending a singing school in the central part of the town. Having toiled all day in the field he would walk at night five miles to that school. To his fidelity on the farm we have the testimony of his father, as imparted in those days to his mother. He did not need the presence of an overseer to stimulate him to execute the duties assigned. I find the following account, left by himself, of his study, library, etc.

"I possessed considerable of a library, which, together with the books belonging to my father and mother, made the number nearly two hundred. Many of these had been sent by my uncle, T. Alden, from New York to my parents, and were given by them to me. My study was sometimes a bed-room, but more usually a garret. My desk was one of my own manufacture. My father had a number of joiners' tools, and I made with them myself a desk, but continued to improve its structure till I was pretty well satisfied with it. In it were deposited my papers, books, etc., and to it I resorted whenever I came from the field. My attention was chiefly directed to music and mathematics, in which I had but little instruction. I also studied Turner's Arts and Sciences, and History, and wrote poetry. I began to study about the year 1813."

When he was a lad, having been sent one winter sea-

son some miles from home, two men in a sleigh invited him to ride. He accepted, and was soon asked to drink from a bottle which they were carrying with them. He declined. At length, finding himself going in a wrong road, he jumped from the sleigh. One of the men caught his hat, but finally perceiving him bent upon doing without it threw it after him. This event occurred in *war* time, and admitted of a serious interpretation. His deliverance seemed at the time, to himself and parents, as quite providential. In that early period of his life he was theoretically and practically in favor of temperance.

Items from his recorded recollections of childhood :— "When I first began to read my Bible, I recollect not the exact period, I had been informed that a lion is the strongest and fiercest of animals ; also, that an eagle is the swiftest and noblest of birds. Like other children I had observed some birds flying very high and quick ; also, I had seen some animals trying their strength, and evincing much power. I had come to the conclusion that man is by no means swifter than the former nor stronger than the latter. Yet, reading an account of Saul and Jonathan, I found that they were said to be swifter than eagles and stronger than lions. At first I believed the statement to be literally true. Soon, however, I asked, can it be so? The more I reflected the more I doubted, and finally referred the case to my mother. She said the language meant that *those* men were very swift and very strong. I believed her, but still was perplexed." "I recollect of hearing, when a child, an echo to my voice as I was speaking directly in front of a building. I thought somebody was within mocking me. Immediately I asked my mother to explain it, which she did satisfactorily." "Having in my young years read a tale, I was much affected by it, till my mother told me there was no truth in it, when I cared nothing about it."

## CHAPTER II.

### HIS FIRST ABSENCE FROM HOME.

HAVING completed his seventeenth year, Oliver felt that some direct and efficient steps must be immediately taken towards obtaining an education. So minutely are the events of this period described by himself, that I shall need do but little except copy from his journal, which he wrote out in the spring of 1820. "In the fall of 1818, my ever beloved but afflicted parents were called to severe trials. True, these sorrows were only a continuation of others by which they had been almost incessantly encompassed since their entrance into the marriage state. But of *these* I was a large partaker. The mind of my father, naturally strong, had been enfeebled by crushing reverses in his secular affairs. Now, as at some former periods, a dense cloud enshrouded his intellect, and reason was dethroned for several weeks. To all the older members of his family, this was a season of awful anguish. I perceived this cloud arising some time prior to its assuming so fearful a position over our heads, and I thought I foresaw the entire destruction of all my cherished plans in regard to the obtaining of an education. I knew not that any mercy was in store for me. The Lord, however, soon opened a door of hope by restoring in some measure the health of my father. The scenes of those few weeks were often afterwards the subject of conversation and of adoring praise between my mother and myself. No sooner had my father become in a good degree restored, than I began to importune him

for permission to be absent during the winter, provided I could pay my own expenses as I should pass along. He, ever anxious for my welfare, and hindered from giving me an education only by the want of property, readily complied with my request. I improved the opportunities afforded me, attending both an evening singing school and a day school, also working for my board. Many persons were very kind to me, whose generous acts I shall ever hold in grateful remembrance. Some scoffed at every exertion that I made, and ridiculed the idea that I could ever be anything. Had I not been previously informed that my mother's brothers, who obtained an education, passed through essentially the same trials, and that a multitude of others had fared no better, I should have given up in despair. The winter passed amid various conflicts. Much was my mind distracted by the unreasonable remarks which were made respecting my efforts, until, by the kindness of the Rev. Jonathan Grout, I was received into his family. Under his tuition, I enjoyed about seven weeks of uninterrupted study. Never was I free from anxiety lest my father might be again attacked as he had been during the preceding autumn. As spring opened, I returned to aid him by manual labor. He judged it best that I should seek employment away from home for the ensuing six months. I accordingly engaged myself for that period to a gentleman in Ashfield, and commenced my services on the 20th of April, 1819. The thought that I must toil in the field rather than discipline my mind, lay with oppressive weight upon my heart. Often while on the farm, did I look upon the Academy, which was within my sight, and sigh that I should thus be doomed to spend the flower of life, when I ought to be enriching my intellect. Determined to make every possible exertion for the attainment of my darling object, on the 16th of May, I wrote to the Rev. Timothy Alden,

my uncle, President of Alleghany College in Meadville, Pa., stating my case to him, and requesting him to inform me whether I could go and work for him a part of the time, and he assist me in my studies. I requested him also, if he deemed it best for me to commence the journey, to inform me what route I should take to reach him. After anxiously waiting some time for an answer, I almost gave up the hope of receiving one. While in this perplexity, I was informed that the Rev. Thomas Shepard, a young clergyman recently settled in Ashfield, desired to see me. At this information a gleam of light dawned upon me, and I determined to call immediately upon him and state my circumstances. I did so. He encouraged me, and said the only difficulty in my way was the necessity my father felt of my services, or what would be an equivalent in money — one hundred and fifty-four dollars, in addition to the wages of the present season. I could be allowed three years in which to make out the whole sum, though a part must be paid annually. Mr. Shepard expressed the earnest hope that there might be some overturning in my favor. In June I received a reply from my uncle T., who informed me that he had written in my behalf to the American Education Society, and that on getting their returns, he would furnish me with the result. In the meantime, I continued my labors on the farm of Mr. S. Whilst I was with him, I used to write out portions of my Latin grammar and place them in my hat, that I might commit them when at work. Without attracting special attention, I could get occasional glances at the paper. In this way I would proceed several days till I had a suitable lesson, then I recited it to a young student, Mr. Elijah Paine, of A. The whole transaction I kept secret from my employer. On the last day of August I made a visit to my parents, and obtained from my father the conditions on which he

could release me. At the expiration of four months, by mutual agreement, Mr. S. and myself parted, and I undertook to make out the remainder of the season in different places. In the meantime, I was waiting anxiously for a second letter from my uncle T. Before it came, I again wrote to him, making a more full statement of my case, and asking whether or not I had better go on to him. My letter was written Oct. 11th. Three weeks subsequently I received one from him, dated the 13th of the same month. The Education Society informed him that I must study the Classics three months, and be recommended by an authorized committee, before I could enjoy their patronage. Thus matters were standing at the close of the time specified by my father as the term for manual labor during that year. I should have observed, however, that I worked a short time for a Mr. W., of Deerfield, who perceiving me absent minded and neglectful of duty, inquired into the cause. I told him my desires for an education, and he advised me to obtain it. His advice much encouraged me. Not far from this time, I made application to a man in Conway, who had previously promised me money, provided I could find him security; but he now said that he had parted with it all in another way. Several unsuccessful letters I wrote to wealthy gentlemen in Ashfield. I also sent a line to my grandfather Alden, directing it to my aunt, who lived with him. In this effort I succeeded no better than in others." Extracts from the last named here follow:

"ASHFIELD, OCT. 24, 1819.

"DEAR AUNT:— You have probably heard that it is my desire to obtain an education, for the purpose of devoting my life to God. I hope this desire of my heart is pure in his sight. You probably know what hinders me from carrying out my purpose. I have written to my

uncle Timothy, asking his assistance, and he has promised to grant it so far as is in his power. My father feels unable to part with me without my securing to him one hundred and fifty-four dollars. I have made many proposals to different persons, yet all has been of no avail. But what shall I do? Is there no friend in all the Christian world that can afford me any assistance? Before giving up to despair, I will make one more application. If I wait till I am of age, I shall be too old to commence study. Shall I sink in despair of help in this land of gospel light? What I would abruptly propose is this: supposing my grandfather would lend me the money for a number of years, I will agree to pay it to him, with interest, or to any person he may direct, so soon as I shall be able. Dear Aunt, I am obliged to suppress many tender feelings when I make such proposals. I promise by every bond of Christian affection to pay the money if I live, and am ever worth it. These are the only conditions on which I can request it, or make a promise concerning its being refunded. You will much oblige me by reading this letter to my grandfather, making the request on my behalf, and returning me an immediate reply. If he should not feel able to lend me the full amount, though I know not as any smaller sum will answer, perhaps he can one hundred or sixty-five dollars. Could he let me have the whole sum, I should be able to enter at once upon my studies. I must send this letter without rewriting it, and if you cannot excuse my faults, my extreme haste will; or if not, I must bear the blame. I should be glad to write you on religious subjects, but at present I have no time. For the rest of my letter, please read Ps. 2 : 11; Ps. 6, likewise 13; and 27 : 4."

I here insert parts of a communication written from Ashfield to his parents, and bearing date a little earlier than the preceding.

"Dear Parents: — I improve this opportunity to inform you what are my calculations. You probably have heard that I have left Mr. ———. I desire that you should get every thing ready for me that I may start on my journey to Meadville by the first of November. O my dear parents, all things are in the hands of God, and why is it not our duty to commit every interest to his care, and attempt to do that which is of the greatest importance. The question then arises, which is of the most importance, that you should keep your son to help you maintain your family in a civilized land where religion flourishes, and where the road to happiness is plainly seen; where the word of God is known, and where we can fly from hell and escape to heaven, or to let your dear son go and declare the Word of Life to the heathen? Place six-eighths of this world in the balance of eternity against nine persons, the number in your family, myself excepted. Our Saviour has commanded us to 'preach the gospel to all people.' I shall go to my uncle's at the time mentioned, or before. If you could say to your son, 'you are at liberty, we shall ask no more of you,' I should go with greater joy."

Completely foiled every where else, he again resorted to Mr. Shepard. "I asked him if he would make the *first* payment to my father. He replied it was a great risk, yet he was willing to become responsible on condition my father should allow me to attend the Academy in Ashfield the ensuing three months. Here for the first time the door seemed to be opened, and only those who have experienced a similar relief can judge of my feelings." With a bounding heart and quickened steps he went on the same day to see his father, and report the position of affairs to him. "With joyful arms he received me. Never shall I forget this meeting with him and my

mother. Little did I then think that it would prove my last interview with him." The arrangements were made as the son desired, when he and his parents walked together, calling on neighbors as they went, stopping at every house, he bidding farewell to them all, expecting to live among them no more. "Thus we passed on for three miles conversing on religious topics. Though I spent only about two hours with my father, they seemed the most agreeable of my life. When I affirmed my conviction that a Christian ought never to fight, he charged me *always to maintain that opinion.* This was his last injunction to me. I saw his face no more till it was cold in death."

Since the decease of my brother, I have received the following statements from Rev. Thomas Shepard, now of Bristol, R. I. "It was some time during the summer of 1819 that Oliver was introduced to me. I remember well his first appearance. There was something remarkably sedate and subdued in his countenance. His expressive eye and deep-toned voice were much the same then that they continued to be while he lived. At his first interview, he lost no time in describing to me the strong desire of his heart, the subject which pressed upon him by day and by night — *an education for the work of the gospel ministry.* One argument he urged as a strong indication of Providence, was the fact which had been told him by his mother — that she both before and at the time of his birth had consecrated him to the Lord for the sacred office. But obstacles were in his way; obstacles which to others less determined and persevering, would have proved insurmountable. Again and again did he visit my study after the labors of the field were over, with the same engrossing topic. Finally he came with his father's terms of freedom, which appeared to light up a little glimmer of hope. I told him I would consider the

subject, but it looked dark. In the meantime I conversed with the Rev. Mr. Grout, and obtained his opinion that the sum demanded by your brother's father was the least which could possibly answer. I then said to Oliver, I will be responsible to your father for the requisite sum. This at once lifted a great burden from him." The kindness of Mr. Shepard was ever held in the most grateful recollection by the subject of this memoir. Indeed, it should be observed, that the preaching of Mr. S. exerted a stimulating influence on my brother's mind. I have often heard him speak of it as having had that effect. Most of the clergymen in that region were men of great excellence, but some were neglectful of their studies, and nearly all of them a little too formal in the style of their discourses. Mr. S. was then just from Andover, and full of ardor.

Nothing now seemed immediately necessary for Oliver but to devote himself to study. He became, in December, 1819, a member of Sanderson's Academy, friends volunteering to give him by turns his board in their own houses. "Nothing of any note," he observes, "occurred for one month, except the various opinions expressed respecting myself." Some, it would appear, doubted whether there was in him a foundation for an intellectual superstructure. He adds: "The first marked success with which I confounded them, was in the exercise of memory. I soon found that all the most respectable people encouraged me." By writing on his thumb nails the heads of a sermon while hearing it, he would be able to repeat nearly the whole discourse Monday morning. "It was a hard task," remarks Rev. Mr. S., "for him to discipline his mind to the minutiæ of a new language; his progress was slow, his mistakes were numerous. But his patience and perseverance were such as overcame all difficulties. He had fixed his eye on the mark, and reach

it he would if within the scope of human effort. The time was set for me to give a written obligation for your brother's release from his father, but before its arrival, death put a period to the life of that father."

---

## CHAPTER III.

### THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER.

As the young student was just beginning to enjoy the privileges he had long desired, and when it seemed that every serious obstacle in the way of his procuring an education was removed, the Lord suddenly dashed from his hands that cup of joy. While engaged in his studies at the house of one who was gratuitously entertaining him, his attention was suddenly arrested by the arrival of a messenger from his home in H. He was startled with the intelligence that his father was very sick; not expected to survive the night. "That sad evening," he subsequently says, "I shall never forget. Every prospect of pursuing my studies was apparently cut off forever. Should my father be taken away, I must provide for my mother, brothers and sisters. The family in which I was boarding well remember my anguish; but Mrs. A. comforted me by saying that the Lord was perhaps designing me good, and was thus preparing my heart to receive it. Amid the coldness and dreariness of that night, I started for the scene of sorrow to which I was summoned. Gloomy thoughts swarmed within me, still I kept up the hope that life might be preserved to my suffering parent. About sunrise the next morning, when in sight of my father's house, I was accosted by a lady whose very looks

revealed the sad tale of woe which her lips were about to announce. My father was no longer among the living. Near the midnight hour, his immortal spirit had taken its everlasting flight. I entered the desolate home, and met my heart-stricken mother and her children." The compiler has a distinct recollection of O.'s arrival on that melancholy morning. His head was bandaged on account of a violent pain in it. As he came in, my mother inquired whether he would at once be conducted into the room of his deceased father. He was too much overcome, and craved to be excused a little while. He felt that on him rested new responsibilities; but they were assumed with a sense of their solemnity, and with a desire to do whatever he might for the happiness of those who survived in the family circle. The journal proceeds: "The dwelling contained the breathless body of my father, and his face wore a smile; but O, there was no spirit within the clay. Where now was that buoyant hope which only the day before was cheering my heart? Gone, gone, apparently eternally gone. I had never been so animated with my prospects as I was just previous to the announcement of my father's sickness. Now I was plunged into a depth before unknown. My bright visions were fled, fled. There lay my father. Long, long as my breath remains, shall I most affectionately remember him. After being burdened and perplexed for a series of years, he was just emerging into circumstances of comfort. The last seventeen months of his life had been peculiarly happy. Religion, during all that time, was preëminently his daily theme, and God his unceasing trust. On the 2d day of January, 1820, he had been to the house of the Lord, heard a New Year's sermon, partaken of the sacrament, and returned to his family. While cheerfully conversing with them on the evening of the Sabbath, he was seized with the sickness which, in

three brief days, terminated his earthly sojourn." Oliver's father could leave no pecuniary legacy for his absent son, but he was enabled to do what it is believed was of far greater value to that son. Just before the father expired, the mother inquired of him if he had any word to leave for O.? He replied, "tell him to live godly in Christ Jesus." Another quotation from the journal. "Here was an end of my studies, at least for a while. I was forced to be resigned outwardly, though within I fear my heart was hard. Why, I said, could I not have been permitted to converse with him in his last moments? Then the relieving suggestion would arise, "perhaps he would have enjoined it upon me to reside always with my mother." This remark he makes as intimating with what sacredness he should regard the mandate of a dying father, and also his conviction that the providence of God and his conscientious mother could better decide as to his duty, than could his father on that bed of death. We see here the development of a trait of mind with which we shall become more familiar as we proceed with his history. However dark the clouds about him, he was ready to hope that behind them, yea, within them, were blessings soon to be revealed. "During the remainder of January, I continued with our bereaved family, superintending my mother's affairs. With her consent, I reëntered, on the 1st of February, the Academy in Ashfield; but ah, how melancholy were my reflections on going back. I had left at home a widowed mother, and fatherless brothers and sisters. The weather was cold and dreary. I was considered by many as almost a fratricide. A cousin of mine, prompted, I doubt not, by the tenderness of her heart, sharply rebuked me for leaving home when my presence was so much needed there. But my mother had given her consent; surely I should not have gone without it. Judicious friends were decidedly

of the opinion that I ought to continue my studies at Ashfield, provided I would make frequent visits to my mother in order to ascertain that she and her family were comfortable." At an interview with his mother, March 20, she handed him a paper on which was inscribed the incident in regard to the consecration to the ministry that she had made of him, and to which Rev. Mr. Shepard alludes. This she intended he should receive as her recorded surrender of him to the pursuit of knowledge for the honor of Christ. He continued in A. till April, and found the people very kind. His board and tuition were gratuitous. Early in the month just named, he went to Williams' College to be examined by the Faculty as a beneficiary of the American Education Society. Rev. Mr. Shepard and Esquire Paine, of Ashfield, furnished him with the requisite testimonials. This journey was performed on foot, and at the season of the year when travelling was extremely unpleasant. In view of his anticipated examination, he says: "I trembled; for if successful, I should have taken one step towards surmounting all obstacles. If, on the other hand, I should fail, my way would be seemingly hedged up." His emotions are more fully developed in the following language: "Williamstown, April 5, 1820. Here I am at the college in the room of Mr. Lucius Field, expecting every moment to be called to the President's house for examination. What prayer shall I put up to God for success? O Lord, grant that I may be carried through in a calm manner, and do thou for me more than I am able to do for myself." The gentleman in whose room this was written, had been his teacher, and now kindly interested himself in this his former pupil. After the ordeal was passed, President Moore remarked: "Yes, Taylor, we are well pleased with your examination." On leaving Williamstown, he composed some farewell verses. Before returning to

Hawley, he made a visit to his uncle Oliver Alden, then a merchant in Athens, N. Y., from whom he received sundry articles of clothing which he very much needed. While at his uncle's, he wrote, by request, several pieces of poetry; one, an acrostic on that respected friend's name. He returned, April 15, to his mother, who told him that she had been exercised with a multitude of anxious thoughts during his absence. "I see," his journal continues, "a prospect opening before me for the gratifying of those desires which I have always cherished, of obtaining knowledge. To search for wisdom, yea, to become a philosopher, was an aim of my childhood. I find, however, that it requires no study to become acquainted with *sin*. There are within me tendencies of which I have reason to be afraid. Persons had offered to educate me, provided my father would have given me up without remuneration. Yet he was perfectly justifiable in requiring it. His views of an education and of benevolen enterprises were enlarged. He was willing to give me up whenever the providence of God should indicate that to be his duty. Often did he comfort himself and me by saying if I was to be useful in any particular way in the world, means would in some manner be furnished without his going counter to the dictates of his own conscience. Having been brought on thus far, I feel under high obligations to be grateful to God for his fostering care; for his interpositions by which I have been preserved amid multiplied dangers from the dawn of my existence to the present time. Pride is a poison which operates very perniciously in my heart. O to be relieved from it. I cannot see that I have grown in grace for the last three years; whether I shall come out a believer or an infidel I know not, but think I can supplicate the guidance of God. April 20. — I am now at work for my mother, arranging her spring affairs, and making preparation for a long

journey. To-day, in accordance with a request of mine, my mother presented me with a brief history of my father's life. 23. — In a few days I am to take leave of my friends here, and commence a journey of nearly 550 miles. It is considered as a great enterprise, and especially as I am to bid farewell to a widowed mother, and fatherless brothers and sisters. O may God direct me till I die, preparing me for all disappointments. But what are my motives? My greatest burden is the condition of our family. There are seven children younger than myself. My mother is poor. I think it will be necessary for me to obtain from her a letter to my uncle. How any of us will succeed is known only to God." Owing to the delay of an expected letter from the Education Society, he was fearful of being compelled to postpone his journey for three months. The thought was distressing. "Being a youth, exposed to many a snare; having professed Christ before men, though knowing that the Lord alone can keep me, I feel the importance of binding myself to the observance of certain regulations." Here follow a number of specifications, among which are the following: "On arising Sabbath morning, I will, if possible, read a portion of the Bible, examine myself, and spend at least half an hour in secret prayer, asking pardon for all my sins, and for the grace of God to assist me in keeping the day holy. Nor will I forget to supplicate mercies on others. Wherever I am, I will aim to spend the Sabbath so as to honor God. For this end, I will refrain from worldly concerns, and never needlessly absent myself from public worship." Other days he resolved to commence in a similar manner, and to close them with prayer. He would likewise guard his tongue from speaking evil, but teach it to converse as opportunity might arise on the interests of the soul. He purposed to make special preparation on Saturday for the

return of the Lord's day, and never to appear at the table of Christ without serious examination of himself. A determination is expressed to improve every moment of time. April 26. — "Resolved henceforth to use as few words as are consistent with propriety." Under this date, he speaks of going to Ashfield, in order to make farewell visits, and to obtain money for his contemplated journey. Ten dollars were borrowed of Rev. Mr. Shepard, for which he gave his note. Many persons expressed themselves very friendly towards him, but pecuniary donations for poor students were rare occurrences in those days. April 28. — The Education Society's letter arrived. "Now I am prepared to commence my journey. I intend to keep a kind of diary, if practicable, in which to record my observations on the progress of vegetation, and the nature of the soils through which I may pass. Once a week I shall write to my uncle Oliver, for if I should be taken sick on the way, he would be able to render me assistance. I have only ten dollars and seventy-five cents. It will be my aim to travel as cheaply as possible; perhaps at an expense of fifty cents a day. April 28. — This evening I am to bid farewell to this neighborhood. Many are wondering how I can leave my mother; but I think I have endeavored to search out my duty. To God I commit her, and unto him I look for his merciful guidance in my youthful ways. I am a sinner. Numerous thoughts I would gladly pen, but want of time forbids. Mother has written me a short farewell."

## CHAPTER IV.

### HIS JOURNEY TO MEADVILLE.

April 29, 1820, was the day assigned for his departure. On the evening preceding a large number of young people, from the vicinity, assembled at his mother's in a farewell meeting. The season was one of deep solemnity. There were those present who had been inclined to treat with neglect, if not contempt, the invitations of Christ. They had now convened at the widow's house to sympathize with her, and to listen once more to the voice of a fellow youth, as he should address them, and call upon Heaven to grant them mercy. His mother says the meeting continued till 2 o'clock at night, and the room was filled with weeping. In closing the services he bade his youthful associates an affectionate adieu. Of this interview he made himself a record: "O how solemn to part with friends, as I do not expect to return in less than five years." He thus speaks of his departure: "This morning took leave of the house where peace, joy, and sorrow have in turns possessed my heart; a place where died my dear father, whom, though I loved, yet often disobeyed. I mourn for the grief which I occasioned him, and am ready at times to burst into tears. May the choicest of heaven's blessings rest upon my mother. All that I, mourning, can do, is to commit her to God. I have now started on my long-anticipated journey with $11.10 with which to defray my expenses."

The eldest surviving brother was a witness to the affecting scenes of that morning. The sun had risen pleas-

antly; the widow and her children, who still remained with her, sat down for the last time around the family board, and then gathered at the household altar. Months before, he who exercised the office of priest there, had been summoned to a higher service; and the son who had been for a season a substitute in that capacity, was officiating now, perhaps, as he thought, for the last time. Prayers being ended, all the articles of clothing which he was to take with him are fastened to his own shoulders, giving him more the appearance of a soldier than a student, with the exception that his only weapon was a staff, presented him by a relative. The course from his mother's house which the young traveller must pursue was so ascending that he could be watched for nearly half a mile.

It was, indeed, a great event, — at least it was so considered in that region, — for a young man to commence such a journey under those circumstances, and on the next Sabbath the widowed mother requested prayers in the house of God, that the Lord Jehovah would prosper her son in his arduous enterprise.

Allusion has been made to the son's request that his widowed parent would furnish him with a letter, which he might show as proof that he did not leave her without her consent. The following is that letter:

"April 24, 1820.

"My Dear Son: — Duty and nature have for this some time been at variance, but duty has at length gained the victory; yet after all, my son, it is a trying time with me; you must needs think that it is a great thing for me, in my lonely widowed state, to have you separate from me. The ties of nature are strong and binding, and it is impossible for children to feel for parents what parents do for children; but I am sensible you feel enough for

me; you have searched your heart, you have studied what your duty is; therefore, my son, the first thing you have got to do, is to perform your duty to your God, and in so doing, you will do your duty to every living creature. You are cast out into the wide world at a time when you need to be much on your guard; youth is easily drawn aside; therefore gird on the whole armor of faith, and for an helmet take the hope of salvation, whereby you may be able to withstand all the fiery darts of the adversary. Remember the words that your dying father left behind for you, 'Live godly in Christ Jesus.' May it never be said of you, that you have left your first love. Let nothing hinder you from daily and fervent prayer; and when you address the throne of grace, remember your mother, brothers and sisters. The eyes of many are fixed on you as being an instrument in the hands of God, to bring many souls to Jesus; and let it not be said that O. is an apostate!

"This world, my son, is a gloomy place to me; and should I hear that my children follow the ways of sin and iniquity, it would quickly break my heart. All the satisfaction I expect in this life, is to strive to do what shall be most for the glory of God, and to see my children walk in truth. I have often, my son, viewed the hand of God in taking away your father. I had, for a long time, perceived that our hearts were firmly united; I have now one tie less to bind me to earth. I have often, when passing by your father's grave, said, 'There lies the chiefest thing that made life dear to me.' I am now about to have you separate from me, and it is with cheerfulness I give you up. If you can be the means of bringing but one poor heathen to the knowledge of Jesus Christ, it will more than amply recompense me for all the trials I have passed through. Your father and mother have trod a most thorny road for near twenty years, but the kind

hand of our Heavenly Friend led us through these briars and thorns. He has seen fit to take my partner first, because he was most fit to go. I have got to travel the road a little longer, and then, if I am one of the chosen of God, I shall meet all the happy saints in glory. Sometimes I think that I have faith to believe, that the promise to the widow and the fatherless will be amply fulfilled to me and mine. Give yourself no uneasiness, thinking you have gone away against my will, for I cheerfully perform the vow I made in my youth. I give you not up to man, but to God; and as the Lord guards his children, so will he guard you safe, if you go on to fear him, until you arrive at your journey's end."

Extracts from the son's farewell to his mother: "O, my dear mother, my time is short, which requires that I should express my thoughts in as few terms as possible. I am about to leave you, I know not for how long a period. Truly it is with reluctance I go, but I have endeavored to ascertain my duty; whether I am deceived or not I cannot tell. It is a great sacrifice for you to yield up a child as you have me, and consequently great are the obligations which I am bound to fulfil. O, my dear and affectionate mother, I am indebted to you for your kindness, and am unable to repay you except by performing my duties as faithfully as I can. I am sure you will not remember against me the sins of my more inexperienced years. Wherein I have wounded your feelings I hope you will forgive me."

The circumstances of her son's departure are described in the following selections from a letter of the mother, written to her father, Rev. Timothy Alden, of Yarmouth, on the day this son left her: "Oliver has taken his leave of me, perhaps forever. About two hours since we gave the parting hand and shed the farewell tear. He has set

out on foot, and alone, for Meadville. Last evening we had a prayer meeting on his account, and I never witnessed a more solemn scene. There was a goodly number of young people, as well as older ones. Each male church-member present offered a prayer. One and another of them also addressed the assembly. When O. gave them his parting counsels, every heart seemed to melt. I never witnessed more general weeping on any occasion whatever. It being too painful for him to utter his last words to me, he left them on paper. I now cast my eyes on one side of me and there is a garment of my deceased husband; I take up a little book and in it are the parting words of my now absent son. Two of my children have gone to reside away from home. One after another they must leave me; though crying around me, each says: "Do, mother, let me live with you; I will do all I can for you." But I am obliged to obey reason rather than feeling. There are times, however, when I cannot help yielding to the latter. Had some kind angel whispered to me a year ago, and informed me what scenes I must pass through in the course of twelve months, I should have said it would be impossible for me to endure them. But the Keeper of Israel hath said, "As thy days so shall thy strength be." I have given up Oliver to God. He was the son on whom I might naturally rest myself for support. I surrender him for a more noble object, and am confident that the Lord will open some other way by which I shall be sustained."

It should be stated that the arrangement by which Oliver was to furnish his father a specific sum of money, failed on the death of that father. Still, by going to Meadville, the son expected to be able, through the kindness of his uncle there, to render his mother pecuniary assistance, and this he accomplished.

Arriving at Williamstown, Oliver was pained with the

intelligence of the death of his uncle Timothy's wife. He was anticipating the happiness of receiving at her hands the kindness of a mother. She departed this life the 3d of April, 1820, falling asleep in her blessed Redeemer. At W. he penned these reflections: "Death, wilt thou still sound in my ears? Wherever I am wilt thou pursue me? My God, are such events for me or against me?" To his mother he wrote, May 1: "My journey to this place was pleasant; but ah! a report of Death's doings falls upon my ears wherever I may be." Resuming his journey he supplicated divine assistance, that he might be given to serious reflection and gain wisdom in all his course. We find him noting down observations upon scenery, soil, men and manners. He made another visit to his uncle Oliver, at Athens.

"ATHENS, N. Y., May 3, 1820.

"DEAR UNCLE TIMOTHY:—I left Ashfield April 27th, Hawley 29th, Williamstown May 1st, and on the 2d arrived here, being now on my journey to M. It was truly hard parting with my friends. I left them all in health, and my mother in as good spirits as I could expect. But ah! dear uncle, the solemn knell follows me wherever I go. This letter, which I intended to write to an uncle and aunt, must be addressed only to a dear uncle. But the subject is too mournful for me to dwell upon. On account of my not being much acquainted with the ways and manners of the world, I, though ever anxious to be under your care, have felt a timidity in going to you, yet I even wish I were now at your house. Alas, wishes are vain. I think I could sympathize, especially with my dear cousins, in their loss. But how many steps must I take before I arrive at the destined place! As to my journey, I have made all the preparation that is necessary, so far as relates to information, recommendation, &c.

And now, dear uncle, how and where shall I meet you? If you are likely not to know me when you meet me, I will now inform you that you will see before you a tall, blackish youth, clad with poor clothes, and with a heavy pack of ragged ones on his back, perhaps moneyless, and trembling at every step he takes for fear of the reception he may meet with on account of his own imperfections. When I arrive I shall expect you to be a second father to me in directing me. Therefore excuse my abruptness, and be ready to receive your absent child."

From Athens he also addressed a letter to his afflicted cousins, expressing his deep sympathy with them in the loss of their mother. "Dear friends, though my hand cannot reach you, nor my eye behold you, at present, yet my prayers shall ascend in your behalf, and ere long I hope to meet you." After leaving A. he wrote to his uncle of that place. His letter bears date May 9th:

"Dear Uncle: — It is hardly sundown. I have taken up my lodgings at the meeting of the turnpikes from Athens and Albany, at Mr. B.'s. I feel very much fatigued, and my feet are quite sore. If I find Mr. S., I think I shall stay a day or two and rest. I was somewhat ill yesterday after I left you; yet got along pretty well. I tarried in R. last night, so that I have come between thirty and forty miles to-day. I feel lonesome, far away from all my friends, but hope to prosper. Thus far, since leaving you, I have spent only twelve and a half cents."

On arriving at Meadville, he wrote again to this uncle, under date May 23d:

"Dear Uncle: — On the 8th of May I left Athens for Meadville. During that day little else presented itself to my view but a very rough country, full of rocks and

stones, with here and there a miserable looking house, the oven being built out of doors; one oven appeared made of clam shells. The region through which I passed wore to me but a poor appearance, till I came to Cherry Valley, which in a measure made amends for the past. I intended to have made Sangersfield on the 10th, but feeling quite weary, when within fifteen miles of that place, I requested a stranger, whose conveyance, by chance, was not loaded, to carry me. He said he would three and a half miles *for a treat.* I accepted the offer, and he stopped at Mr. F. M.'s tavern for his pay. When in the hearing of the landlady a word was dropped about Massachusetts, she started inquiries, which divulged the fact that she was sister of Esq. W.'s wife of A., where I had boarded last winter. She was glad to see me, and I was agreeably entertained for an hour. The rainy weather was very unfavorable to my progress. My limbs and feet frequently pained me so that I could not sleep till midnight. I found some very large trees. The land, generally speaking, is good, but nowhere did I find the garden of Eden. In some places the only means I had of distinguishing the cultivated from the uncultivated soil, was by the deadness of the trees. I arrived yesterday about 12 M., and was kindly received by my mourning friends. At present I like the appearance of the country here very much. During my journey I had opportunity to ride only about six miles. There is little or no travelling in private conveyances in any part of the country, so that I found but very few, and most of these were going the other way. On counting my money, I find that I have spent about five dollars and sixty cents, on the road. I was not expected here so soon by several days. Already I feel somewhat rested, and calculate to make early arrangements to commence study. My journey is ended; the Lord has been merciful to me. I feel indebted to my distant friends

for their kindness to me. Will you do me the favor to write to my mother on the reception of this, and enclose it to her. I can write only one letter this week."

---

## CHAPTER V.

### RESIDENCE IN MEADVILLE.

LETTER to his mother, dated Meadville, May 30th, 1820:

"DEAR MOTHER: — Doubtless you have heard of my arrival at this place on Monday of last week, as on the following day I wrote to my uncle Oliver, and requested him to write you. One week from the Monday after I left you, I started from Athens with as much provision as I could carry. One day I spent in Sangersfield, with our old friends, who were in good health. Friday, I went eight miles out of my way to find some cousins, but could only *hear* of them. On Sabbath * in travelling, it was my lot to fall in with some very wicked, profane persons. Indeed it was difficult to find any other company, though sometimes I had such good fortune. And now, dear mother, here I am at a great distance from you; yet when I look back it appears reduced to nothing. I am not at all homesick; but as I think of you, with my brothers and sisters, I feel melancholy. Here, wherever I turn my eyes, everything seems in mourning — tears are stealing

---

* It would seem from this statement, that on one Sabbath he pursued to some extent his journey. We wonder not at the company he met. It was deemed by many, where he was nurtured, not wrong for those on a journey to pursue it a part of the Sabbath. But we are sure that such were wrong, both in *principle* and *policy*.

down all faces. O, my dear mother, I must commend you to God, and leave you in the arms of his love, requesting you to do the same for me. I hope you will indulge no over-anxious thoughts about me; I think that I shall be provided for, and trust that you will be also. You must write me a long letter immediately on the receipt of this, telling me all your plans. Remember me to inquiring friends, and tell them that I have commenced my studies. Say to the youth from me that they must remember they are born to die."

From his journal. "May 28. — The Sabbath is by no means so well observed here as it is in Massachusetts. May I devote six days as I ought to the duties of the world, and consecrate more especially the seventh to religion. My mother occupies many of my thoughts; perhaps she is now praying for me. 30. — Overwhelmed with considerations of the past, I walked this day alone to the grave of my aunt." There he composed a piece of poetry. "June 3. — I miss the society of those Christian companions with whom I associated in New England. To-day I attended the funeral of a little child. Dear mother, I have thought of you, and endeavored to commend you to God. This is all that I can do. I hope you have never repented of having permitted your son to leave you. 8. — I find that my tongue is an unruly member." Alluding to affecting deaths in M., and thinking of his own great insensibility, he says: "Surely such an unmoved sinner as I am is more fit for the society of devils than of human beings." 11. — Referring to his deceased aunt, he observes: "Doubtless she would have promoted my welfare; but oh, she is gone, gone, — forever gone! Thou hadst heard of the exit of my uncle and of my father, before thine own departure. Hast thou met them in the realms of bliss? Could I have only witnessed thy

dying scene! But no! Much do the deaths of my several friends occupy my thoughts. I shall never forget the night when the summons came for me to go and meet my mother, brothers and sisters in tears. It will perhaps be only a little while before I shall hear of the departure of other kindred, or news of my death will be borne to them. 17. — How affected I am at the loss of friends, yet how careless of the love of Christ."

Extracts from a letter to the Secretary of the American Education Society, dated

"MEADVILLE, June 22, 1820.

"DEAR SIR: — I received your letter of the 15th of April, and directed to Judge P. of Ashfield, on the 27th of the same month, for which, and the appropriated sum of fifteen dollars, I give my thanks to the Society; and I hope my conduct will ever be such as to secure their kind regards. Previous to receiving this letter, I had made arrangements so far as this, that if it were agreeable to the Society, I should perform a journey to this place for the purpose of studying with my uncle; because by this means I should not only be under the care of a tender friend, but also he could furnish me with such books as I need, and afford me sundry other aids, from time to time; for the doing of which, the Rev. Thomas Shepard, of Ashfield, was so kind as to lend me $10.00, to whom I gave an order on the Society to draw the $15.00, because through his hands I could receive the remaining five, as well as in any other way. Before I left my mother, some persons were so kind as to afford me a little assistance. Four several friends presented me with $2.12, and from others I received sundry articles of clothing, which are of great use to me; in all to the amount of $12.50, so that I have clothes sufficient to last until I hope to get some by

teaching school. On the 29th of April, 1820, I commenced my journey, and arrived at my uncle's, in this place, on the 22d day of May. After resting a day or two, I commenced studying, and have continued the same till the present. The expenses of my journey, a distance of more than 500 miles, amounted to about $5.60. Your respectful, grateful, and humble servant."

"July 1. — Tomorrow I expect to sit at the table spread to commemorate the death of Jesus Christ our Lord, but fear I shall crucify him afresh. I discover within me the seeds of infidelity. May divine mercy meet my case, for otherwise I am helpless. 2. — I have just returned from the Lord's supper. How happy is it that the toiling, weary, and tempted Christian may drown for awhile his sorrows in the scenes commemorative of a Saviour's love. Alas for me, I enjoy not his smiles! When I behold him hanging on the cursed tree, his countenance appears like that of an angry God. At his table, he seems to address me in the language of rebuke: 'Friend, how camest thou in hither, not having a wedding garment?' and with a piercing look he bids me depart. 5. — To-day was laid with much ceremony the corner stone of Bentley Hall." On the occasion he delivered an original poem. A piece of Plymouth Rock was deposited under the corner stone. "July 10. — I have been very agreeably entertained for two days past, by friends from Massachusetts. The fact that they came from New England, is alone sufficient to endear them to me. 12. — Received to-day a letter from my mother, and have the satisfaction to hear of her health, though her worldly prospects are such as to occasion me pain. God of mercy, be thou her portion — her consolation amid the darkest forebodings. The Lord is just and kind, but my heart bleeds anew when I remember my mother. 25. — An uncommonly large meteor was

visible this evening for a number of seconds; soon after it disappeared we heard a loud explosion. 30. — Sabbath. I have been quite sick all day; am better this evening. Aug. 7. — This morning, as usual, I arose between the hours of four and five to apply myself with renewed vigor to my studies. I learn from public papers that the late meteor was seen in different places, and is supposed to have been about 60 miles from here. Ah, did the concerns of religion engage my attention as do the things of the world, how differently should I live! 10. — Have recently conversed with a fellow student on sacred subjects. This evening we walked together. He evidently has reflected seriously since our last interview. I ought to be encouraged to persevere in well-doing, leaving the result with God. 23. — My uncle takes his departure this day on a missionary tour among the Indians. His son W. accompanies him. It is his purpose to be absent six weeks. I love him almost as my own father, and shall feel sorrowful in his absence. What I should do were he to return no more, I know not, yet such an event may take place, and I leave him and my mother in the hands of a heavenly parent. 24. — Commenced the Greek grammar, though without any instructor. While my uncle is absent, I am called upon to officiate at the family altar, yet for this my heart is but little prepared. Evening: Just about committing myself to sleep for the night, I would offer up a prayer for thee, my mother. Wrote a letter yesterday in Latin to my uncle at Buffalo. Sept. 1. — Make slow progress in Greek. Am indeed quite solitary in it, having neither guide nor companion. 7. — How solemn we ought to be in the hour of devotion, and how thankful for the ability to pray for absent friends. 10. — I have thought much good might be effected by writing passages of Scripture on slips of paper, and leaving them where they will attract attention. 16. — My

heart is as black as the ink with which I write. I see the point at which I should aim, yet as clearly that towards which my course tends; wide apart are the two. Bless, Lord, the mother, whose anxious heart may now be burdened for me, and fill her with thy love. 17. — I almost believe that everything depends on application. As far as I can see, most great men have made themselves such. There is indeed something indicative of greatness in aspiring after it." At this time he was engaged in a weekly juvenile prayer-meeting. "How unlike I am a minister of the gospel, yet I dare to speak in Christ's name. Should I fly anywhere else than to thee, thou who hast been the God of my life? but alas, at the very throne of grace I find my heart hard. 26. — Had a very narrow escape with my life. I was riding a young fractious colt, when a little dog ran out and barked. At first I tried to hold the creature, but this was impossible. The saddle was so loosely girded that I could not spring off. My last resort was to endeavor to remain in my seat. This I accomplished till the animal coming to a descent took a sudden turn to the up-hill side of the road. The saddle immediately turned, and I was thrown off the lower side upon a soft sandy place, but holding the bridle I was dragged a little, till the horse escaped and ran about two miles. Not much injury was done. Doubtless I should have been killed if my foot had hung in the stirrup. Oct. 4. — My uncle has just returned, somewhat enfeebled, but in tolerably good spirits. Should he die I know not what would become of me. 8. — Last evening, to indulge my melancholy, I wandered alone in the field. I have attended meeting to-day, and felt that I could pour out my soul in prayer into the bosom of God. 15. — How many blessings I enjoy! Grant, Lord, that the path of duty may be plain, and my will prompt to walk therein. 22. — Yesterday we had no preaching. I was rather unwell,

but spent a part of the day in the woods, supplicating divine aid. Nov. 19. — Have heard read this evening a few pages of Bunyan's Holy War, and see myself fighting in the wrong party. Dec. 5. — One year has passed away, since I saw for the last time my father's face. No more shall I behold him, till the trump awakes the dead. 22. — Two hundred years have rolled away since the landing of our forefathers on Plymouth Rock. Through my uncle's instrumentality the day has been celebrated. At his request, I wrote an ode for the occasion, which was printed, and sung this evening. In connection with others, I also spoke an original piece, written in blank verse. 31. — As the year comes to a close, it urges me to serious reflection, telling me that perhaps I may never see the conclusion of another. Neither should I at this time forget my mother, but lay her situation before the Lord. Moreover, it becomes me to reflect that study demands my best attention. Lord, help me in all these respects. Jan. 5, 1821. — A year has passed away since the death of my father. O thou guide of human affairs, prepare me for all the future scenes that await me. This I ask for the Saviour's sake."

"MEADVILLE, Jan. 11, 1821.

"DEAR MOTHER: — Your letter of the 19th of December was received yesterday. With painful anxiety do I await the arrival of letters from you, and tremblingly hail their advent. The many trials to which you are subject cause me grief, which is increased by the fear that you keep back a part from my knowledge. Well may I be anxious for so kind and tender a parent. I rejoice that you rest on the Rock of Ages, and would that I might rest there too. But my heart is harder than a stone, and sometimes the temptations of Satan seem almost overwhelming. It would give me happiness could I see you only a few

moments. I am sensible that I receive far more mercies than I deserve. Most kind parent, be comforted in respect to me. I am under the care of an affectionate uncle, to whom I am not afraid to look, and who I trust will reprove me when I err. You must let me hear about your situation. I am pleased that sister Martha and brother Rufus are contented with their homes, and am sorry that sister Mary is so afflicted with sickness. I am pleased that your neighbors are kind, and hope they will continue to be so, and thus comfort you. I am expecting to commence a school next Monday, about seven and a half miles from this place, having engaged for one quarter. Nothing do I undertake without staining it with sin. Sometimes I feel that I render myself unworthy of the kindness of my uncle and cousins here; still they are very attentive to me. May heaven bless you. I can hope and pray for you, but God must perform. One year has passed away, which brings to my recollection the death of my father. I think much about my brothers and sisters, and hope to receive a line or two from each of them. Remember me, if you please, to Mr. Grout, and all who inquire after my welfare."

In the year 1820, Mr. Taylor was, with others, engaged in a "Debating Society." He has left in manuscript a number of his own debates, which evince much enthusiasm in this method of mental improvement. Early in his course of study, he learned or formed for himself a system of stenography, which he employed more or less during his subsequent life. Whatever is written in this way remains sealed so far as his friends are concerned. It is evident that many times he wrote in that way merely for the purpose of concealment. At others, he may have simply aimed to save labor. Occasionally, likewise, he journalized in Greek or in Latin.

On the 9th of January, 1821, he delivered, by request, a

eulogy on a fellow student who had died the first day of that year. This effort he closed with an appropriate poem, a part of which was subsequently published in a newspaper of that region.

My brother seems to have been ever busy with his pen. Scarcely an object of interest escaped his notice. Either in prose or in poetry he recorded something concerning each one. Here follow some of his observations. "The Indian's grave: Here rest the remains of one of the tawny race, together, perhaps, with all she possessed on earth. The only monument pointing out her grave is a large pine tree, and that has been recently prostrated by the wind. She has gone, as go the entire family of Adam, to mingle with her kindred dust; but little known, and soon forgotten; yet no hero, whose fame has filled the earth, reposes more sweetly, nor can the dust of the statesman or of the philosopher be distinguished from hers." After these comments, he adds a few plaintive poetic lines. "In the vicinity of Meadville, there are certain tumuli, which appear to have been the work of a people who existed here ages since. Most of them seem originally designed for defence, being cast up in the form of a breast work. When thrown open, they are found to contain human bones, sometimes deposited in layers; others are without any apparent order." "French Creek: General Washington, at the commencement of his public career, passed up and down this stream." "In Meadville, tradition says, that in the old French war a brass field-piece was deposited in a well, which was then filled up. Much search has been made for it, but as yet no traces have been discovered. Indian graves are laid open on ploughing in almost every direction. In short, this country, where science begins to flourish, is very interesting."

From his journal while teaching school. "Being destitute of clothes, and of money with which to purchase

them, I found it necessary to teach. After various exertions I obtained a school in Wayne township, about eight miles from Meadville, and commenced it near the middle of January, 1821. Many of the scholars were Germans, and could, at best, speak only a little English. I boarded among my patrons. In February, I succeeded in securing a singing-school." His scholars in this latter school, he says, thought that they might conduct as they should please, and accordingly gave him considerable trouble when he attempted to restrain them. The following thoughts he penned while in W.: "Jesus wept, but was never known to smile while here on earth. His greatest joy was on the bloody cross, and there, too, was his most poignant grief; and when he bowed his head in death, all nature seemed to say, what new thing is this? and with her mantle veiled his head. O, my God, my soul is cast down within me. Enemies threaten me on every side, though I have sinned against thee only; let me fall into thy hands, not into the hands of man. On thee only must I rest my dependence, thou God of mercy. When will mortals learn to pity their fellow creatures, and to assist each other. Darkness surrounds me on every side, and the wilderness, with its beasts of prey, adds solemnity to the scene. O Time, how art thou wasted, and Eternity, how art thou trifled with! Senseless mortals spend vainly their hours, and trust their eternal all to the season of pain, disease, and death. How majestic are the works of God. When I survey them, I seem to dwindle myself into nothing. On every side I find him equally wonderful and incomprehensible. The comet, which traverses God's empire in distances so great, does not explore half of his dominions. A Newton, whose expanded mind glances at immensity almost like a God, yet prostrates himself before the meanest of thy works and owns the infinity of thy skill. Eternity itself can never fully re-

veal thee. Worlds are hung upon worlds. Why, then — if these are the conceptions which I have of thee — why, then, is my heart so loath to adore thee?"

"February 5, 1821. — I am now at my school-house, and alone. The labors of the day are at an end; my pupils have dispersed. None are present but God and myself. Darkness is surrounding me. What, my soul, is thy situation? Saviour of sinners, I desire to take refuge in thy beloved arms. 6. — To-day it seems that Jesus smiles upon me. Under his wings would I shelter myself from all the temptations and storms of life. Though in a lonesome wilderness, and away from every earthly friend, Christ can sustain my spirits. 7. — Lord wilt thou prepare me for the singing-school this evening, tuning my voice to the honor of Jesus. 13. — Dear mother, I am alone in my school-house. I desire to know how you and my sick sister, Mary, are. 22. — Read the 17th chapter of John. Be encouraged, my soul, — press forward. 28. — A few hours more of dreary winter, then comes pleasing spring. So time flies without a moment's stay, and sweeps along every one on its current. Prepare me, O God, to awake in the morning with the light of a new season about me. May thy love spring up afresh in my soul, and my tongue, loosed from the cords of sin, utter celestial strains. March 5. — Jesus, grant me the beamings of thy face, then can I disregard the ills of earth. If I am clothed with thy righteousness, though in the eyes of men poorly clad, I shall go on till I take an honorable degree in heaven. 8. — I wish that the thunders of Mount Sinai might awaken me. Any other state is preferable to a stupid one. Lord, it is easy for thee to humble me by a word. But without thine interposition my heart refuses to surrender its idols. Unlock its rusty gates and come in, thou mighty King. 21. — No eye but thine, O God, sees me. Thy blessings I implore. I have

no worthiness of my own by which to merit it of thee, but I have understood from thy holy word that thou hast one to bestow on sinners who seek it in the name of Jesus Christ. I am a sinner; I ask it of thee for the sake of thy Son. Turn my hard heart; deliver me from the power of evil spirits that surround me and thirst for my blood; save me from the pit of everlasting destruction. Cause me to hear thee if it require a voice of thunder. Break thoroughly my heart, and let its fragments be cemented with the love of Jesus. March 26. — O, my dear mother, where is thy soothing voice? Where are those lips that used so often to speak for my consolation? Have I been so indifferent to thy kindness as to influence thee to forget thy child? 27. — When I take a retrospect of my life I seem to view all things as ordered for the best." At Wayne he united with others in sustaining a debating society. His discussions of various topics were written. In closing an exhibition of his views respecting the last war between the United States and Great Britain, he adds: "I detest war, with all its causes and effects. I cannot believe that man should be murdered by his fellow-being for the sake of human gratification. The practice of war for such a cause is alone sufficient to stamp forever our race as brutes."

"At Meadville, April 30, 1821.

"Dear Mother: — Your letter of March 8 has been received. Day before yesterday uncle T. started for Philadelphia, to be absent six weeks. It is lonesome with us. He seems to me as my own father. I think I feel his absence as much as his own children do. During the three months past I have taught both a day and singing-school. Perhaps you remember that when I was learning to sing, Mr. ——— laughed at my singing. I told him that 'he might yet hear of my teaching a singing-school.'

He replied 'he never should.' You now may have the pleasure of telling him that I have taught for three months a day-school and singing-school at the same time. During my engagement in teaching I have made it a practice in my lonely hours, from time to time, to dedicate a line to you. Some of these detached pennings I will now transcribe. Jan. 23. — It is a very dreary place here, and I shall long for my engagement to be out, that I may return to the friends with whom what enjoyment I have is found. 27. — Dear Mother: I am now at home, and you cannot tell how happy I feel after having been among strangers from almost all nations. Feb. 12. — My school-house is situated in the woods, so that when my scholars are gone it is a pleasant place for meditation. 13. — I am here, O my dear mother, alone, my scholars not yet having come. Could I only have a look at you and my brothers and sisters, the sight would be heart-cheering. Time and paper now fail me to quote more of what I had in this way written. My schools closed under as favorable circumstances as I could have expected. What is the reason, O my dear mother, that my sleep is rendered unpleasant by dreams of your griefs. Sometime since I dreamed that I was a little this side of your house, and you were standing near me, and your appearance so struck me that I cried out 'O my dear mother, what is the matter?' Then I turned my head away from you and wept. Mother, I have opened my heart to you without the least garb of hypocrisy. I would tell you that it is a miserable heart. The labor of the past winter has been the most severe that I ever endured. In going home Saturday nights and returning Monday mornings, together with my walking to board about with the families, I have travelled upwards of 350 miles. Why do not my sisters write me? Tell them that they and my brothers are remembered by me, and I hope they will not forget me nor

their God. I shall review this letter with a fear that I have expressed some thought which I ought not. You must throw the mantle of candor over all my faults. One thing more: when I am distressed and perplexed I am comforted with the thought that I have been consecrated to God. It gives me happiness, and holds me back from sin."

On resuming his studies he offers the prayer that he may be influenced by a desire for God's glory. May 9. —"I hope in the end to conquer self. 20. — Saviour, hast thou forever left me to be enslaved to my own selfish passions? Numerous have been thy mercies to me in years past, so let them be hereafter. May thy Spirit wholly possess my soul. I desire always to live as my father's dying injunction to me requires—'Godly in Christ Jesus.' 22. — This day, about 12 M., completes a year since my arrival at Meadville. A review of the last twelve months makes my heart beat. How little my improvement. 15. — God of Grace, preserve amid fierce temptations the soul that rests on thee. 16. — Am much rejoiced to see my uncle here again. Yet, when I behold his children meeting him with open arms, and reflect that I have no father, no home, my feelings struggle within me. 24. — Lord help me to be calm amid all the trials of life. 10. — I know that my earthly sojourn must at length end in eternity, and much have I hoped, as well as prayed, that the iniquity of my heart might be removed from me. I have also made the most solemn promises to break away from all my sins, yet here I am, soon to meet my twentieth birth day, with the viper clinging to me. Should it not now be shaken off, it may eternally adhere to me. Most seriously do I resolve to begin anew my life. Yet, O my God, I am weak. Be thou unto me like Israel's pillar of cloud by day and pillar of fire by night. 18. — To-day I am twenty years of age, and have been admitted a student of Alleghany College, and to the Almighty

I direct my prayer for assistance in discharging the implied duties."

"DEAR MOTHER: — Never shall I forget you till the cold sods cover my lifeless clay. This heart may be left to be ungrateful to that mother to whom I owe so much, but can never cease to remember her. On the 18th day of August, when I was twenty years of age, I became a member of the College in this place. I would endeavor to rest on my God, for then shall I be safe. I have but little religious exercise of mind. My feelings, for the most part, are very low. I often think of those friends in Hawley, with whom I used to converse on sacred subjects, and feel somewhat guilty for not having written to several persons there, especially to Mr. Grout. I have sent you a newspaper containing the first poem I composed in this part of the world."

"August 31. — Summer now ends, and life on earth, ere long, will have ceased forever; all its pleasing scenes be gone, never to be recalled. Then, if the soul possess no sure anchor in the skies, she must be everlastingly tossed about on the fiery billows of hell. Sept. 9. — I formed a second Sabbath-school in this place, other persons coöperating with me in its management." He was also actively engaged in helping sustain a young peoples' meeting on the evening of the Lord's day. "Oct. 1. — A goodly number are present at our meetings, and give good attention. This evening I for the first time made an address to them. May the Lord smile on our exertions. 22. — I recently received a polite invitation from a gentleman of this vicinity to reside in his family as a tutor to his children." Owing to the interruption an acceptance would occasion to his studies he declined the invitation. "I should have to spend from four to six hours daily in teaching the family."

The following extracts are from a communication which he prepared for a friend in whom he felt a deep interest, and yet whom he was afraid to address orally. "You have been born in a Christian land and blessed with pious parents, and scarcely a day has gone over your head without your hearing something relative to the salvation of your soul. Your dear mother has joined the congregation of the dead, and you know that according to the course of nature you must eventually follow her. Where then, my dear friend, do you wish to land? In heaven, or in hell? Speak to you I cannot; warn you I must. Have you been brought up and nourished by devoted parents that you may be fuel for hell fire? Must your departed parent hereafter behold you afar off in the torments of despair? Hard, indeed, must your heart be, if you are insensible to her prayers and tears. Do you not still remember her words to you in that trying hour when her nature was dissolving in death, that then her spirit seemed to come back for a little moment on your account? I almost hear her, though in the agonies of death, on her bended knees, and in tears, supplicating mercy for you."

"October 25. — Have opened a singing-school in this place, which I procured at the suggestion of my uncle. People in this country feel at liberty to make as much noise as they please, both in day and singing-schools. 29. — A letter, just received from my mother, contains nothing but good news, for which I would be very thankful."

As the autumn of 1821 was wearing away, Mr. Taylor became convinced that he could not enjoy at M. the privileges which were essential to his highest success in obtaining an education. He could not, at once, decide where he should go; but desired to place himself under the best tuition. "It is probable that I shall be necessitated to pass over six or seven hundred miles, without mo-

ney, to some other college. I should prefer Cambridge on some accounts, though the expenses there will probably shut me out."

"November 25. — I have this day heard two excellent sermons from the Rev. Mr. Goodell, an appointed missionary. He is now on a tour through the United States, and intends to go as far as Brainerd. It is his purpose next year to embark for Jerusalem, the city of David. Mr. G.'s text in the forenoon was in Psalms 84: 8. In the afternoon, Romans 10: 14. Both discourses were affecting. He stopped with my uncle, and I of course was introduced to him. I told him that should I be prospered I hoped to salute him hereafter in the sacred city, and he replied, 'I hope so.' About this time, Rev. Mr. Remington and wife were in Meadville, on their way as missionaries to the Indians. Mr. T. became much interested in them, wrote for them a parting hymn, also sent letters by them to Messrs. Dyer and Howes, already located among the aborigines."

Letter to his mother, December. — "I am now engaged in teaching a singing-school in this place, by which means I shall be able, I hope, to furnish myself with clothing, and to pay some debts. My uncle T. leaves here next Monday for New England; he expects to call upon you, but to be able to spend with you only a few hours. Yet you must keep him, if possible, until my brothers and sisters can all see him. He has passed through many trials, and so have you. We frequently entertain missionaries here. Not long since Rev. Mr. Goodell was here, who is destined to Palestine. I long to take my station on Mt. Zion, and to preach the gospel in the streets of Jerusalem. To my brothers and sisters I would say, remember your Creator, and prepare to meet him. Young companions, whom once I used to see engaged in religion, how is it with you now? Do you still walk uprightly, honoring your

God, or have you looked back after having put your hands to the plough? And you, whom I left on the brink of hell, hovering over eternal burnings, where are you now?"

The following was written toward the close of 1821, at a time when his feelings were desponding. "Amid sorrows and temptations happy is the man who has Jesus Christ as his guide and protector by day, and for his pillow by night. O, my Saviour, could I have such a friend as thou art, not all the gainsayings and reproaches of the world, or the temptations of devils, should affect me. Whether the resting place of my head by night were composed of down or stone, in thee I would rejoice. I feel distressed. Come, therefore, blessed Jesus, and give me thine aid. This world is a burden without thee. Come on wings of love. I feel myself to be wretched, and would lean on thee. O come! O haste! for I know not what to do. I lay my hand upon my heart and look up. I cannot speak. I would tell thee, but I have not the power of a child. O take my heart and keep it. Non ullus amicus immutabilis nisi Deus, ille semper amicus presens."

January 5, 1822.—"Received a letter this day from my mother, informing me of her health. It brings the cheering intelligence of a revival in Hawley, also of one in Ashfield. The latter commenced in Saunderson's Academy. And why is there no still small voice among us here?" In his journal Mr. T. has left a somewhat minute description of the inconveniences with which he was obliged to struggle in his attempts to study. They were such as would have utterly disheartened any one not invincibly set upon improvement. His uncle was absent much of the time, and there appears to have been no responsible person to hear his recitations. Four different musical instruments were simultaneously played by as many persons in the only room which he could occupy as

a study. This annoyance he must endure at the very hours appropriated to his lessons. Naming this and other hindrances, he adds: "Such is a short account of the obstacles in the way of my applying myself to study; yet my future success in life depends upon the manner in which I spend a few of these first years.

"February 3. — To-day, with others, I am to sit at Christ's table. Permit me, a worm, O God, to reach forth my hands and take the symbols of *his* death who mercifully offered himself as our propitiatory sacrifice. 14. — Blessed Saviour, when temptations threaten, or the world flatters, deign to be my deliverer. May Calvary be my beacon amid all the storms of earth. 16. — I have been paying debts to-day, and there is decided pleasure in discharging pecuniary obligations. 24. — We have very interesting news from Mr. Parsons, the missionary. He was at Jerusalem at the last accounts. As unholy as I am, I sometimes wish myself ready to start on a mission thither. March 7. — The blustering resolutions of a worm will not drive away sin." With reference to entering another college he observes: "I fear the change which I know I must make, and desire the Saviour's aid. April 4. — Soon I am to part with friends here. Have some anxities about what will prove to be the revelation of the future in respect to my college course. Am most troubled, however, about my mother. Nor am I without solicitude in regard to my brothers and sisters. O Jesus, let me be nailed to thy cross rather than lose sight of it." Should Mr. Taylor leave Meadville he could not render so much aid to his mother as he had done while there through the special kindness of his uncle. 15. — "I have just read an account of Mrs. Poor's death, printed in the Herald. Let me spend my life for Jesus, living alone for him."

Having by letters and otherwise gained information

relative to several colleges, he decided to remove to Union, Schenectady, N. Y., as affording the greatest pecuniary inducement. "April 21. — Bade adieu to my Sabbath-schools. Find I have become attached to this place. It will be painful for me to leave it. From friends I have received many favors. Some things indeed have gone wrongly. My advantages for study have been small. What I am to do for money I cannot tell. If I am careful, what I have may suffice to bear my expenses to Schenectady." Concerning the income from teaching sacred music, he made this record: "I have received for teaching singing about $120.00. Thus the art that I acquired by dint of effort in my native town, in spite of ridicule, has been of much pecuniary benefit to me. I hope equally by my fidelity to confound all who have ever opposed me. When I told Mr. D., who lives in the neighborhood of my last school, of my intention to go to Schenectady, he remarked that he had but one thing to say, the Lord go with you."

Duty alone impelled Mr. Taylor to leave Meadville. He was strongly attached to his kindred there, and was affectionately treated by them. His uncle Timothy showed him marked favors. But the college at M. was new and of uncertain promise. What is the designation of *graduate* worth, if the mind be not disciplined? My brother thirsted for knowledge, not for the naked name of *student*. The two years spent at M. probably resulted in far less advancement in classical attainments, than might have been made under rigid instruction, and with proper accommodations. But indolence never characterized Mr. T.'s mind. He was constantly doing something. It is easy, however, to perceive that he needed a kind of instruction which he failed to obtain. He should have been trained to more rigid exactness in expressing his thoughts.

No one can fail to see evidence in these pages of ar-

dent attachment in Mr. T. to his mother. Why did he not write her more frequently, and oftener receive letters from her? It was his rule to pay postage on all their mutual correspondence. Hence every time letters passed between them, he was taxed by the U. S. government fifty cents. Surely we need not marvel if the poor student sent epistles of love but seldom to his dearest earthly friend — his mother.

Alleghany College has been for a number of years under the control of the Methodists. We hope they will render it highly subservient to the cause of Christ. In the recent energetic efforts of that denomination to elevate themselves intellectually, all the lovers of Jesus must rejoice. Meadville has at present a Theological School, established by Unitarians. It is our prayer that hereafter the commanding energy by which this latter institution is sustained, may bring rich trophies to the Christ of the Scriptures.

In closing this chapter it should be observed, that Mr. T. never ceased to entertain the highest regard for his uncle, the President, while the latter lived. Proof of this fact will be amply adduced in subsequent pages of this memoir; and it may be proper here to state, that when seized by the disorder which carried him to eternity, my brother was actually engaged in preparing a brief outline of the life of this revered friend and benefactor. It is expected that something of this nature may yet be given to the public.

## CHAPTER VI.

### LEAVES MEADVILLE FOR SCHENECTADY.

It was the 30th of April, 1822, that my brother bade adieu to his friends in Meadville. With much emotion he took his departure. His pecuniary resources amounted to less than twenty-one dollars. Journal: "May 1. — About ten, A. M., at Erie. Arrived here last evening soon after sundown, and am to-day so fatigued that I can scarcely move. I may be under the necessity of going by stage, which will consume all my funds. Perhaps I shall remain here till to-morrow, and watch for a vessel to Buffalo. The Lord, I hope, will favor me. O! merciful Father, wilt thou deign to give me strength. 2. — Yesterday, after making arrangements to send my trunk, and not finding a passage for myself by water, I recommenced my journey. At a distance I saw the old fort, but was unable to procure a ferry-boat, in which I might cross to it. My curiosity was also excited in seeing the relics of an ancient beaver dam. Half past one, P. M.: have just been kindly entertained by Mr. R. Thus far I have found generous friends. I am obliged to resort to bathing, for easing the pain in my feet. 3. — Passed last night with Mr. Montgomery, and am now at Mr. Stone's. This latter gentleman has given me a letter of introduction to a young man studying for the ministry, and with whom I visited the 'Burning Spring,' three miles from this place." May 5, he was at Buffalo, having met with marked kindness all the way from M. Here he was perplexed because his trunk had not arrived. "But the God against whom I

have sinned is my refuge." 6.— Without waiting for his trunk, he agreed with a gentleman to forward it when it might arrive, having prepaid its freight, and taken a receipt signed by a witness. "7. — Rode twenty-two miles. Keep me, O God, while I journey here below. I have no abiding place, and no preserver but thee." 8. — During a ride he witnessed a horse-trading, which resulted in a small law-suit, and in which he acted the lawyer for one of the parties. However, his client was beaten. Under the last date, he observes: "I feel this morning as if I could freely express myself to God in prayer, asking protection for myself and mother. May he grant me success, and his shall be the praise forever." On the night of the 8th, he was at the house of Dr. Fitch, formerly President of Williams' College. This gentleman gave Mr. Taylor a hearty welcome, on account of the friendship existing between the Dr. and Rev. T. Alden. "9. — Passing through Canandaigua, I turned aside for a moment to view the monuments of the dead." May 10th, he reached Auburn, and was entertained by one of the professors, to whom he had a letter of introduction. On his way to A. he wandered from the proper road. Stopping to obtain directions, he found himself the object of special regard in a family to which he was an entire stranger. He had entered the dwelling of a widow, whose son she had not seen for years. A daughter dwelt with the mother. These fancied they saw in Mr. T. a resemblance to an absent son and brother. "As I was leaving I read to them the letter of introduction furnished me by my uncle. This revealed my name, and object in journeying. We conversed together. At their earnest solicitation I took tea with them. The mother expressed the hope that some kind person would befriend her son. Both were deeply affected when I left. I hurried away that I might indulge my tears, and find a place to offer up prayer

for this afflicted family." During this journey, our traveller spent his Sabbaths in the worship of God, always resting from his labors. May 12th, he was at Judge Bradley's, in Marcellus. In this place he lingered awhile, enjoying the kind attention and hospitality of friends, and acquiring such useful knowledge as came within his reach. Wearied out with walking, he took passage at Syracuse on a packet-boat; yet the thought of spending two or three dollars as fare, oppressed him. "I met an Irishman, formerly a soldier in Wellington's army, and who was in the battle of Waterloo. He was destitute of food, money, and friends. Having with me a few crackers, I shared them with him. There was something interesting in the poor man. We conversed a little on religion. He was willing to toil for a livelihood, but was ignorant of every trade and pursuit of industry. My heart felt for him as I bade him adieu. 14. — I am much at a loss respecting duty. If I continue on this boat, it will consume my money. I think I shall try my feet from Utica. We shall arrive there to-morrow morning." Having walked awhile, after leaving U., he embarked on one of the lumber boats, but abandoned it before evening. "16. — Staid last night at a noisy Dutch tavern. For lodgings and a supper of milk I paid 18 cents. Passed on in the morning four miles, and took breakfast; then rode eleven with a gentleman, and arrived at Schenectady at 2 P. M.; called upon Dr. Nott very soon, and in a few hours I was a regular member of Union College. What a new era now opens before me, and how much I need the direction of heaven. While praying for myself, I will remember the condition of my mother, brothers, and sisters. All I can do for them is to bear them in supplications before the Lord." He computed the distance from Meadville to Schenectady to be four hundred and fifty miles. About one half of the way he

rode. His journey cost him *six* dollars. "May 17. — I have been borrowing and buying articles for fitting up my room. The students are kind to me; so is the College Registrar; otherwise I know not what I should do. I feel melancholy this eve; am alone. Have attended chapel once. My room is in the north section, North College, fourth story, No. 45. Dear mother, I am not forgetful of you. Kind and indulgent God, I am a worthless creature, and have grievously sinned against thee. Look down from heaven, and behold me here alone in thine awful presence. Forgive my sins. Wilt thou also compassionate the case of my widowed mother; of my brothers and sisters. Has not my path of duty been plainly pointed out? O wilt thou direct me in the course of study, upon which I have now entered, and help me to act wholly for thy glory. Be thou my keeper and instructor. Grant these requests, for Jesus' sake. 21. — Am fearful my trunk will never reach me. It contains my clothes, books, and papers; indeed all my earthly possessions. God, however, has greatly prospered me hitherto, and I will hope for the best. 29. — I have been engaging a gentleman in town, who understands the French language, to hear me recite in it occasionally. June 1. — My trunk has at length safely arrived, and I find myself fairly located in Union College. I have great reason to return thanks to Almighty God for succeeding me in my recent undertaking. How sudden the transition seems to have been, from Meadville to this place! Still must I trust in thee, O God of all my mercies. To whom else can I resort?" Soon after reaching Union College, he wrote to his mother, giving the reasons for leaving Meadville; an account of his journey to Schenectady, and his prospects there. In regard to the approaching vacation, he says: "If I can find an opportunity to take a school here or anywhere, or to enter into some other employ-

ment, so that I may obtain money and clothing, I shall do it. But if not, how is it with my good friends in Hawley and Ashfield? Are they willing to help me, or have they forgotten me? Shall I venture to come and see you, provided my friends will assist me? Please write soon and inform me. Amid my movements I have not forgotten you, my dear mother."

---

## CHAPTER VII.

### IS A MEMBER OF UNION COLLEGE.

We are now to contemplate Mr. T. as having fairly commenced his collegiate career. His zeal for knowledge had not at all abated by the deficiency of privileges enjoyed hitherto. It is probable that he was at this time inclined to undertake the mastery of too many branches of study. Journal: "June 7, 1822. — I have just received a letter from my mother, by the hand of a Hawley friend. She informs me that some of my associates, whom I left impenitent, have of late indulged the Christian hope. O glorious news! I rejoice with them. 11. — I have taken a short walk this morning, and have examined some flowers. There is a beauty in every natural object."

"Union College, July 25, 1822.

"Dear Mother: — I have attempted to write you a letter recently, and filled the sheet so full before I was aware of it, that I could not do it up. Therefore I am obliged to commence another. I have delayed writing some time, that I might the better inform you of my situation, and tell you more definitely what my prospects are.

I had indeed thought of postponing my letter until the 18th of the next month, when I shall be twenty-one years of age, and then take a general review of my past life. But I am afraid you will be looking for me home, and be disappointed. Perhaps you will be surprised when I tell you I have concluded not to visit you this vacation, though I wish much to see you. When commencement day was over, and I saw other students get into the stage homeward bound, I must acknowledge I felt quite desolate ; but if we do all things for Jesus' sake, every event will work for the best. This thought frequently occupies my mind when I feel depressed. I try to do and suffer all for Christ. I am often obliged to make every exertion in my power to keep my spirits from sinking. I survey the mercies I have received, and compare my situation with what it might be. Once I was looking forward to the age of 21, anticipating the moment, when, receiving the blessing of my parents, I should bid them adieu, and commence my studies. That period, which then seemed an age in the distance, has almost arrived, but instead of being about to bid my father adieu, he, years since, took an eternal leave of all earthly things. Whether you live comfortably or not, is a query which often causes me anxious thought. I have been favored in regard to my studies. I am now entering upon my sophomore year. At present I am teaching a school in this city ; a small one, it is true, but one which will furnish me with some means. Many dark clouds arise before me, but the blackest of them all is occasioned by my sins. I shall rather run in debt than be absent from College to teach school. The officers of the institution advise me to this course. In calling upon two of them to-day, and presenting my circumstances, one of them remarked that any one who should *determine* to get along, would succeed ; but if I should find my way hedged up, they would consult together for me. At first

my intention was to board myself; but I soon felt sick, and found it would not do; and have accordingly made other arrangements. I think much of your debt of $50. I fear and tremble for you, and hope and pray that some way will be shortly opened by which you will be relieved. Having told you all that relates to my earthly circumstances, it would be pleasant to converse about that heavenly kingdom whither we, if God's children, are hastening. It is, however, now nearly Saturday night, and I must for the present bid you, dear mother, adieu."

"Sept. 1st.

"My dear Mother: — I have lately received two very agreeable, refreshing letters, which ought to have been answered before now. *Both were in your hand-writing.* I had commenced a Latin letter to Mr. Grout, when I received your last, and have since begun a letter to you, which, owing to a multiplicity of studies, I did not finish. *This*, however, I intend shall reach you. It was my purpose to have written many epistles to my friends during the present vacation; but they have been more neglected than at other times. I reside in my room, which, as I before stated to you, is in the fourth story, with only one window, and that opening to the west. No one else resides in this section of the college, which is disconnected with the others. The brick walls surround me. So you would naturally suppose that I am in a gloomy place; especially so when I tell you that I am fastened in with bolts and bars, such being the law. But I have a key, by which I can lock myself in or out, as I please, so that I am a voluntary prisoner. Indeed, this would be somewhat like a prison, had I not sufficient to employ me, not merely for a vacation, but for an age. My fellow students remonstrated with me for desiring to spend a vacation here. But how can I be lonely? I arise in good

season, and after meditating on the admonitory sentence which king Philip commanded to be uttered every day in his hearing, "Thou art mortal," I spend the forenoon in mathematical, philosophical, and historical subjects. I also am examining a metaphysical point, on which I am to write a composition. French occupies me in the afternoon. This language I can read and write considerably, though I can speak it but poorly. Yet I am happy to find that my pronunciation is quite correct. Frenchmen understand me without difficulty. If my life be spared I expect to commence the Spanish next winter. On the north side of my room is a library, containing several thousands of volumes, to which I have untrammelled access, all the keys of it being in my possession. There is another, to which I can be admitted if occasion require. If I look out from my window, I have a full view of the city, and the Mohawk river; also of the plain where the Indians used to dance."

"Sept. 12th.

"Dear Mother: — How much time must I spend in going to the post office to find a letter from you, and still return disappointed. If the reason is that you are afraid it will distress me to pay the postage, I must beseech you not to deprive me on that account of hearing from you. Kind and generous mother, do let me have a letter. The Lord is yet more merciful to me than I deserve. Friends I find here, though I become acquainted with as few persons as possible. Recently I received some excellent articles of clothing, from a source unknown to me. O, how anxious I feel to discharge my duty. Much, very much, is incumbent on me. I desire to be prepared to see my only remaining parent; to meet, in the spirit of the gospel, those who opposed once my efforts to obtain knowledge, and to prove myself an honor to those who

have befriended me. I wish to be deserving of the name of scholar — a name which many thousands disgrace; to be worthy the name of a Christian."

Near the close of 1822 he made his mother a visit. Two years and a half had passed away since their affecting farewell was spoken. He reached the humble dwelling of his parent after the darkness of night had settled around it. She was then residing in that part of Hawley denominated Bozrah, but was absent when he arrived. It was not long, however, before she returned. Seeing her coming he hastened to meet her, and embracing her in his arms, exclaimed: "My mother! my mother! O my mother!" Journal, Dec. 14, 1822. — "To-day I have visited that part of the town where my father lived. To me all things seem changed. Here is where my deceased parent used to toil. Well do I remember that many questions did I propose to him while hoeing corn in *that* field — questions relating to the nature of objects around me. Yonder is the mountain over which I was accustomed to pass with my father to the house of God. Here I behold some of the noblest works of the infinite Creator. In towering grandeur hills are piled on hills till their summits seem lost in the clouds. I enter the very dwelling in which once lay *his* — my father's — lifeless form. O, the scenes of sorrow through which he passed in this habitation. Yet unspeakable joy was here experienced. Jesus dwelt in this abode. — Now I stand by the side of his grave. Beneath this cold turf moulder those once active limbs. Briars and thorns have already taken possession of the ground where he lies. 15. — This day I have attended public worship in the same sanctuary whither, in childhood, I resorted so often. Many and solemn have been my thoughts, and various the emotions of my heart. I have already attended one religious

meeting with my mother's neighbors, in which we mutually communicated our feelings, and endeavored to adopt measures to promote a revival of religion in the vicinity. 23. — After public services yesterday I stopped at Col. Longley's, for the purpose of attending a Sabbath evening meeting. It was with much reluctance that I went to it. I knew that I should be expected to speak, and I shrank from the attempt. I think, however, the Lord loosed my tongue, for I spoke twice with a good degree of freedom. 26. — Last night, for the first time in nearly three years, we were all together as a family. We are eight children, four sons and four daughters, and a widowed mother. This morning I parted with brother R. I gave him a *trifling* present, yet all I had to bestow. The Lord bless him. O, how he seemed to love me. I conversed with him about his soul, as I did with all my brothers and sisters; have also just bidden adieu to my sister S. Her eyes were filled with tears. If I meet her no more on earth may we greet each other in the land of eternal joy. I made several calls on the neighbors of my mother, offering a prayer in each family." He speaks of being tempted with skeptical thoughts. It was at the time when the Unitarian development was at its height. He, however, laid down certain positions, which he regarded as fully proved, and by means of which he was saved from that species of infidelity. Before coming to H. it was his impression that he should not go much into society. More he supposed would be expected of him than he could possibly perform; besides, he remembered the little confidence felt by some in his talents. On arriving, however, he soon found himself in the company of devoted friends, who treated him as a son and brother, doing for him as if one of their own family circle. Articles of clothing, and also money, were kindly given him. He observes: "I desire to keep the kind

hand of Providence in view, which has so often opened a door for me when I was depressed and shut up, seemingly without a way of escape. To the ladies' society, which has generously assisted me, I have written a letter of thanks. 30. — Prepared for my return to college, and bade adieu to my mother. Having sent my trunk by stage, I walked on to the first tavern in Lanesborough. 31. — Arrrived at Mr. H.'s, in Nassau. Jan. 1, 1823. — I intended to go this day to Albany, but a snow storm detains me. A new year has begun; may I in it make great progress in the acquisition of useful secular knowledge, but especially in spiritual. 3. — Reached college to-day in health. 29. — I am informed that I have tones of voice which must be overcome; also, that I have much to do in order to become a *good speaker*. My *ambition* would soar at *once* to the highest pinnacle of fame, but in order to advance at all I must closely *apply myself*. It is a pleasure in my case to acquire knowledge. At present I am reading the memoirs and remains of Kirke White, and find my mind stimulated in its thirst for knowledge. *His end* I would avoid. I have many fears that my desires for learning do not strictly accord with religion, but may God be all in all to me. Hitherto I have written more or less of poetry, but now there seems to be no time for it. While anxious to excel in every branch of study I constantly commit mistakes which confound me. Often do I repine on account of the days spent in farming when I ought to have been disciplining my mind; but the Lord pardon me. 30. — Mrs. H. lately informed me that she hinted to Dr. Nott my aims and desires, saying that I disliked to leave my studies and teach school. He expressed great interest in my case, and said I should be assisted. Accordingly his son has called upon me to inquire into my circumstances. I explained them very freely. I fear too much so, as if I was expecting unreasonable aid.

"February 2. — A sacramental Sabbath. With what thoughts am I about to commemorate Christ's death? Do I not feel unworthy of even the least of God's mercies? 4. — It is difficult, I find, to keep the honor of Jehovah before my eye in every study. Dr. Yates called upon me to-day and made various tender inquiries respecting my needs, and I freely opened my mind to him."

A letter to his sister S.:

"March 27.

"Dear Sister: — This letter will probably find you residing at the old place, where for years we enjoyed each other's society. I love to ruminate on the blessings we there received. Yes, I delight to rove in imagination over those hills, and to converse with the scenes of my youth. It is, however, with sadness that I remember the days passed in the field, which ought to have been devoted to books. I now suffer greatly for want of early mental discipline; but I will not repine at the divine wisdom which ordered the circumstances of my youth. Perhaps *you* feel like complaining, when you contrast your present privileges with mine. Be assured, my sister, that I grieve for you. The warmest sympathies of my heart are with you. Endeavor to improve all the opportunities within your reach. Much may be done by reading and meditation. Let the Bible be your chief book. Neglecting that, involves us in numerous errors. I feel that my own sins in respect to it have placed me on slippery ground. The holy Comforter has been grieved from my breast. Fly to the arms of Jesus, and live always near to him. Why have I received no letters from my friends during the winter past? Have they all forgotten that my home has been within the cold walls of a college, and that I have needed at least a letter to cheer me? So anxious have I been to receive one from mother,

that last night I was tempted to take one from the office which she wrote me before my visit to her last December. Say to her that I have already travelled about twenty miles to and from the office, and yet all in vain. Of late there have been some indications of an awakening in this city, but if there be any cloud of mercy, as yet it is no larger than a man's hand."

Journal : "April 1. — And must it be that he who fills immensity shall receive so little of my attention? Resistance to him — it is death! Wonderful Being! In thee centres all good. On thy works I would gaze; their wisdom and greatness I would admire!"

"April 15.

"Dear Mother : — You cannot but feel anxious and tremble for the child you love, nor can you fail to fear when you know he is surrounded by danger. I honor your watchful eye and the tenderness of that hand which would lead me in the ways of virtue. It must be a grief to an affectionate child to find that his course disturbs the peace of the beloved guardian of his early years; but do you suppose your son will ever become a denier of God? These worlds upon worlds teach us in a language which reason cannot but receive, that there is an Almighty Creator. But where shall we go for the development of the character of the Framer of all things, except to the Bible? Believe me, it is hard to study for the glory of God alone. Our selfish natures will protrude themselves. From some remarks of mine, which may have been unguarded, you fear that I am an infidel. To be an infidel is to be blindfolded, bound hand and foot, and cast into hell fire. As to bad company, I have no company at all. My study is my home. Can it be that you, who know that my book is my life, suppose me to have become reckless of study? You ask me, in positive terms, whether I am an infidel or

not, and I can answer you with confidence in the negative. You wish to know whether I attend to secret prayer, and whether I read the Bible? My answer is, I do both; but O how dull and formal! How hard it is to confine the thoughts to that most precious book! I have not of late enjoyed the smiles of the Saviour, and I have much feared that I do not know what it is to be born again; yet my struggles are that my soul may rest upon my Redeemer. I seek his face. I long for his love. I endeavor to hate things which I ought to hate, and ask, 'Can I not do it for Christ's sake?' I pray for deliverance from sin, yet in the midst of my intercessions some beloved idol hurries me away from the mercy seat. Alas, how often do I have to fight over the ground which I had supposed completely subdued. My dear mother, how much you fear for me. May we meet in the haven of rest at last. Shall that mother, whose prosperity alone gives me comfort, continually be distressed on my account?"

---

## CHAPTER VIII.

### COLLEGE LIFE CONTINUED.

JOURNAL: "April 16, 1823. — When I experience the smiles of those around me my joy is great, and I am ready to think the world is in my favor, and pride myself on my good qualities. If, on the contrary, I meet a frown, at once I conclude the world is against me. The truth is, in neither case should the mind be much moved. O let me rest calmly and continuously on Christ." At a later, but lost date, he says: "I arose this morning and felt quite

strong for study; enjoyed also some confidence in prayer. O, that I could feel more. It is my desire to cast my all upon Jesus. May 27. — Have been sick two or three days. Retired to rest Sabbath evening soon after tea, but owing to a severe pain in my head I slept none during the night. Monday I called in a physician, and Tuesday was able to go out. Much do we need friends when we are in pain and distress; but in college no mothers, no sisters, no affectionate cousins, are present to watch around us. May I be impressed with the importance of abiding in the friendship of Christ. O, when will the Sun of Righteousness spread his healing wings over the earth? Great God, may I call thee mine, whatever is my terrestrial lot. This high privilege I crave only in Christ's name. I am nothing of myself. Well might I despair if I did not know that thou art holy, just, and good. Fill my heart with thy love, bless my mother, brothers, and sisters."

A letter to his brother T., June 13:

"Suffer me to speak freely to you, for, though I feel much for all my brothers, it is to you that I now address myself in particular. In imagination I often behold you, and the thoughts thus occasioned affect my heart. I look upon you without a kind father to direct you while passing through the world's wide maze, and I know that you are in danger of being deceived. Against this I would guard you, were it in my power, telling you of each fatal snare. Know that vain and uncertain are all things here below. Nothing is more deceptive than the course youth are inclined to take. The path of religion is safe and sure; all others are false. Be assured that there is security for those only who live near the bosom of Jesus. I wish you to make one resolution, — 'As for me, I will serve the Lord.' You should give yourself much to reflection in

every respect. Be faithful where duty calls you. Improve every moment of your time in treasuring up useful knowledge. Above all things be kind to your only remaining parent. Remember her tender solicitude, and alleviate her cares. Trust not to the advice which young persons may give you."

Letter to Col. J. L., of Hawley, July 4:

"DEAR SIR: — This morning I was early awakened by the ringing of bells and the firing of cannon. Day, this, ever to be remembered. But, alas, how perverted are its hours! Of the propriety of commemorating our nation's birth day I make no question. Every good, I am aware, is abused; yet it is a question meriting discussion whether this anniversary be not productive of more evil than of benefit to man. Our fathers have entailed upon us the richest blessings. We enjoy *liberty*, and what associations are attached to this term! I will, however, pass to other themes. Students enjoy walks; three of us were out one Saturday of late just at night. We passed along on the bank of the canal. A shower had fallen, and God's bow was then on the cloud. We admired the works of the Creator till twilight was beginning to suggest a return. Suddenly the cry of a lad warned us that some one was drowning not far from where we were. A fellow mortal, a youth of eighteen, had gone down into a watery grave. We could all swim, yet not one of us had been accustomed to *dive*. With the utmost dispatch possible we constructed a raft out of a gate and boards. Soon a diver came, and the lifeless body was brought up. It had sunk in nine feet depth of water. All exertions to resuscitate it proved unavailing. The youth has left no near relatives, but being hopefully pious we trust he has gone into the joyful presence of an eternal Father. It was with melancholy hearts that my companions and

myself returned to our rooms. Yonder, I see to-day, at their sports, the companions of the deceased. He was to have been with them. How uncertain is human life."

Having, early in July, been kindly invited to spend his coming vacation in a family not very far from college, where it would cost him but little, he observes: "I much fear that should I accept, it would prove a great hindrance to my studies. Every thing of this nature I dread, deeming it my duty to make the greatest progress possible in the acquisition of knowledge. 13. — Of late I have made an effort to get under the Albany Presbytery, yet I shudder at the thought of employing the Lord's treasures on myself. *It seems to me a fearful thing.*" In the latter part of August he attended a meeting of the above named ecclesiastical body at Saratoga, and was received as its beneficiary. He remarks: "Each step, during all my course of study, thus far, has been taken with the utmost effort. My appearance, I should judge, is by no means promising at first sight. The rustic habits of my youth cling to me. It is only after long acquaintance that people conclude I can know anything. At times I am nearly overwhelmed with trials; then again I have confidence that God, for Christ's sake, directs me. 22. — This morning I have been greatly perplexed with thoughts on the distracted state of the world. What tries me the most is to think that mankind are generally destitute of sympathy one for another. Man in his earthly pilgrimage is pursued by disease and death. He needs compassion from his fellows. I have before sworn, and here I repeat my solemn oath, to spend my life in relieving the sufferings of humanity. But may I never fall into the hands of man. Sept. 11. — To-morrow our vacation closes. I have not accomplished so much as I had anticipated. Yet I cannot wholly condemn myself. Much I have read; some I

have meditated. One demonstration I have written in Latin. My knowledge of French has been advanced so that I can write a letter in it, and also converse a little. In reading it I am quite at home. Furthermore, I have written seven or eight pieces of poetry, besides prose compositions. Time's rapid flight grieves me. I must draw tighter and tighter every string." Sept. 12. — He met with a severe disappointment in not seeing Mr. and Mrs. Ferry, missionaries on their way to Mackinaw. They called at his study, but he was out. Oct. 25. — "Shall I ever tread thy hallowed ground, O Jerusalem? Will my feet ever stand on thy solemn hill, O Calvary?"

In November Mr. T. was taken sick. It was his opinion, and also that of some judicious physicians, that he would have soon recovered had not a mistake been made by a young medical student in administering to him. After remaining awhile in college without improvement, his class-mates raised a sufficient sum of money to defray his expenses and sent him to his mother's. He was attended by one of their number. The journey was tedious. It was performed in a private carriage; the weather was changeable and the roads were poor. At its completion Mr. T. felt nearly exhausted. When within sight of the maternal abode he found himself obliged to rest for a night. Great fears were excited among his friends that he had come home to die. "Nov. 23. — I am now beginning to recover in some measure from my sickness. When Dr. Smith first called here to see me, he had no sooner set his eyes upon me than he asked if I had not been taking calomel. He perceived its effects on me. I was brought to my mother's the 19th instant, where I have since been confined to the house. God grant that this affliction may humble me, and assist me to live hereafter more to his glory than I have done. How it tends to abase pride to be thus prostraied by sickness. 30, Sabbath. — May I

spend this day to the honor of God. How should my heart leap up to him. The more I dwell on scenes just past in my history the greater does the divine compassion appear. I have just heard of the death of Abner Kingsley, whom I left at college in usual health. We were intimates. Dec. 12. — For some days I have been able to read a little."

January 10, 1824. — We again find him at college. Referring to his late illness, he says that previous to it success in study had fostered pride in him. His affliction he regarded as a necessary chastisement from God. In allusion to a report, which he knew to be false, that he had been deranged, he remarks: "I will avail myself of the occasion to pray for the continuance of my reason." Viewing the divine hand in all that had come upon him, he adds, "I must go and sin no more, lest a worse thing come upon me. 18. — My instructors and fellow students all believe that my recent sickness was the result of too close application. Last evening Dr. Yates sent for me that he might caution me against late hours. He had noticed my lamp to be burning both early and late. February. — My prayer to God is that none of my temptations may overcome me; O let every fibre of my heart be fastened on Christ. I am comforted that the greatest conflict prepares for the greatest glory. 28. — Yesterday was held a fast for colleges. I am too much dependent on fellow creatures. March 28. — A fortnight past I have been afflicted with the *mumps*, and a severe time they have occasioned me. April 2. — One for some time under conviction now rejoices in Christ. Indeed there is at present considerable religious interest in college. Three of us united our supplications in behalf of the individual just named, and we trust we were heard in heaven. 4. — In reading Brainerd's life this morning, especially that part of it in which he speaks of the difficulties attendant

upon the introduction of Christianity among the Indians, I was struck with the importance of candidates for the ministry examining carefully the proofs of the gospel, and of studying metaphysically the attributes of God. I purpose to pay the strictest attention to these points. This morning I have knocked at the door of my heart, and find some longing desires after God. 13. — More engagedness in prayer of late, with earnest requests for showers of grace upon my own soul. In the present vacation I am teaching French and learning Spanish."

"April 27.

"Honored Mother: — Were I to see you two questions you would propose, one respecting the health of my soul, the other of my body. I must tell you that the former is sick and neglected. I am afraid you will deceive yourself in regard to my case if I do not speak plainly. I feel no love to God, am often troubled with temptations, and do not stand fiery trials as a Christian. Yet I believe Jehovah to be the centre of all perfections, and Christ to be the only Saviour. I desire to loose all the binding influences which hold me to earth except such as religion requires, that I may meditate on heaven. Jesus, I long for thee. Plead, mother, before the throne of grace for me; plead earnestly, as for a fallen, wretched worm, destitute of grace. My health of body has been good since I saw you, with the exception of a rather severe time with the mumps, which have prevailed in college. For two weeks I was confined to my room, and chiefly to my bed. Dr. Yates and his family saw that I was provided with every thing necessary. Please write immediately and particularly; be also as a letter from me to my brothers, sisters, and friends."

May 3. — "An Italian came to college asking alms.

It was gratifying to me that I could converse a little with him in French, as he did not speak English." 16. — Mr. T. was deeply engaged in studies, and at the same time heard a number of pupils recite. Not far from this time we find him rather congratulating himself on the loss of an appointment which seemed to belong to him equally with the receiver of it. He thought his clothes were not sufficiently good for him to appear in public as a performer. "25. — Was severely reprimanded to-day for applying myself so closely to study. July 11. — The want of needful money has greatly perplexed me of late. Everything in earth, hell, and heaven, seem to combine against me. 22. — Have just been notified of my election to a membership in the Phi Beta Kappa Society. This was entirely unexpected to me." The day following he was inducted into the above named society. In the course of July he made a short visit to his mother.

"October 11.

"Dear Mother: — Since I saw you all things have gone on favorably. When I bade you farewell my intention was to travel on foot to Schenectady. Providence, however, interposed in my behalf. From two female friends I received money enough to permit me to come by stage to Albany, and also to pay some borrowed money. My walk to Plainfield was pleasant. May my heart ever be mindful of those benefactors whose kindness I have received, and for them my prayers ascend. Thanks to God, dear mother, who has made our way so comfortable."

To his brother R., Nov. 30:

"You would think I were imposing upon you were I to write to you in a boyish strain. I shall not do it, for you have come to years when truth begins to employ your re-

searches. In the first place I want to know what is the object of your ambition? Is it play, work, study, or excelling in the acquisition of some trade? Has imagination taken the reins, and do you begin to burn with poetic fire? Do the studies of nature interest you, and are you hungering to be a scholar, a philosopher? In asking these questions I am in good earnest. Some, I know, will laugh at them, and would at you, should you aspire to be anything more than a farmer, or follower of a trade. My dear brother, you must be in a few years whatever you now desire to be. Why, then, not resolve to be something good and noble? I should like to have you a complete scholar. You can be one if you set out for the attainment. But you will be compelled to study night and day for a long time. I would not dictate to you, for no one can choose for you. Great and good men, however, can give you the best advice, and their assistance will be of much use to you. As for young persons, they know nothing as they ought. They are apt to mistake evil for good. At any rate be a Christian."

The brother to whom this letter was written was much benefitted by it.

To his mother, same date:

"My health has never been better than since I saw you. My pecuniary prospects are not bright, but quite dark. Money is needed for almost everything. You will not wonder at this when you reflect that I have been studying two years and a half without doing much to earn any. Friends have helped me; I feel indebted to them. They ought to be, and doubtless are, sensible that a student should employ his whole time in studying, and not half of it in college and half of it in teaching school. Such a course of education sends into the world persons who have not learned their own igno-

rance, and are less fitted for it than are those who have read only their Bibles. I am not unmindful of your condition, and I hope a door will be opened by which relief may come to us both."

"December 13. — Our vacation begins the 17th of this month. I expect to spend it in studying Greek and French. Hope also to read and write much. To meet my expenses I shall teach two evenings in the week a mile or two distant. I am likewise to pass Sabbath forenoons in the same place. Jan. 2, 1825. — Five years are completed to-day since my father arose in health and visited the house of God, where he commemorated a Saviour's dying love for the last time on earth. The years have fled with the speed of an arrow. So will my days soon have flown, and new scenes in eternity will occupy the attention of that part of me which can never die. 11. — Am distressed by poverty; know not what to do. Have had the countenance of some of the most influential people in efforts to obtain a singing school, but the scarcity of money may defeat me. Besides the officers of college fear the effect which teaching might have on my studies. Jan. 30. — Yesterday I requested a student to accompany me to the prison. I designed to visit John P., who was lately tried for the murder of Mrs. ———, and whose trial I attended in part, and who was condemned to be hung on the 25th of February next, between nine A. M. and three in the afternoon. As we entered he did not look toward us, but continued to read a book aloud, the contents of which seemed intimately connected with his case. When we spoke to him he received us with attention. Could it be otherwise than a solemn interview! There, before us, sat a fellow-creature, sentenced to the grave by the laws of his country. The bloom of youth had not left his countenance. The hope of future days might yet

have cheered his heart, and the smiles of friendship have animated him in life's toilsome course. His cheek, however, was pale, and he was dejected. When the first impulse of excited feeling which arose from beholding him was a little over, we sat in mute meditation while he finished the piece which he had requested of us leave to complete. The field for reflection was here wide. He was a professed follower of Christ; we were also. Finding him ready to converse, we endeavored to ascertain his moral situation, and to point him to the Lamb of God. His voice trembled as he spoke, and occasionally a tear started in his eye. Yet we could not discover in him marks of desirable penitence. His mind was continually wandering on points of the Scriptures which were to him altogether unimportant. Yet he seemed loath that we should leave him. After praying with him we took his hand to bid him farewell, and he grasped ours; with mutual reluctance we separated. Poor man, his image is still before me. My comrade was deeply affected. And should we not be moved by such a spectacle? I know that many curse him. But ah, the man whose hands are stained with the foulest guilt demands from kindred worms some commiseration. Though he be a murderer, and awfully depraved, still I cannot but weep when I think of him. It is only a little while since his prospects in life were cheering. But a short time ago he witnessed the execution of a fellow youth, and being greatly agitated left the spot, saying I shall never see a gallows again unless for myself. Will not his word be verified? O! may this case be an instructive lesson to me. An unguarded moment may perhaps procure for any one just such a doom. Feb. 1. — Having secured a sufficient number of scholars I met them last Saturday evening in an exercise, preparatory to the opening of a singing-school. My Hawley friends have just sent me a generous supply of

clothing. Few occurrences more pleasantly affect a poor student's mind than to open such a bundle and find here a letter, there a little money, and marks of affection interspersed through the whole. Senior year is rapidly flying. An almost insupportable languor has attended me of late. It is occasioned by my anxiety in respect to my school, and I have regretted undertaking to teach. But poverty is a cruel companion. Moreover, if we do not try to assist ourselves while others extend to us their aid we shall soon be deemed unworthy of farther benefactions. I consider an education worth everything, and to obtain a thorough one requires a most constant application. 6. — I am becoming quite pleased with the character of my school. Last Sabbath I commenced being a regular chorister in the Presbyterian church, having officiated several Sabbaths previously. How soon shall I enter, if at all, the vineyard of my Lord? How soon will my life's career be ended, and I be ushered into a vast eternity? Let Christians live as brothers, then will they mutually assuage each others sorrows. The influenza has nearly prostrated me for a number of days. Last week Professor Potter engaged me to translate from the French a geometrical work of four hundred and fifty octavo pages. He promises me almost any price I may please to ask. I burn with the desire of writing poetry. The mercies of God have ever been to me very great. At present a good degree of prosperity attends all my efforts. 20. — Yesterday I called upon the criminal under sentence of death. This week, as far as things now indicate, his eyes must close in death. I have seen him in court, in jail, and may perhaps see him on the gallows. His heart, I hope, is changed; certainly his prayers exhibit subdued feeling. O, the solemn end to which he hastens! He has no mother to weep over him. How would her heart be agonized were she living. Still she might comfort him.

The Sabbath is now proving to me a very laborious day; I go to chapel twice, down town twice, and during the day sing seven times." In company with others, this month, he attended the execution of the murderer, of whose case he has more than once spoken. An immense crowd assembled. Two clergymen conducted the religious exercises on the scaffold. The prisoner also exhorted and prayed with a strong voice. "At first I could not hear him at all, but by a change of position I came so near as to catch the sound though not the words. Once he stepped upon the trap-door before the adjustment of the rope, and it gave way; arising, however, uninjured, he again ascended and resumed his exhortations and prayer. When told that he had but one minute to live he began to sing 'I am bound for the kingdom,' &c. Before the execution I walked away, being unwilling to witness it. I desire to lay up in my mind the facts connected with this unfortunate man for future use."

"FEBRUARY 24.

"DEAR MOTHER: — This day has been set apart as one of fasting and prayer for the outpouring of the Spirit of God. The showers of divine grace had descended around us, but we, though dry and parched, have received none. We think, at least we hope, that we see a cloud of the size of a man's hand. More than seven times have we been to look for it, yet we can say nothing certain about it. Our meetings are solemn, so is the hypocrite's countenance, and we can rely safely on no external appearances, but we must look to God.

"Within sight of my window is the jail in which is the man lately tried for murder, and whose execution is to take place to-morrow. Poor man; this must be a solitary night to him. I have seen him, conversed with him, and prayed with him in his cell. He is young — too young for such a

doom. He has no mother, but other kindred have wept with him; among them was an aunt who brought him up. 'Ah John,' said she, 'never did I think to find you thus, or imagine that you were born for such a doom.' I spent one night in January, a few miles from this place, where there was a powerful revival. I thought of the seasons we once enjoyed in Hawley. Young converts were praying, singing, and rejoicing, while sighs betokened the presence of anxious sinners."

To the same, Feb. 25:—"I have just returned from the execution of the above named criminal. Do you ask why I was a spectator of such a scene? My intention was to learn the lesson taught by it. The crowd was immense, but in general there was great solemnity. How *soon* God's sentence will be executed upon ourselves! The present from H. has lighted again the taper in my breast, which had almost gone out."

Journal: "27.—Feel as though I would rather be nailed to the cross of Christ than lose sight of him. March 1.—I always rejoice to salute the spring, yet it seems like taking pleasure in the flight of time. Ah, our earthly joys and our sorrows will quickly be past, and we shall be swallowed up in what is eternal. 3.—To-morrow my classmate, Farnsworth, starts for a southern residence; his health renders such a course imperious. During the past session a number of the students have been sick. How admirable the affection displayed in some instances by mothers and sisters! One of the latter cried out as she entered a sick room, 'Oh, oh, is this my brother?' I, too, have an affectionate mother, who wept when she heard of my prostration, and at once resolved to spend, if necessary, all her means of subsistence for my restoration; a sister, too, when apprized of my illness, wept almost until she could weep no more."

To Col. J. L., April 25:

"DEAR SIR: — A few days since I received a short but very acceptable letter from you. I intended to inform you before this of Mr. Farnsworth's condition. Poor man! His fellow students have raised a hundred dollars for him, and he has gone to South Carolina. We have already heard that he is decidedly improving. Physicians have assured him that there was no chance for his life if he had remained at the north. To-morrow evening my singing-school is to close. I am engaged in the translation of a geometrical work from the French. You will not, I presume, think me idle."

"27. — Closed my school last evening, and on the whole I have been pleased with it, though it has been small. I have completed three hundred pages in translating *Biot*. Only three days of leisure shall I enjoy during the present vacation. 29. — I board at Dr. Proudfit's, and teach his children French. May 1. — Attended communion; my heart is always bad on such occasions; never worse than to-day. I cry, 'Lord, Lord, poor offender am I!' 11. — Here he tells us of a conclusion to which he came. "I think it is folly to spend much time at meals. Man should complete his eating as soon as possible." Taking food with the utmost dispatch has injured many a student.

"May 15. — Castle died yesterday at Albany, about eight o'clock in the morning. Together with his other classmates I this day have attended his funeral at Ballstown. He was buried before we arrived, owing to the rapidity with which his body decayed. His countenance recently shone with all the vigor of youth; his mind was active; his prospects of future success, happiness, and religious enjoyment, were animating. We loved him because there was in him nothing to hate. Nearly

three years had he been my companion. We had walked to the house of God together, and conversed of our various hopes. When this, our last term, commenced, we unitedly endeavored to prepare for the performance of the duties incumbent on us in college. Soon we expected to enter on the world's great stage. When the morning and evening bell called us to our sacred altar we prayed together, for our places were almost side by side. But that countenance of his, on which I had so often gazed, has begun to moulder. His seat is vacant. That youth, with whom I had contended in friendly competition, has retired from the scene. As from time to time he passed through our midst he tried to smile, yet paleness was on his cheek. Who thought, however, that we should so soon see him no more? The same bell calls, and we still assemble for prayer. He heeds its notes no longer. Where he gave himself up to God, and vowed to be Christ's forever, I have heard his name pronounced as enrolled on the catalogue of the dead. I saw the newly formed grave. The turf had just been laid upon it. *They told me Castle is there!* Oh, I would have seen his lifeless clay and been convinced by the sight, then I could have wept more freely. But I saw the mother's tears and heard the father's sigh, though both were calmly resigned to heaven's decree. A sister, too, with streaming eyes, I saw gaze upon the cold earth which had forever concealed her brother from the view of the world. Yes, Castle is dead! But scarcely can I believe myself alive. For how have life's fairest hopes been cut off! How has what was charming been swallowed up in death!"

"May 25. — By some means, unknown to us, the varioloid has been introduced into Dr. Proudfit's family, and four of its members have already taken it. The event has occasioned great sensation in college, and as I board with the Doctor, I suppose I must be shut up for a while.

June 11. — Lafayette has passed through this place to-day, and most of us had a view of him and a shake of his hand. His limbs are stout, and his face, eyes, and mouth large. His complexion is somewhat sandy. When he speaks there is much animation in his features. Thoughts of his youthful ardor, of his battle scenes, and of the honors which he now enjoys, rushed into my mind as I gazed upon the man. Often has *that hand* grasped the sword, often has *that eye* beheld scenes of carnage. His fame fills the land. Yet what will all this adoration from mortals accomplish toward preparing him for the approbation of his final Judge?"

To Col. J. L., June 26:

"Dear Sir: — You are aware, I presume, that a few weeks will close my college life. I began it amid discouragements, but have spent the whole of that season, with the exception of a short period of sickness, within its walls. The days, the weeks, the months, and the years, have all been to me fragrant, like the flowers of spring. Immediately after commencement I shall have three months before me, for which I have as yet no employment engaged."

"July 12. — I have just completed my translation of *Biot*. 18. — Presented the above work to Professor Potter, and received in payment for my services a sum which fully satisfied me. Thus wonderfully have I been furnished with money to meet necessary expenses. 24. — My last Sabbath in college has arrived; how shall I spend it worthily? Deep repentance and true contrition should characterize my feelings through all its hours. 27. — At commencement I delivered an original poem. Dr. Proudfit has invited me to make his house my home while I remain in town."

28. — This day he wrote to his mother:

"DEAR PARENT: — I scarcely have time to inform you that our commencement occurred yesterday, and that consequently I have graduated. I expect, however, to spend the present vacation here, as I can do so without cost, and shall be acquiring useful information. All my debts here are in a situation not to perplex me. My future prospects are not pecuniarily bright. Much money will be required the first year at Andover. I desire to earn something before entering a theological seminary, but as yet no door has opened to me. My part yesterday was an original poem, which I spoke, and wished some of my friends could have been present. Perhaps you were thinking of me."

Under the same date he says, "Before I can become an orator I must alter my voice. I speak too much through my throat." That day he was requested to call and see an afflicted family. "I feel a mournful pleasure in weeping with those who weep. Let me mingle with the children of sorrow, they shall be my companions in life, even if I am compelled to search for them among the tombs. I will endeavor to alleviate the griefs of all the afflicted with whom I may become acquainted. Yes, miserable world, I will aim to strengthen the feeble, unloose the fetters of the slave, and to point the wild man to the celestial city. When I cease to be philanthropic let me cease to be among the living. Last night, by request, I watched in company with another, the remains of one in the family to which I have above alluded. It was a melancholy duty." Aug. 17. — We find him deliberating where he should resort for his theological education. His thoughts were turned toward Andover, but he says, "I am afraid of the dislike of elegant speaking which *is said* to characterize the faculty." Princeton he considered, at *that time*, as superficial. "Sept. 10. — I have

been bidding adieu to my friends in this place. Dr. Nott tells me that Andover is not opposed to good speaking, though the graduates are too generally poor speakers." He found the impression to be quite strong among some of the Presbyterians that Socinianism was gaining an ascendancy at Andover. "11. — Took my leave of the sanctuary in which I have wasted, I fear, many precious opportunities. My last year here has been the most interesting one of my life. 12. — Dr. Yates gave me a free seat in his carriage to Albany."

---

## CHAPTER IX.

### STUDIES THEOLOGY AT ANDOVER.

Before leaving Schenectady, Mr. T. had decided to study theology at Andover. It was a question of some perplexity to him, in what way the time should be passed, which must elapse before the commencement of the seminary term. He, however, concluded to go directly to Andover, enter the institution, and then make a tour to the place of his nativity. It was with peculiar pleasure that he entered the abode of his venerable grandfather Alden, and beheld, with his own eyes, the scenes with which his parents had been familiar. Journal: "I am obliged to spend too much time in a place; and I am greatly perplexed for want of money. Where shall it be found? Upon whom can I depend for aid? These are questions which only God can answer. I feel that I ought to have taught a school for three months. The close confine-

ment, however, would have been injurious to my health. I shall be distressed for means, in the prosecution of my studies, and be obliged to waste much time before I can enter upon them. I think that I enjoy something of a spirit of prayer, and can, in a measure, rely upon God to make my way prosperous. Oct. 11. — Walked out and took my seat on a rock, where I meditated and wrote, and felt as if I could pour out my heart in supplications. I trust the mercy-seat will illumine my way. 20. — Saw the cane which Peregrine White once owned. Visited, also, a rock on the shore of Bass River, where my father and his brothers were accustomed to join in youthful sports. Entered, likewise, the house erected on the site of my father's birthplace. Went down to the identical spot where my uncle Isaac was drowned. Have attended an association of ministers, at Wellfleet, and been impressed with the idea that there is need of many more faithful preachers of the gospel." In the society of his grandfather, then about ninety years of age, he took great delight. "As I was passing by the old parsonage, one day, in company with him, I inquired if he did not frequently meditate on the happy hours there spent? Yes, he replied, and often with sorrow, too, in thinking that they passed away no better improved." While at Y. he wrote to his mother:

"TENDER AND AFFECTIONATE PARENT: — Since leaving you, I have frequently thought of our last farewell. I remember your fears on account of my health. Then, too, I occasioned you a brief embarrassment by forgetting my keys. To cut a long story short, I will say that I have been pretty well, though compelled to ride all one day in the rain. From the State House, in Boston, I obtained a fine view of the city. A very hearty welcome was given me in this place. My journey from college here, though en-

tertaining, has proved too expensive for my little stock of money. I need, at this moment, one hundred and fifty dollars; and yet I have only about a dozen. But though I am limited in pecuniary means, and oppressed with an almost overwhelming sense of inherent vileness, do not suppose, mother, that I forget where to resort. I earnestly look for divine aid, not unmindful, however, of the ancient fable, — 'The man who calls upon Jupiter must put his own shoulder to the wheel.' My home is with uncle Oliver, whose kindness to me is constant and great. He and aunt L. would not suffer me to want were it in their power to assist me. Grandfather has made calls with me, leaning on my arm. Such a privilege, he says, he once never expected to enjoy."

It was during this visit to the home of his ancestors, that Mr. T. began with great zeal to trace out his paternal lineage. This work employed his attention more or less, for years, until he felt that he had become master of all the main facts relative to the history of his father's ancestors since their settlement in America. Those on the maternal side — the Aldens — had already received no little attention from his uncle Timothy.

"Nov. 9. — I am waiting for wind and tide. My friends here have been very kind to me. Grandfather has presented me with some of his own poetry, composed on my account. In return, I have given him a farewell, in verse." Having reached Boston, in reference to the voyage which required an unusual amount of time, he says: "It seems that never did a miserable creature before suffer from sea-sickness as I did, in this short trip. Such was my distress, that gladly would I have been placed upon any island of the ocean. I do not believe that I ever could endure a long passage at sea. 12. — Reached Andover about 3 P. M., and have located

in a cold north-east fourth story room, in Phillip's Hall. There were but three rooms remaining from which I could make a selection." It will be remembered that before leaving college, Mr. T. had heard that a certain doctrinal error was having an ascendancy at A. Alluding to the first sermon which he heard in the seminary, he remarks: "I think it was designed to convince new-comers that *Unitarianism is not* the religion of this institution."

Young men of sincere piety have often found themselves, when entering upon the study of theology, greatly perplexed in regard to their spiritual state. They feel themselves on holy ground, and shudder at their own want of fitness for occupying such a position. God grant it may always be thus. It will be a sad day for Zion, if theological seminaries ever become as devoid of sacredness as are sometimes the schools of medicine and law. "15. — I feel myself destitute of religion, and unworthy of being regarded as a divinity student. A want of money, too, distresses me. I have no friends to whom I can resort. May I be enabled to confide in that Being, who can, if he please, open for me some bountiful hand."

To Col. J. L., Nov. 19:

"Dear Sir: — It is now just a week since I arrived at this seminary, and much of the intervening time has been occupied in preparing my room. I think Andover to be a lovely place. Here all are professed brothers. I believe there is much Christian love among us. I feel it good to be here, and hope heaven will provide for my wants and help me in my studies."

Nov. 20. — He speaks of being relieved *in mind* from the distress which he had felt in view of his pecuniary destitution, though the cause of his embarrassment continued. Such, at this time, was the unsatisfactory state to himself,

of his religious feelings, that he determined never to enter the ministry, should there be no favorable change in them. He felt himself lost; and could only hope for a favorable moral change, on the supposition that God might, in sovereignty, appear for him. Means of renovation seemed wholly unavailing. In the early part of December, he addressed a line to his faithful friend, Mr. Shepard, asking a loan of money. Mr. S. replied very kindly, and proposed to lend him a certain amount as soon as it could be obtained, and furthermore, offered at once to stand as security for Mr. T. to a limited amount of indebtedness. "Do not permit yourself," writes Mr. S., "to suffer for the want of anything which money will buy, without letting me know. I shall be happy to hear from you every opportunity." Journal: "Dec. 11. — I have joined several societies, among which are the Lockhart and the Oratorical. Am wandering on the dark mountains of sin, yet have longings for my Saviour's presence, and feel determined to seek him. O, I would fly to him. My Sabbaths are becoming more interesting to me. I desire to know that I am the Lord's, and to be wholly consecrated to him. I am afraid that Christians, in general, do not live for Christ, as they ought. Alas! I am conscious of not having prayed sufficiently for my brothers and sisters. How cheering it would be to hear of their conversion! May God change their hearts! I ought to do much to honor the Lord. 31. — Long for a letter from home. Here closes another week and another year. Unprofitably, I fear, do I end them both. Jan. 1, 1826. — Shall I eventually be of the great number seen by John in vision abont the throne? Jesus, be thou my surety. 5. — Six years have glided away since my father entered upon his heavenly rest. 23. — After having sent four or five times to Boston, for a package which I was expecting from Hawley, I have, at length, received it. I am disappoint-

ed that it contains no money. Surely, had the donors known how I am situated, they would have raised enough to secure the making up of the garments for which they have kindly sent the materials. I must look to God, the giver of all good. But what a contrast would there be in my feelings, had I received a few dollars! I am moneyless. This evening, the whole seminary meet in circles to pray for Harvard College."

"JANUARY 28.

"DEAR MOTHER: — This afternoon I went to the tailor to inquire if he would make up, on trust, the cloth which my Hawley friends have sent me, and he agrees to do it. Therefore, in the course of next week I may enjoy a new suit. I am pleased with the material. It tenderly affects me to think of the kindness shown me. Assure the generous donors that their gift came most opportunely, and has greatly cheered me. Do my brothers and sisters exert themselves to discipline their minds? I desire them to be ambitious in this respect. Were it in my power I would make you all happy. The intelligence of Mr. ———'s death has deeply affected me. We were associates in childhood. May his father's family improve the solemn warning! In regard to my present situation, I can say that I am gratified with it. I hope my spiritual state improves. Every object here has the aspect of sacredness. The students constitute a brotherhood."

To a brother, Jan. 29:

"O, T.! were you a Christian, and determined to spend your life for Jesus, everything would favor your obtaining an education. In that case, how happy should I be in directing you! Pray for yourself. Pray for your brothers and sisters. I try to pray for you, and hope that you will yet become a disciple of Jesus. Recollect that all depends, under the blessings of God, upon your own exertions. Be kind to our mother, and Heaven bless you."

To Rev. J. Grout, same date:

"DEAR SIR: — By recent letters I hear of an awakening in a part of H. This is good news. God's spirit is now doing wonders in various sections of our country. Colleges are beginning to rejoice in revivals, as you have doubtless heard. The attention of churches ought specially to be directed to these institutions. For three years past, a day has been yearly set apart as one of fasting and prayer for them. The brethren in this seminary have become so aroused to the importance of this cause, that they are addressing the pastors of churches, hoping to excite a deeper interest among Christians on this great subject. The day set apart, you are aware, is the last Thursday in February. I will not, dear Sir, imply so much distrust of your zeal and judgment as to extend my suggestions; I have thought it not improper to lay the case before you. Perhaps the day has been already observed by your people. If so, my letter will do no injury."

"March 1. — Spring's opening I again hail. It brings joy to me. Its cheering return I love, and tender it my grateful salutations. 6. — It has been announced in the seminary that brother Pomroy, of the senior class, died this morning, in Boston. He was president of our Rhetorical Society. I admired his modesty and meekness. 13. — Am cast down with my poverty. I called this morning on Prof. Stuart, and asked him if he could provide employment for me in the ensuing vacation. His reply was very cheering. He said perhaps he should receive me into his own family. I fear that I expressed myself too freely. 16. — Was blessed with a spirit of prayer in the early part of the day, but afterwards found myself almost destitute of it. The Lord has appeared for my soul, of late, and I would be truly grateful. My ability to resist temptations is increased, and the smiles of Je-

sus, at times, seem to rest upon me." An encouraging opening, for the vacation, presented itself, and he apparently was on the point of aiding himself in regard to pecuniary matters, but suddenly, again his prospects were darkened. "Thus, I have lost an opportunity which I had supposed secured; still I feel sweet resignation to the will of God. He made my gourd to grow, and he has caused it to wither. I have prayed for humility. My prospects, I fear, had elated me. This experience will lead me to rely more on the Lord, who has never forsaken me. The future appears dark, yet I am confident that he, who is infinite Light, can illumine this darkness." His first vacation in the seminary was spent in circulating a new Reference Bible, prepared by Rev. Hervey Wilbur. He entered upon this employment, not from any congeniality in his feelings with an agency, but for the purpose of procuring pecuniary assistance, and at the same time doing good. The vacation was thus rendered serviceable to him in these respects, nor was it otherwise without its use to him. Passing a Sabbath in a large and flourishing village, he attended, half a day, upon the worship of a congregation, and heard a sermon from one who ranked among the highest preachers of *that* sect. Mr. T.'s account of the sermon is here presented to the reader: "I heard a dissertation, or exhortation, or adversation, on morality. The discourse this afternoon, chilled my soul; I watched my feelings for the purpose of guarding against the prejudices of education; but, ah! my God! there was no solemn confession of sin; no appearance of humility; there was no intimation that the preacher's experience and principles were at variance with those of the world. Though the text was taken from the Bible, the discourse was not framed in accordance with that book. A polished heathen could have uttered all which fell from the speaker's lips. Nor was there anything like seriousness

in the assembly. All were smiling and whispering. I record the truth. I felt as if the preacher were trying to blindfold his hearers, to stop their ears, harden their hearts, and render them wholly callous to divine teachings. O, God! let what I have heard this afternoon drive me to my Bible and to my Saviour, with renewed devotion! Christ has been precious to me for many weeks past. When weary with travelling, and sick in seeing the miseries of man, I have had much delight in going to Jesus." Once, speaking of having felt, at the close of the week, that he had sadly transgressed God's law during the flight of *these* six days, he remarks: "But I will try to come anew to the Redeemer. I still hope he is my friend; now would I renew my vows to be his, and implore his aid in my labors. May I be prospered if it be for the divine glory; but may I be resigned to Providential orderings, however adverse they may seem! June 12. — I conversed nearly an hour, to-day, with a professed infidel. He laughed at the holy Scriptures, especially at what they say of God. In concluding our interview, I told him the trouble with him lay in his own heart."

To his eldest sister, June 13:

"My Dear Sister: — I have just returned to the seminary, worn down with the fatigues of a vacation; and my studies so press upon me that I am poorly qualified to write you; and yet I feel that a letter is your due. Since the close of the term I have been brought much in contact with a guilty, troublesome world. Yes, dear sister, Jesus is scoffed at; the cross is still a stumbling-block. Multitudes sneer at religion and rush madly on to death. Keep, O keep yourself uninjured by the things of time. Recollect that this life, with its charms and its miseries, is swiftly passing away. I hope you improved the sickness of our brother T., by much solemn reflection, exam-

ination, and prayer. Only a short time since, while in Boston, I was invited to visit a person on a sick bed. She said she once belonged to a church, but had voluntarily withdrawn from it. My attendant and myself knelt down, and I offered prayer. Soon after we had left, the sick person died, begging for one day more of life. Look, my sister, upon this little picture, and be admonished by it. Fly to the Lamb of God; pray earnestly, as if your all were at stake. Remember that you must exercise faith in Jesus, or perish in your sin."

He proposed a series of questions to this sister, repecting her spiritual interests, and requested her to answer them specifically and fully. Having received a reply, he again addressed her, July 7:

"AFFECTIONATE SISTER: — I am highly gratified with the general appearance of your letter. I am sorry, however, that you were not more specific in your answers to my queries. You ought to have treated each one distinctly. Some parts of your letter seem to indicate an alarming indifference to religion. You speak of feeling yourself hardened in sin, which brings to my mind the case of L——. When laid on a sick bed, she was filled with the most fearful apprehensions of losing her soul. She cried for mercy and for life. God spared her, and she relapsed again into sin, becoming as thoughtless as ever. A friend expostulated with her, to whom she remarked, 'I know that I am going to hell; yet I am unmoved. I cannot feel as I did when sick.' You, my sister, while in health, are in danger of putting far away the hour of your departure from time. I find you bringing forward the oft-repeated excuses of the sinner's inability, and of God's decrees. Do you not perceive, that were you to act in secular concerns as you do in those which are sacred, your

arms would always be folded in slothful inactivity. Exertions must be made in spiritual, not less than in common affairs. God furnishes the soil, the rain, and the sunshine; but man must mellow the ground, cast in the seed, and cultivate what he sows. Now, my sister, would you be a Christian, here is the method by which to become one. Spend, if possible, half an hour both morning and evening in secret prayer. Retire to some chamber, some closet. Examine, each time, your own heart. Seek for the pardon of all your sins, and give yourself no peace till God has become your portion. He will then be a father to you, giving you heavenly comfort. Should you neglect religion, your way will be dark and slippery; it will end in eternal ruin. Think, then, seriously, of what I write; but let me assure you that infallible counsel must be sought in the Bible. In particular, read the four Evangelists and the Acts of the Apostles. With many of the historical parts of the Scriptures, I trust, you are quite familiar already. When perusing the sacred volume, mark in a book kept for the purpose, passages which seem unintelligible, and seek an explanation from those persons who can assist you. Indeed, you should read every book in a similar way. I would recommend to your attention Baxter's Call to the Unconverted, Doddridge's Rise and Progress, the Memoirs of David Brainerd and of Harriet Newell; Pilgrim's Progress is also adapted to your case. When I find any other good book on religious experience, I will either send it to you or inform you where you may obtain it. Our mother would be pleased to peruse the Memoirs of Mrs. Huntington, lately published; perhaps they have already reached Hawley. I hope you will both read the Life of Mrs. Graham. The following questions I now propose, and in a fortnight please to answer them: Do you believe there is a God of such a character as is described in the Bible? Do you believe that sinners can be re-

conciled to him only through Christ? Have you experienced such reconciliation? Are you in the habit of daily reading the Scriptures, examining your heart, and of praying to God, with reliance on his promise for an answer? What is your idea of the Christian life? Favor me with a reply to all these inquiries within the time specified; treat them in regular order, and fill your sheet. Tell my mother, brothers, and sisters, that I am still, still mindful of them."

"JULY 9.

"DEAR MOTHER: — I have been afflicted for more than a fortnight with a grievous poison, which I caught from what is vulgarly called dog-wood, as I was attending, for amusement, to the beauties of nature. Many parts of my body have been swollen exceedingly, and my eyes have been blind for a day or two. I am now nearly recovered; can sleep all night with the exception of rising and bathing myself with sugar of lead. You complain of not being able to make your letters interesting, when religion is not your theme. Of your unwillingness to engage in anything with which religion does not coalesce, I cannot think strange; yet be assured, dear parent, it would please me much should your letters branch out occasionally on various subjects. Your experience has been great in numerous ways; and it will be of service to me if you could furnish me, from time to time, with some account of it. Especially do I desire you to write down, in a journal, the striking occurrences in my father's history, and carefully preserve them locked up for me."

During the same month, he commenced the study of German. His days were at that time appropriated thus: From 5 A. M. to 6, devotional exercises; from 6 to 8, chapel duties, breakfast, and walks; during the latter, pursued botany or mineralogy; from 8 to 10, German;

from 10 to 12, Greek or Hebrew exegesis; dined at 1. The first part of the afternoon, miscellaneous reading; then came seminary exercises; afterward, until 9, solid reading. From that hour to 10, (time of retiring,) devotional exercises. At the commencement of the temperance reform, Mr. T. had some objections to signing the pledge, though he had ever been opposed to the use of intoxicating drinks as a luxury. I have seen him utterly decline them when offered him as a token of friendship, years before the reform commenced. While they were urged upon him as an innocent stimulant, he persisted in his refusal, and even told the generous friend that to drink them would be to partake of poison. *The pledge, he,* however, did sign, and to the day of his death was its firm supporter.

To his mother, Sept. 16:

"Dear Parent: — I received your letter two or three weeks since, and have delayed to answer it, hoping that every next breeze would blow me some good news which I might send to you. The past twelve months have been very expensive to me. I am now quite poorly clad. A vacation is before me, but I have no prospect of then earning anything. On the contrary, I must still more run into debt. I have given you an intimation of my wants, that you may know how I am; but keep it a secret. Be not alarmed; the present is one of my dark times. I can, indeed, earn money by leaving the seminary for a year, having had opportunities for teaching already presented. Yet to be put back so long in my course of studies would be a grievious matter. I am resolved to go on with it, if God preserve me. To spend a few days with you would be pleasant, yet I cannot go dragging there on foot. I should be glad to correspond more frequently with my brothers and sisters, but the want of postage-money pre-

vents. I feel for them all, and am afraid they will neglect the cultivation of their minds. I think much of T. I advise him to commence the study of Latin the coming winter. Tell him to take hold with a strong hand; to commit everything perfectly, so that he shall never forget it. Let him be inattentive to what people say to hinder him. He should get Mr. Grout to direct him. May our prayers be offered to God, in the meantime, for his conversion. I hope you will try to urge him on. You must, in your devotions, remember me. I am not so devoted to the cross as I ought to be. Still I must request you to stand ready to bid me God-speed among the heathen; for the question is often asked, Who will go? I may think it best to give myself to the work. Many and powerful appeals have reached us of late; one from Gordon Hall, who, as doubtless you have heard, is now in heaven."

After spending a portion of the autumn vacation at Andover, he made a tour, by land, to Yarmouth. It was performed on foot, as a matter of necessity. Leaving Boston, his first night was passed in ———. "I did not enjoy myself. The house was full of noise and confusion. In one short hour I lost more of religious feeling by hearing improper conversation, and in witnessing irreligious conduct, than I could regain in much time. The next morning was rainy, and indicated a stormy day. I had neither umbrella nor overcoat, and yet being nearly moneyless, I felt that I must proceed. Accordingly, I went on six miles in a drenching rain; then breakfasted; dried myself, and procured the loan of an umbrella, which I was to leave at Plymouth." Here the journal abruptly leaves the weary traveller. Many an hour did he spend in searching the old records and graveyard of P., at this time, and subsequently.

"Andover, Jan. 1, 1827: — Another year has gone.

God of eternal mercy, aid me in a review of the past, and assist me in endeavors to amend whatever is wrong. I have failed to make such progress in my studies and in religious feeling as I ought to have made. For the future I will strive to keep alive that glowing enthusiasm which is naturally *his* who is impressed with the value of truth, and with a sense of his own duty. I have taken too little exercise; conversed too little with my fellow-students, and read too little in the lives of eminent persons." In making arrangements for the year before him, he resolves to rise about four in the morning, and assigns to the different hours of the day their respective exercises. "I must regularly attend secret prayer immediately after rising; usually a few moments after each meal, and just before retiring; also, offer ejaculatory prayer whenever I commence study."

Jan. 7. — Pouring forth bitter lamentations over his own hardness and vileness of heart, he affirms that he has powerful reasons to fear himself still an unbeliever. "My distress has at times been awful, especially in the night. The thought that a long, *long* eternity awaits me, presses heavily upon me. O, I seem to be bound to my fate by chains which cannot be broken." Jan. 21. — Prof. Stuart closed a series of sermons on self-denial. The last was addressed particularly to students. "To every word I pleaded guilty, while he declared that many of us do not deny ourselves, and make that improvement which duty demands. Jan. 24. — Lord, help me to renew my covenant with thee, day by day, till I am bound so fast to thy cross as never more to be severed from it." Feb. 16. — A peace society was formed in the seminary, which he joined, though he says he was not fully decided in favor of all the points embraced in its constitution. "22. — Fast for colleges. I have, in some measure, I think, enjoyed the presence of God." 25. — A very kind com-

munication was received by him from the Albany Presbytery, bringing several dollars in money. "Thus have I been suddenly provided for again. A few days since I was seemingly the most destitute of any person; now I am supplied by God's own hand. I believe this to be an answer to prayer, nor is it the only one of late. The Lord has sometimes cheered me with his presence; and when Jesus stands by me I feel strong. But, oh! I am too full of ambition." Under date of March 14, having listened to letters from Palestine, he remarks: "May I be ready whenever the Lord calls; here am I, send me. It is a subject which much occupies my mind. The allurements of science present not the least obstacle to my going on a mission. All is inferior to the love of God. If this really fill my heart, I shall have no difficulty in determining my duty."

To his mother, May 7, from Boston:

"While sinners are flocking to Christ, are my dear brothers and sisters to remain unmoved? Dear mother, on us devolves the duty of praying for them, and of conversing with them in respect to their immortal souls. The thought presses upon me that I have in this respect to occupy the place of a father. As such, I desire, morning and evening, to lay them at the feet of Jesus. And then poor Hawley! Once the Lord had a vineyard there; a praying few, who were earnest at the throne of grace, and who often prevailed. What has become of them? Have the disciples of Jesus forsaken him? My dear mother, allow me to be particular with yourself in this matter. Do you have a stated season of prayer twice a day, when you mention the case of your own town? Do you call upon your neighbors, converse with them on spiritual subjects, and endeavor to lead them to Christ? On the receipt of your letter, I did think I should spend the present vaca-

tion; but a way was providentially opened for me to be usefully employed. I am now residing in Boston, as a city missionary. I thank my friends in H. for their timely remembrance of me. Their package came in good time, and contained what I needed. Please thank Mr. Grout for his letter."

June 19. — "My dear brothers and sisters, how glorious are the prospects of the saint, and how dismal those of the sinner! You are in danger of losing forever, what is implied in the former, and of enduring eternally what is implied in the latter. You cannot retreat from existence, nor from the consequences of sin. O be wise, and seek an interest in Christ. Gladly would I say much to you, but why should I? Christ has spoken all you need to know, and if you refuse to hear him, how can I expect you will listen to me? My brothers, my sisters; dear, sacred terms! listen to Him who loved us all, and make now your peace with God."

During the spring vacation of this year, he was engaged as a city missionary in Boston. Extracts are here presented from the report which he made at the close of his services, and transmitted to Dr. Jenks, Secretary of the Association that employed him:

"Sir: — My labors as a missionary under the direction of the Society for the moral and religious instruction of the poor in the city of Boston, commenced May 2d, and closed to-day, June 12. Your committee assigned the *Milldam* and Pleasant street as the fields of my operations. To these places, with a few exceptions, my attention has been confined. I have visited from house to house about three days in a week. In so doing I have considered it of more importance to repeat visits, especially where there was a prospect of doing good, than to multiply them. On such occasions I have endeavored to call the attention of

parents to the duty of sending their children to Sabbath-schools and to the house of God, also of their own attendance; but especially I have aimed to arouse them to the concerns of the soul. I have been received, as missionaries generally are, sometimes with reluctance, at others, and for the most part, with cheerfulness. I have found children who do not attend any Sabbath-school, and parents who seldom or never visit the house of God. The most painful part of my task has been to meet continually with *professors*, who 'concerning faith have made shipwreck.' Some have fallen into very gross errors. Others, by various removals and neglect, have long since forsaken the communion table. Having been forgotten by their churches, they have themselves almost forgotten to what ones they did once belong. When possible, I have endeavored to commit such to the care of some orthodox friend or minister. It is impressed on my mind that this class of persons is too much neglected. On the *Milldam* I have regularly conducted meeting, Sabbath A. M. and P. M., also on Thursday eve, election week excepted. I have here devoted about two days in a week to visiting. Many and various difficulties oppose the progress of the gospel in this place. One of these is the coldness and remissness of professors. Some I hope are prayerful; but many, like the Scribes and Pharisees of old, neither go into the kingdom of heaven themselves, nor 'suffer them that are entering to go in.' A few, I hope, are awaking to do what they can by prayer and example. Universalism is another obstacle, which not only shuts the mind against the truth, but influences the heart to oppose it most bitterly. Notwithstanding these and other hindrances too numerous to be mentioned, I do feel, that if a prudent, fearless, persevering, evangelical minister, can enter soon into this field, his labors will ere long be rewarded by a revival. Upon the whole, I find that my field has just opened before me."

He was requested to labor in the same sphere during the fall vacation, but had other engagements.

"BOSTON, June 12, 1827.

"AFFECTIONATE PARENT: — My mission here is closed, and I only wait for the stage to return to Andover. I have been much in contact with sinners of various grades, and have passed through trials; but the severest of all has been with my own sinful heart. You may start at this assertion, and ask me, 'Do you find in yourself a willingness to depart from the living God? If so, where is your foundation for a Christian hope?' I feel the force of such an interrogatory. The past week has been taken up with anniversaries, and I can hardly inform you what is the state of the revival here. We think it is progressing. Christians are wrestling at the throne of grace, and they will prevail, for the Lord of Hosts hath sworn it. Multitudes, however, in Boston, believe that broad is the way to heaven, and that all shall find it; hence, their ears are deaf to the truth, their eyes are shut to their danger, their hearts are wholly insensible. Much of my time, of late, has been spent with just such persons; some consider the idea of a hell as the dream of a disordered brain; they are poor, deluded creatures, exposed to the wrath of God. But, rejoice, dear mother; there are a few among the poor and neglected, whose hopes are anchored in heaven. They are not the wise and prudent, but babes; yet they will reach Mount Zion with songs and everlasting joy."

"ANDOVER, June 27.

"I know that if the Spirit of God do not save me, I am lost." Early in July, through the agency of Prof. Stuart, he received an invitation to spend a year, from the next autumn, in teaching, at Gloucester, Cape Ann. The sal-

ary offered was very encouraging, and even tempting, considering his perplexity for money. "I hope Providence will permit me to stay here the next year." After due deliberation he decided to accept the invitation. "Sabbath, July 22. — Took, by request, a class in the Sabbath-school of Rev. Mr. Edwards' parish. I consider it a very serious undertaking. Faithfulness may be the means of saving souls; unfaithfulness may prove their ruin. 23. — I fear that my mother is sick, or has mistaken a passage in my last letter, and hence inferred that I did not desire her to write me at present."

"August 9.

"Dear Parent: — After a long silence on your part, I have at length received a letter from you. As you have consecrated me to God, I must warn you to be prepared for the decisions of divine Providence. If I am no longer yours, your heart should no longer be set upon me; wherever I am called to go, you should be ready to say Amen. Let your hopes centre in God; and to him, in the arms of prayer, carry your children. Pray, yes, pray for me. O, how precious the thought that I have one friend to pray for me! I often feel that your prayers, tears, and efforts, are worth worlds; still, therefore, pray for me. My chief object in writing to you at this time, is to inform you that I am about to leave the seminary for one year. It has cost me a conflict to come to such a decision; but I have bowed to what I think God's will. I should have consulted you could I conveniently have done it. I have become involved in debt by remaining here two years, and I hope by teaching one year, I may do something to liquidate this indebtedness. Prof. Stuart has advised me to leave the seminary."

Before commencing his school he made a short excursion to Hawley, returning about the 1st of Sept.; and soon

after, he left Andover for Gloucester. During the trip just named, he passed a day and a night at Plainfield. Speaks of an interesting visit with Rev. Mr. Hallock, of that town; of their praying together in the woods. In reference to a communion season, in Hawley, he observes: "Hope I felt something of God's presence, and was more willing to say with Job, 'Though he slay me yet will I trust in him.'" At that time he engaged to pray for a number of persons, whose names he recorded in his journal.

---

## CHAPTER X.

### A YEAR AT GLOUCESTER.

On the 10th of Sept. Mr. T. commenced teaching at Gloucester, Cape Ann. The 23d of the same month, he wrote thus to his mother:

"A few weeks since, I was at the seminary, anticipating no change till my term of study there should be complete; but I have left that institution. Perhaps I do not know why I have been sent here, but I think I can see the hand of God in it. I hope to imitate Paul, who was content in whatever situation he might be. My school is as pleasant as I anticipated. It gives me pain that my brothers and sisters cannot enjoy the privileges of study, which my pupils have. I hope you will write me immediately, informing me whether the Rev. Jonas King has yet returned from Palestine to Hawley."

To Mrs. Sarah W. Matthews, of Yarmouth, Oct. 28:

"DEAR AUNT: — Not long since, my uncle O. informed me of your husband's death. I should have immediately written you a letter of sympathy, had I not been engaged in preparing a Sabbath-school address. I am aware that words alone cannot heal a wounded heart. You profess to be a follower of Christ, and you know how comforting is the assurance concerning such as truly love God. All things work together for their good. Accept, my dear friend, of my best wishes that Jesus will comfort you, and that your bereavement may result in your greater joy above."

To his mother, Nov. 25:

"DEAR PARENT: — Yours I received some time since, and ought to have answered it; but so pressing are my duties, that even my mother is neglected. I have just returned from a house of mourning, where I prayed with a large circle of children, whose only parent has recently died. To this parent I had been introduced; he was a Christian, and died in the triumphs of faith. In meditating on his condition, this morning, I sung the hymn, 'How blest is our friend,' &c., and thought of him as joining with the choir above; but scarcely had I returned to my room, when my thoughts dropped from heaven to earth. *My* conflict is not yet complete. At times I feel almost as if I were entering the celestial land. Still, I think it doubtful whether I ever reach it. Be faithful, my mother; you may have nearly finished your conflict. Endure to the end, and through Christ you shall receive a crown."

"Nov. 21. — Received a line from a friend, and a gold piece — ten dollars — presented to me as a disciple of Christ. Were it possible not to accept of it without giving offence, it would, I think, be my duty to decline it." He

deemed himself utterly unworthy of the gift. "23. — I hope ever to be willing to attempt my duty, whatever it may be; but of this I am persuaded, that it cannot be my duty to enter the sacred ministry, so long as I labor under my present moral unfitness for it. Ah, I may never experience the transport of the redeemed soul entering heaven, and feeling itself safe forever. I have greatly sinned against the kindest, the best of Beings. I would loathe myself and be humbled in the dust before him. Dec. 31. — The past year has been filled with sorrows, but crowned with mercies."

"DECEMBER 26.

"DEAR MOTHER. — I have recently spent two days in Boston, and was obliged to tear myself away from friends there, when I returned. You complain of brevity in my letters. My numerous and pressing duties are my apology. In religion, I am 'of little faith.' I can, however, sometimes with tears, repeat these lines of Cowper, 'I was a stricken deer,' &c. Very often, too, is poor Christian's situation brought to my mind. 'When he sought in the dark to shun the ditch on the one hand, he was ready to tip over into the river on the other.' There is danger of mistaking a love of salvation for a love of Christ. We have all been poisoned with sin. I find the old infection continually breaking out anew. When I begin to think it is cured, suddenly I have new proof that it still inheres to my soul. Repentance and humiliation are works which I have to repeat again and again. In respect to the missionary cause, my mind remains as it was when I saw you."

Journal: "Jan. 1, 1828: — Received a New Year's present. 23. — Am all guilt; my help is in Christ alone, yet strangely do I forget to fly to him."

Rev. J. Grout, Feb. 23:

"Dear Sir: — The object of this letter is to make special inquiries concerning my brother T., who, I suppose, is reciting to you in Virgil, the present winter. Has he sufficient talent and diligence to make a good scholar? Does he give evidence of true piety? Be pleased, dear Sir, to favor me in due time, with a reply to these questions. There has been no great change in the spiritual state of affairs in this place, of late. Some revivals are enjoyed in this immediate vicinity. I hope and pray that Hawley may ere long be blessed with a shower of divine grace."

"March 2. — Have of late been distressed with fears that I did not sufficiently regard the indications of Providence at the commencement of my studies."

"March 9.

"Dear Parent: — Yesterday I closed my second quarter. My school has thus far gone on very pleasantly. I have just returned from a very full public Bible exercise, having spoken, myself, from the first part of the third chapter of the first epistle of John. I feel myself quite a drone in the service of God. My health, about which you seem solicitous, is quite good. Your account of special religious interest in H. is very encouraging. Persevere, my mother, in prayer, and a rich blessing will descend. What God has promised he will perform. Say to aunt R. that I desire to see her. Ask cousin S., for me, whether she still forgets the one thing needful."

"April 5.

"Dear Brother T.: — You have, I know long anxiously expected a letter from me; and have, perhaps, concluded yourself forgotten by me. You are not; but at present I do not know of any means by which to provide

for you, so as to enable you to study. I did once think that I might be able to provide for you here, under my own eye. My expenses, however, are multiplying on every side, and I shall scarcely be able to pay one half of the debts which I thought I should, at the close of my school. I have hoped that you would give your heart to God. Of this I have said but little to you, having refrained lest you might be influenced to act the part of a hypocrite, which I would not have you do for worlds. By autumn, I trust, a door will open for you. But do not feel too anxious. I assure you that I have looked with pain at some of my conduct when I was of your age. I was not sufficiently resigned to the will of God; and the reflection has often filled me with keen remorse. Confide in the counsels of the aged and experienced. Write freely to me. Listen to your mother and to Rev. Mr. Grout. Above all things seek guidance of God. If he do not bless you naught can help you. Make your peace with heaven, and you shall receive a crown of glory."

"JUNE 1.

"DEAR MOTHER: — A letter which came to hand within a few days, from uncle I. A., informs me of an awakening in Meadville. Some of his own children, he writes, appear to be partakers of grace. Your last also cheers me in regard to Hawley. I rejoice with you; but not hearing of the conversion of my brothers and sisters, my joy is mingled with grief."

To the same, Aug. 18:

"Early in the ensuing September my year in this place will close. In what way I shall spend my time previous to the commencement of the next term at Andover, I am as yet uncertain. Probably I shall not be able to visit you, for I am too destitute of money. You can hardly imagine how

little I have felt my income of four hundred dollars. I am still quite deeply in debt; more so than I expected to be at this time. You must act your own pleasure about going to Yarmouth. Should you go, I will endeavor to meet you in Boston, and perhaps accompany you to Y.; but this is uncertain. Especially shall I desire to do it, as grandfather has sent me a request to visit him."

Journal: "Aug. 31. — I have been in the habit of occasionally distributing tracts in this place." He was accustomed to assist ministers in their Sabbath exercises, when they desired it, and sometimes took charge of the entire services in destitute places in the vicinity. "Aug. 29. — Last Sabbath, at 6 P. M., delivered an address before the society which was lately formed to promote the better observance of the Sabbath." At the opening of autumn, he closed his school in G., and returned to Andover. The anniversary at the seminary did not occur then till the latter part of September. "I know not what course Providence will mark out for me during the vacation. Yarmouth, Mass., Sept. 28. — I arrived here, at my grandfather's, last evening about half past ten, where I found my mother. She met me with open arms. Three of her brothers were present. A prayer meeting had been held that evening, and closed before my arrival. Oct. 1. — This morning, as we were all together in the parlor, conversing in regard to our anticipated separation, some of us intending to leave for Boston to-day, grandfather, who is ninety-three the fifth of next December, remarked, 'the thought of parting is gloomy; we however breathe the same air, are warmed by the same sun, and the same divine Agent preserves us. Upon the whole, it matters not in what part of the globe we are.' His memory is much impaired. He prayed with us this morning." Oct 2d, Mr. T. left Y., in company with his mother and some

other friends, for Boston. On the 4th, she started for her home, and he returned to Andover, intending to reside there the remainder of the vacation. "7. — Have conversed with Professor S. in regard to procuring a German work for translation, and received some encouragement. 11. — Received a letter from my mother, yesterday, in which she informs me of her safe arrival home. She has had a lovely visit. All things have gone well with her. I too have reason to be thankful. 19. — If I have faith in Christ, why is my activity in his cause so little? Why so unwilling to suffer for his sake? I seldom get near the mercy-seat. Why does the Sabbath find me so stupid, and why do I, on its sacred hours, never ascend to Pisgah's summit? It is doubtful whether I am a Christian."

---

## CHAPTER XI.

### SENIOR YEAR AT ANDOVER.

JOURNAL: "Nov. 7. — Class fast, preparatory to being licensed to preach in the chapel. The mercies of God, in bringing me thus far, are great. Evening: The work is done. 23. — A letter just received from my uncle at Yarmouth, announces the death of my grandfather. It seems to be a kind direction of Providence, that my mother and myself should have met with him so recently." It was Mr. T.'s intention to have roomed in the seminary during the winter, but finding himself incommoded by the attempt, he moved out. It was always exceedingly difficult for him to study amid confusion; hence he often

found himself interrupted and perplexed. None except those whose nervous system is thus delicately strung, can appreciate the distress to which such persons are subject. "I have for nearly one hour been in complete agony. Why have I such a nervous temperament, if it must be always thus irritated?"

Under the last date, he wrote his mother:

"The affecting intelligence of your father's decease, has just reached me. You doubtless have received the particulars. My thoughts at once revert to our pleasant interviews with him a short time since; especially to the prayer he offered on the morning of our departure, and to his words of consolation addressed to us. God was very kind in permitting you to see your aged parent once more, while he stood on the borders of Canaan. All earthly things are now over with him; and O, how blessed, *how blessed*, as we have reason to hope. You may have dropped a few tears; I trust there have been only a few, and those of resignation. The good man came to his grave 'in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season.' What an event your last announces! Mr. and Mrs. S. both dead! They have been cut off in the meridian of life. Remember me to the poor orphans, and may God bless them."

Journal: "Jan. 1, 1829. — In reviewing the past year, I have mercies to recount, and sins to lament. 19. — My principal works thus far this term, have been translating 'Conversations-Lexicon,' for Dr. Leiber; writing an address for the Thursday exercise; preparing a dissertation on the eloquence of Augustine; composing sermons, &c. 25. — Have meditated more than usual to-day upon the subject of religion. Read the tract, 'Pres. Edwards' Conversion,' and heard three sermons from Rev. Mr.

Baldwin, of New York. His preaching has during the whole day chained my attention. I have drank in divine truth. I have a right eye and a right hand which offend, and am confounded when I think how little of the Christian I exhibit. Had I a person before me, whose characteristics should appear as mine do, I should not much hesitate to pronounce him an enemy of God. 27. — Spent most of this evening in conversing with a few select friends on the subject of missions. The question proposed was: Are you ready to go, or how do you stand in relation to the matter? I confessed that I was met at the threshhold by an alarming difficulty, namely, a doubt whether I am a Christian. I wish, I really wish I were willing. Besides the hindrance already stated, my mother's family needs my assistance; and furthermore, such is the nervousness of my temperament, that I do not believe I could be a good missionary. Indeed, a friend has told me so, and advised me to give up all ideas of entering a foreign field. Add to all the rest, the fact that I have nothing attractive about me. I have always been unpopular: very much so; probably because in my youth I was secluded from society. Feb. 8. — Shall I go to the Lord's table this day, or shall I not? I am sensible that 'there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved;' I know that it is my duty to celebrate the love of Christ. I cannot escape from the obligation to do it; yet I am bound to commemorate it as a Christian. God's vows are upon me, and I must not decline the observance. 18. — I must declare again that I find in myself no signs that I am a Christian, except such as would naturally arise from a good pious education — I mean till within one or two years past, and that even now I am doubtful as to the true state of my heart. 22. — Do not yet feel entirely devoted to God's service. Have a great fondness for literature. It is still

doubtful whether I have a spark of grace. Yet with a hope of pardon and assistance in my attempts to serve the Lord, let my room and my heart be this day consecrated to Him."

"FEBRUARY 26.

"AFFECTIONATE PARENT: — Should my letter seem hypochondriacal, permit me to say, that for a fortnight past we have experienced a continual series of storms. Much have I thought of you, during this inclement season; much would it gratify me could I be assured that you are comfortable. We have just buried the wife of Mr. A., the preceptor of the Academy here. She was a Christian, and has left a large circle of friends, who feel her death most deeply. Two of the students are now in mourning for elder brothers; three for sisters; one for a father and sister; and one for a mother. Religion is here at rather a low ebb, though general prosperity prevails in the seminary. The nearness of the time when some of us are to enter upon the public duties of life, renders the present time specially interesting to us. We begin to look about, to see where we are, and with what armor we are girded. We also ask ourselves, whether we can drink of the cup of which Christ drank. This moment two missionaries are needed for China. Who will go to the heathen, has been often proposed as a question for discussion in our social circles. Perhaps you wish to know what answer I return to it, and I will frankly state the reply I made on one occasion: *I fear I am destitute of true piety.* Here let me observe, it is not to pain you that I thus write. Did I not suppose the effect will be to drive you to the mercy-seat, I would not develop my feelings to you. I am quite confident that I had no religion when a member of College, and none till I had been at this seminary for some time. Hitherto I have studied only from selfish motives. I do not mean to say

that I have knowingly acted the part of a hypocrite; but that I have been deceived. If you should drop a tear while reading these statements, let it fall at the mercy-seat."

Journal: "March 25. — Received a reproof from one student for having spoken severely of another. Viper after viper crawls out of my heart, and yet hundreds remain. 29. — I preached my first sermon from Eph. 2 : 8, 'For by grace are ye saved,' etc. April 11. — I was the other day almost overwhelmed on reading one of my mother's letters to me, dated April 5th, 1823, in which she expressed alarm lest I was atheistical in sentiment. *I was so.* By degrees, however, light broke in upon me; scepticism departed; the truth, *there is a God*, became deeply impressed on my mind. I believe my mother's prayers saved me. 12. — Commenced this day with warm feeling, which seemed to augur well. After my morning duties, however, I fell into a cold and languid frame — felt sleepy in the house of God. 25. — Agreed to supply the Second Society in Beverly, during vacation, provided I can exchange twice, and reside at the seminary."

"April 26.

"Dear Brother T.: — I received a letter from Mr. Grout a short time since, and soon after one from yourself. I am highly gratified to learn that you have, during the winter past, made commendable improvement, and I would express my sympathy for you, that the way is not prepared for aiding you in your studies. Were you a Christian, there would be no obstacle in the way; but it were better to live in ignorance forever, than to play the hypocrite for the sake of obtaining knowledge. It would be imitating Simon Magus. I rejoice at your courage, and firmly believe, if your life and health are spared, that

you will succeed. I have come to no determination myself as to the future. I am wanted for a foreign country, but I confess that I feel no little anxiety in behalf of my mother. Things certainly look dark for her. I know not how to consent that we all should leave her. I feel as if the voice of God and man forbids it. Upon whom ought the lot to fall to stay with her? Do not forget, my dear brother, that in the midst of life you are near death, and that if you die without an interest in Christ, you are forever miserable."

"April 28.

"Dear Parent: — By Mr. W. I send you my profile, two pocket bibles, an old Greek testament, and two other little books, with the names within of those for whom they are designed. You are at liberty, if you see fit, to deviate from my designations. I wish I had other presents, and some money for yourself; but you know my situation. The coming vacation I think to spend in this place, but shall supply a pulpit sixteen miles distant. To-day I am going to the Presbytery, twelve miles from here, to be examined for license. Does the candle of the Lord shine upon my brothers and sisters? upon yourself? Please thank Mr. Grout in my behalf for his letter."

Journal: "May 31. — Bradford. Visited this morning the residence of Mrs. Atwood, the mother of Harriet Newell. My feelings were indescribable. My soul was filled with a fervent glow. Here Harriet, the dear missionary, was born; here her letters were written; over this place her thoughts were often hovering, when she was far away. Such is the sacredness of my feelings, that, did time permit, I would spread them out on several sheets." Under an early date in June, he observes: "I had an offer some time last term, made by Dr. Woods, of a tutorship in Lexington College, with the prospect of

ultimately becoming a professor. To this invitation I gave a negative answer; the salary offered was too small."

"JUNE 28.

"DEAR PARENT: — During the past week, I have witnessed much suited to rejoice the Christian's heart. The General Association of Massachusetts has met in this place. It was intensely interesting to see distinguished men, from nearly all parts of the country, engaged with perfect harmony in the most exalted work; especially to see the venerable ministers and others, from time to time, wipe away the falling tears. I enjoyed some animating reflections on the glory of Christ's kingdom. The cause of Immanuel advances; his enemies must submit, or be clothed with eternal shame. One afternoon, the Lord's Supper was administered, when eight hundred of us sat down at his table. Many spectators bent over the galleries. I should delight to have you present at some of our excellent meetings. Did my purse allow me to send you a weekly letter, I would furnish you with entertaining details of them. In what part of the Lord's vineyard it will be my lot to labor, I do not know. Considerations respecting yourself and T. perplex me. I am exceedingly anxious that he should obtain an education. Of late I have been disposed to inquire, whether I ought not to leave you all. Yet I do not see how you could succeed without my assistance. I am afraid you get along at best but poorly. I have only a little money, yet I must send you one dollar, with which to pay the postage on this letter, and to buy you a little tea."

As the law then was, it required *one eighth* of this dollar to defray its own passage in a letter, or *one fourth* of it for the letter and itself. Those verily were days of severe taxation. Kinder to the poor student are our recent governmental enactments.

To his sister M—a, July 5 :

"You occasionally express fears that I have forgotten you. They are groundless. I think much of you, and sometimes drop a tear for you at the throne of grace. Perhaps you deem your lot in life hard. Consider the wretched condition of thousands in other lands ; for instance, in Greece. To that country, some of my classmates are soon going. I wish to know whether you are always cheerful and happy ? We cannot control the world. It will be wrong in some respects. Acting conscientiously, we may be happy, in spite of its turmoils. It is particularly desirable that females should be cheerful. Men, on retreating from the active scenes of life, wish to find consolations in the domestic circle. I know of no better example of kindness and contentment than your own mother. I have seen her placid and firm in the most trying moments. Our father was greatly dependent on her for his happiness. It is with admiration that I think of her, as she used to be in the family circle. Dear sister, in all your ways acknowledge God, and he shall direct you. With the divine guidance, you need not fear, though called to walk through the vale of death. You will gratify me by writing immediately."

Journal: "Sept. 15. — Have thought some of spending the next year here, in translating. 20. — Attended meeting in the chapel for the last time as a member of the seminary. Had a most precious meeting with a few friends, immediately after the services. The moments were solemn and instructive. How can I part with these friends ? 23. — P. M. Have been carried through the exercises of the day, though really I was too sick to be about. Wish it were possible to stereotype each moment of the passing scene, that I might in future meditate upon it. Enjoyed an interview with my former tutor at

Ashfield; walked with him, and conversed about the goodness of God. The very sight of him brought to my mind thoughts of the overwhelming goodness of God. 24. — Went to Boston to see a number of my brethren ordained. On the way thither, the scenes of the Anniversary burst upon my mind with melting power. The ordination exercises were very impressive."

---

## CHAPTER XII.

### CALLS TO SETTLE, ETC.

Immediately on completing his theological course, Mr. T. was invited to preach as a candidate in Topsfield, Mass. He declined being considered in that light, though he consented to supply the pulpit a few Sabbaths. "Sept. 30. — Deposited a copy of my dissertation on West Africa in the Library of the Society of Inquiry, according to its regulations. Oct. 3. — I have had an invitation to preach as a candidate in G., Connecticut, but declined it. What course the Lord has marked out for me, I know not. 4. — Much interested in reading the memoirs of Brainerd. 5. — Impressed with what Thomas-a-Kempis says, of the necessity of bearing the cross. Full of unsubdued pride. Nov. 10. — This morning commenced the critical study of Hebrew, and the translation of Schmid's Anleitung, though perhaps the Lord intends I shall not proceed far with either. I seem to stand alone in the world, and yet I fear my whole soul is upon it. Others are prospered in their plans, but I am often disappointed. I know that soon it will matter not who has possessed brilliant talents,

and who has not. The great point will be, whether we have been consecrated to God. Let me pray for a clean heart, and a right spirit, and remember my utter incompetence to comply with the divine will, except as assisted from heaven. 16. — Just received a call from Topsfield to settle there in the ministry."

What were the feelings of the people who had invited him to become their religious teacher, may be learned from extracts of letters written to urge his acceptance of the call. A professional individual of the Parish wrote thus: "Let me beg of you not to suffer your mind to lean towards a negative. If doubts and difficulties arise before you, pray let us have an opportunity to make every exertion in our power to remove them." Another gentleman assured him that the *youth* were deeply interested in him; that the young men of the Society, with a single exception, had voted for him: "Give us not a negative answer, if you have any feeling for our present situation." Clergymen in the vicinity urged Mr. T. to accept the call, presenting, among other considerations, the fact that the young men were enlisted in his favor. Elected to the sacred office of Pastor, by an affectionate people, Mr. T. desired time to deliberate, and addressed the following note to a committee of the Church, requesting permission to delay his decision until after a visit to his mother. He had not seen her for more than two years; besides, it was his desire to consult her and other judicious friends respecting his present duty. During the time of this journey, he preached in the sanctuary where he had worshipped in childhood, and the people were enthusiastic in their expressions of interest in his pulpit performances. He likewise preached several discourses in Ashfield, where the Lord was copiously pouring out the Holy Spirit. Everywhere the impression which he made seemed good

and deep. On returning to Andover, he found another letter from Topsfield, beseeching him, if inclined to a negative, to allow the Church committee to meet him, and plead their cause before him. Still he felt constrained to forward them the ensuing letter:

"ANDOVER, Dec. 18.

"BRETHREN AND FRIENDS: — It is now more than four weeks since I received your call. During this time, I have had the subject under prayerful consideration, and have endeavored to consult the leadings of Providence. Had I listened only to the sympathy which I feel in your behalf, the question would have been decided ere this in the affirmative. You will recollect that from the first I declined being considered a candidate. Let me now add, that I have long contemplated becoming a foreign missionary, should a door be opened. Though as yet all difficulties are not removed, and family circumstances may ultimately hedge up my way, I feel it to be my duty at present to refrain from any obligations which would prove a barrier to my going abroad. Judicious friends coincide with me in this view of the case. These reasons make it necessary for me to decline accepting your kind call. Let me assure you that it is with pain I am constrained, under a sense of duty, to send you this reply. I am not insensible to the trials on your part of your peculiar situation, and hope that in his own good time, God will send you a Pastor after his own heart. With earnest prayers for your temporal and spiritual welfare, I remain yours in the Lord, OLIVER A. TAYLOR."

Alluding to this subject in his journal, he observes: "I feel the necessity of doing all to the glory of God, and of keeping in view the day of judgment, when the motives by which I am now governed will be put to an infal-

lible test. Jan 1, 1830. — Where shall I be next year at this time? was a thought which weighed upon me a year ago. I find myself still at Andover, pursuing beloved studies. I find much to lament, and much to remember with gratitude. 25. — Lately received an application to become a missionary to the Jews." Generally on the Sabbath he preached somewhere in the vicinity of A. About this time, he complained of a peculiar feeling in his head, which he supposed arose from mental excitement, and respecting which he had some fears.

To his mother, Feb. 22:

"Dear Parent: — It is more than a week since I received your intensely interesting letter, and I designed answering it before; but preaching and studying have kept me constantly employed, and even now I am absolutely obliged to break away from other engagements. It is gratifying to hear that your little room is finished, and that it makes you so comfortable. I have imagined to myself how it looks, and taken my seat in it, by your side. I hardly know why it is, but I find that my family attachments increase upon me. With you I have passed through more sorrows, than has any other member of the family. On this account, my affection for you may be more ardent than that of any other one of your children. Here let me say, that the fidelity of my brothers and sisters to you, affects me so much as to cause me to weep like a child. It seems to me a pledge of their future prosperity; for there is a divine promise attached to this kind of filial devotedness. Recollect, mother, that the longest interval sufferable between the periods of my receiving letters from you, is four weeks."

To the same, March 22:

"I am sorry to hear that the people in —— talk of in-

viting me to preach for them as a candidate. It will be utterly impossible for me to comply with such an invitation. I have declined remaining at —— because I do not yet feel prepared to become a pastor. Moreover, I am pledged to the missionary cause. Whatever shall become of me in the end, I must continue here at present, poring over Greek, Latin, German, Astronomy, &c., in addition to preaching on the Sabbath. I am so enthusiastically fond of study that the very thought of leaving it pierces my soul. April 26. — I have lately been perusing your manuscript statements of yourself and my father, which I requested of you, and wish to propose various questions relating to points which you have not fully exhibited. You will of course be guided by your own judgment in regard to the answers. I am anxious to know the particulars of the lives of my parents. I think it an honorable curiosity. Soon, however, or not at all, must it be gratified. One after another of our family friends die, and their knowledge of such facts goes with them. To your inquiry when I shall leave A., I can at present furnish no definite reply. I seem to be fit for nothing but to be thrown away. My heart is not right. I have sometimes had a glance at it; and it has appeared to be a nest of vipers. You must pray for me, or I shall be lost."

In the latter part of 1829, Mr. T. corresponded with Prof. Fiske, of Amherst College, respecting the translation of a German treatise on the "History of the Pulpit." Prof. F. had begun the work, but was prevented from going forward with it. In a letter to Mr. T. he says:

"If you have leisure, immediately proceed with the work. I should advise you to undertake it, and nothing which I have done or contemplated, need be any hindrance. It should be accompanied with notes and some important additions pertaining to the English and Ameri-

can pulpits. I wish you much success in the enterprise. Probably the work under your own hands, will assume a shape more satisfactory than it can in any other way."

In regard to this work, Dr. Murdock wrote to Mr. T., that himself and other gentlemen in New Haven would favor it, and suggested to him certain advantages which a residence in that city would furnish him, beyond any other place, while he might be translating and preparing the contemplated work.

Journal: "May 1. — Ill health has occasioned the loss of some precious time. Pained at hearing the result in Congress of the Indian question." 5. — He completed the translation of a German work previously mentioned. "28. — Mr. —— reproved me for staying at Andover so long. I was bound to receive it kindly from him, inasmuch as I owe him a debt of gratitude and of money. June 27. — Preached in Atkinson yesterday, and suffered much from ill health. Received a letter from my mother, and am distressed to think how much she is tried with poverty. July 3. — Lost more than half of the past week by feeble health. Religion ebbs at my heart; when will it flow? 15. — Went to Boston to settle the matter of copyright in regard to Reinhard, a work which I am now translating. Attended some of the exercises of the Theological School, Cambridge. 19. — Last Saturday entered into an agreement with Mr. Woodbridge, author of the Geography, to spend three months in translating for him. I am to remove to Hartford in a few days, for the purpose. 27. — Was called to Boston last Wednesday, to translate for Mr. W.; was engaged for him until Saturday. While on my way to B., I enjoyed a pleasant view of Christ — he looked lovely, and I desired to be engaged in his service. 30. — Arrived at Hartford, Conn., to-day; fear I shall never be able to perform my duties; wish to cast

myself upon Jesus, my only substantial friend." While in H., on one Sabbath he attended in the morning an Orthodox meeting; a Roman Catholic in the afternoon; and the Universalist in the evening. He deliberated much before entering the two last, but thought himself justified for once in that course. "Thus have I in the course of a single Sabbath, heard the Saviour preach once, and the devil twice. How plainly it appears to me, that Satan has his emissaries, who are trying in all possible ways to destroy the gospel. How unsatisfactory to my mind is everything in religion, which does not influence a man to seek forgiveness through Christ, and trust in him for all needful aid." During his residence in H., Mr. T. enjoyed the society of several distinguished persons, whose friendship he highly prized. He also preached a number of times in that city. A few incidents of his residence there, in addition to the above, may not be unworthy of a place in these pages:

"Sept. 22. — Was present at a delightful meeting of Sabbath-school teachers connected with the Central church. 26. — Have been present at two gatherings of good religious people, during the past week. Visited at Weathersfield the State prison. Attended a meeting of singers. On the whole, the week has been exceedingly agreeable to me." A little later, he met with an Indian chief of the Seneca tribe, and one of a company of *actors* in the city. "His countenance is a noble one. But he lay on his couch in the house of a colored man, and was so distressed as to pay no attention to me, till I intimated to the family that he was a friend of mine, from the fact of his having served under Washington, and that they must take good care of him. His face then brightened, and he began to speak in Indian, being unacquainted with English. He shook hands with me in a friendly manner, when I parted

with him. I frequently walk with Mr. Gallaudet in the morning. Our interviews are generally quite interesting. To-day it was intensely so. He told me about the Moorish prince, for whom he had exerted himself, and whose history he has at perfect command. Oct. 8. — The Indian chief is dead and buried. Probably he died in a few hours after I saw him. Poor man! he was almost alone and friendless. I offered up a prayer for him, but with a singular feeling. I know not that he had ever heard of a Saviour. I lament that I did not speak of Jesus to him when I saw him, as that was my only opportunity. His death was occasioned, I think, by a cold, caught in consequence of exposure to the evening air, immediately after having danced excessively to please an audience. His guide has certainly neglected him. He was 85 years of age. 10. — Preached at Rocky Hill, for Dr. Chapin. Mrs. C. is daughter of the younger Edwards, President of Union College. She has her father's portrait, which indicates a very fine countenance: eyes rather dark, black hair, and a bold forehead. 25. — Preached yesterday in Glastonbury, for Bro. R. Saw Rev. Dr. Austin. This morning enjoyed a most interesting call from Rev. Dr. H. We walked together: he is full of enthusiasm. Nov. 4. — The Lord is exceedingly kind to me. I have just received a letter from my mother, in which she informs me that my eldest brother, at school in Bennington, Vt., has become hopefully pious. How much reason to praise God! I always find that he is far better to me than my fears. 6. — A most pleasant visit with Dr. H. at his own house, in the evening. He gave me an affecting account of the straitened condition of the American Education Society. I tremble for our benevolent institutions — but God reigns."

Extracts from a letter to his mother, written from Hartford, Aug. 18:

"DEAR PARENT: — I doubt not that you often think of me on this my birth-day. It had not occurred to me as being such, till the act of dating this letter brought the fact to mind. I am not sure but I err in this negligence. One's birth-day might well be spent in fasting on account of sins — of misimprovement of opportunities for usefulness. It might also with propriety be spent in thanksgiving, for it is no slight favor to be made acquainted with even so small a portion of the Creator's dominions as comes under our present observation. Then what prospects lay before us, of penetrating farther and farther into his glories! I feel somewhat poetically to-day; but I have no time in which to indulge such an inclination. I never was a great favorite of the muses, though they have sometimes visited me. But having neglected them very much of late, I am afraid they will return to me no more. Nothing would tempt me to part with them. Translating from the German, is not favorable to the cultivation of poetry. I have been here nearly three weeks, without finding an inch of time to devote to you, till to-day, when I seized it by stealth. This afternoon I move into the house of Mr. Gallaudet, near the Asylum. I shall sometimes find myself embarrassed, as Mr. G. and most of his household are deaf and dumb. I experience, however, one advantage in my present situation. Though fifty or sixty of the lads may be playing together under my windows, it occasions little or no disturbance to me. I sometimes almost think that it would be better if a few more of mankind were unable to speak. When I commenced writing, I expected to send you only a few lines; but I have filled my sheet. It is indeed somewhat of a curious letter, but if you are in health it may amuse you."

To the same, Nov. 12 :

" Your last was a charming letter, and as soon as I received it, I sat down and wrote to S. that she might be partaker of my joy. It brought cheering intelligence in regard to several members of our family. T. has become hopefully a follower of Jesus. I trust he is a Christian in very deed. On reading your letter I could not help weeping at the goodness of God toward us, in giving us as a family such reasons to rejoice on various accounts. I have almost experienced the happiness of a parent in hearing of the good deportment of my brothers and sisters. My sensations of delight are beyond description. But I begin to tremble for you in my very heart. Cold winter is at hand with all its blustering train, and you perhaps have not what is needful to meet it. I fear you did not do enough in repairing your house. I wish you to remember that nothing for which I am responsible is to be half done. — You know I am always troubled with a book-fever. — I have thought of late there ought to be a tombstone with a suitable inscription at my father's grave. I am not now able to pay for one, but it has occurred to me that we might make a kind of charity-box in which to deposit little sums for this object, and thus in the course of a few years the design might be accomplished. You perceive I have spent some weeks more here than I anticipated. To-morrow, God willing, I leave for Andover. With regret I leave many dear friends. I have translated two works for Mr. W. and have entered into a favorable compact with some New York publishers in regard to a German work, which I am to commence translating on my return to A."

Journal : " Dec. 6. — Left Hartford on the 1st inst. and arrived at Boston the next day ; called upon a number of friends there the 3d, and came to this place on the 4th ;

preached at Lowell on the 5th, and to-day am preparing to translate German. 20. — Have preached three Sabbaths past in L., and am engaged in translating. 24. — A heart-cheering letter from my mother. Have reason to thank God that he furnished me with five dollars to send her last week, for she was in want of it. She speaks of T. as a Christian ; bless the Lord, O my soul. 30. — Much interested in examining some of Pres. Edwards' manuscripts and the pocket-book in which he used to note every particular. I have got a better idea of the man, than I could by reading books for ages. Mrs. Farrar has a silver bowl in which he used to take his supper of chocolate. It will hold half a pint, and has his name, birth and death engraved upon it. Here I learned that it was his custom when riding out, to pin a piece of paper on his sleeve whenever a new thought occurred to him, that he might thus retain or recall it by means of association. The handwriting of President E. was excellent; I am promised a specimen of it. News to-day of great commotions in Europe. Jan. 2, 1831. — Another year gone. Have made but little progress any way ; I fear none in holiness. What have I accomplished in the cause of Christ? My conscience is not yet at rest. Very much I can see for which to be grateful. Among God's special favors I would name the hopeful conversion of my oldest brother. He is teaching in Vermont.

To his brother T., Jan. 2 :

" Our mother has informed me that you entertain the hope that you are a Christian. No news could be more gratifying to me than this ; but acquainted as I am, to some degree, with the deceitfulness of the human heart, and certain that thousands go down to hell with a lie in their right hand, I must rejoice with trembling. Angels may have struck their harps of gold anew, and filled heaven

with hosannas at the conversion of your soul. Yet I am not without fears. I seem to see your face towards Zion, the heavenly city being in view, while angels and men, and devils, too, have their eyes fixed upon you, some to assist you onward, and some eager to devour you. Bear in mind that in this great race you may fail. You may arrive at the very gate of heaven and walk under its battlements, only like Capernaum, to be thrust down to hell. Let your heart and soul be devoted to the glory of God. Look only at his approbation; inquire at every step what he will have you to do, and do it. It is impossible to follow Christ, without denying yourself and taking up your cross. If he command you to be a farmer, be one. If he direct you to prepare to preach the gospel, do so with all your might, for the sake of immortal souls and with a perfect readiness to go wherever he shall send you. You will not, however, find it very easy to become entirely absorbed in promoting the kingdom of the Redeemer. Nothing but his Spirit will ever bring you to such a high attainment. For this, you must pray, and pray, and pray without ceasing. At the very outset form habits of secret prayer and of reading the word of God. Your progress in the divine life will be in proportion to your faithfulness. You should be specially careful to spend the Sabbath in holy exercises. Furthermore, you will be much assisted by a careful perusal of such memoirs as that of Payson, Brainerd, Martyn, Fisk, &c. I am in haste, but write to let you know that my heart and prayers are with you, and that I both tremble and rejoice on your account."

## CHAPTER XIII.

### LITERARY PURSUITS.

JOURNAL: "Jan. 13. — Get along slowly with translating. Have fears about my soul and the path of duty. 16. — Wish I could be swallowed up in the glory of God. Nothing else is worth living for; life is a bubble. 26. — Happy to receive a letter from my brother T.; the first since he became, as he hopes, a Christian.

To his brother T., Jan. 31:

"Your letter of the 22d inst. was duly received. I rejoice to hear you express yourself so much like a Christian, and yet a fear that you may be deceived damps my spirits when I remember you at a throne of grace. I must still warn you against deception, and exhort you, if a Christian, to aim at a high standard of piety, for as you begin, so in all probability will you continue. Take not believers around you but the word of God for your guide. Religion should live in you, and rule over you. You speak of persevering in obtaining an education, with a view to the gospel ministry, asking my advice and direction. I must first inquire whether you have counted the cost, and considered what it is to be a minister? Perhaps the sacred office looks honorable to you in a worldly aspect, and therefore you wish to press into it, to obtain worldly honors. 'I fear,' said Professor W. to me some time since, 'that many young men become apparently pious on purpose to get an education.' Hence, I must beg you to consider well whether you have given your-

self up to Jesus Christ, body and soul, for time and eternity. Furthermore, I must ask you to examine whether he calls you to become a minister of the gospel. Satisfy me, nay; satisfy yourself on these points; satisfy your Maker and I shall be ready to advise you."

Feb. 9. — Referring to the severe attacks of illness to which a literary friend was subject, Mr. T. says: "they affect me exceedingly and divest life of its charms. He has entered upon a wide sphere of usefulness and now to all appearance his labors are nearly at an end. May God sanctify this occurrence to me and lead me to live wholly to his glory. 25. — A letter from my mother brings the joyful intelligence that my youngest brother has become hopefully pious, at the age of twelve years. Preached in Methuen yesterday; feel that I have not enough of the meekness of Christ to be a minister."

26. — To his mother:

"Your letter was so full of good news that my thoughts have had no respite since I read it and can have none till I give vent to them in a letter to you. So much, however, is there that I wish to say, and so little time in which to say it, I must rush *in medias res*, into the midst of things. I was so overjoyed to hear that brother J. had become hopefully a child of God, I could for a while think of nothing else. Dear mother, notwithstanding our poverty, the candle of the Lord shines on our heads; but we must not suffer ourselves to be elated, for should we, our joy might be soon exchanged for sorrow. Do not suppose that I inquire into your affairs, as if I were distrustful of your economy. I have the most unlimited confidence in you in that respect. My simple object is, to know how to calculate in sending you money."

To his brother T., March 20:

"You may have thought some parts of my last letter were too severe, but, I presume my motives were duly appreciated. The subject is one of great importance, and to whom can I express my feelings without reserve, if not to a brother. There is another consideration to be taken into the account. If you obtain an education it must be through the assistance of the American Education society. Recollect, that in such a case you are about to avail yourself of the charities of the Church. I behold you then enlisted in the cause of Christ, and resolved to fight under his banner. God speed you, my brother, and may we meet together amid transports of celestial friendship in that world where the Lord God is the light of his people."

Journal: "April 5. — Finished the translation of the main part of Reinhard. 26. — Preached in Nashua, and had some strength to pray that I may be wholly absorbed in the glory of God. Am preparing to publish my translation of Reinhard; expect to send the first sheet to press next week. May 2. — Preached yesterday at N. Chelmsford. Attended Presbytery last week at East Bradford. July 4. — Have preached every Sabbath for some time past. Am going on with the publication of my work. Was asked the other day if I would consider a call, should I have one, to go to Bangor, Maine, as a teacher. Was invited at the same time to go there and instruct in Hebrew till autumn. Aug. 18. — Thirty years of age; the period of life at which Christ entered upon his ministry; perhaps I should enter at once the sacred office. I have some serious doubts as to what course I ought to take. Shall I be a missionary? How unfit for anything!"

Under a date of Sept. 11th, he speaks of an urgent request to preach in his native town, as the venerable pas-

tor of the church there was in need of some assistance. Near the close of the month his translation of Reinhard's "Plan of the Founder of Christianity," was issued from the press. It was of a 12 mo. size, and consisted of 360 pages. Of the future he remarks: "Am in a quandary about plans."

Journal: "Sept. 17. — I am about to part with one of the dearest friends I have on earth, Rev. Wm. Schauffler. He soon embarks for Paris, on his way as missionary to the Jews. Feel almost as if I should follow him in a few months. Oct. 24. — Am afraid sometimes that I grieve away the Spirit by staying at A., though Dr. Porter thinks it best that I should remain for the present. Nov. 5. — Bade farewell to Bro. Emerson and wife, who are bound to the Sandwich Islands. 18. — Have seldom suffered more mental agony than I did last night. I know that all is right and yet when my fondest earthly hopes are blighted, and every prospect of success in life is cut off, the mind is distracted and the heart bleeds. They can find relief only by seeking to entwine themselves with a Saviour's love. I could state my grievances and enlarge upon them, but in truth I half suspect that they in part originate in myself."

To his brother T., Am. College. Autumn, 1831:

"It is of the highest importance that you should commence well in all your college duties, but attend, in the first place, to your soul. See that you are constantly growing in grace. On no account neglect your closet. Do not think, however, that the welfare of the soul requires you to be out night after night at religious meetings; one in a week is sufficient. Listen not to the voice of inexperience, which is constantly speaking against the course of study marked out by wise men. Henry

Martyn and Buchanan were the first in scholarship in their respective classes, and yet the most useful of their age as ministers and missionaries. Attend faithfully to your college studies, and endeavor to perfect yourself in them. I hope you will be able so to manage as to avoid being absent from college in term time."

To his brother R., Oct., 1831 :

"I had heard of your indulging a hope that you are a Christian, and I rejoice to hear you announce the same in your letter. Your only safety consists in living near the throne of grace. Recollect that your all must be deposited at the foot of the cross. Aim to be as perfect as is your Father in heaven, though assured that such an exalted attainment awaits you only beyond the grave. My advice is that you set apart one or more days for private prayer and fasting before you commence studies preparatory for the ministry, as you have intimated a desire to enter that sphere of usefulness. If you are called to minister at the altar, you will be carried through the preliminary toils. Wo to those who attempt to preach without a divine summons."

To the same at a later date :

"Dear R. — It has long been a settled point with me never to attempt to control my brothers in their choice of pursuits for life. That I have a preference for them in the matter you will not doubt. But all that I presume to do, is so to reason with them as to assist them in seeing the path of duty. I am frequently doubtful as to what my own course should be, and sometimes go again and again to the throne of grace for instruction, and after all come away with a trembling anxiety lest I may decide wrongly ; yet I perhaps meet a person the next moment who tells me with perfect confidence *I ought to do so and*

*so*, as if he were fully competent to decide for me. You must ask yourself as in the fear of God, what your duty is, and having ascertained it, proceed resolutely to its performance. If then you meet with difficulties, hesitate not, but let them only add to your diligence. Say to yourself I can see the path of duty, and therefore am confident God will carry me through them."

Journal: "I have no patrons — never had any — am obliged to push my way everywhere, and yet have no disposition to crowd myself any where. There is a course full of glory, and I must bend all the powers of my soul in that direction — be self-denying and resigned to the will of God. Dec. 14. — Recently entered into an engagement with Mr. Pierce to publish Memoirs, &c. of Reinhard."

To his brother T., Jan. 1, 1832:

"I requested you to write me often for two reasons. I desire to know everything about you for my own sake; and I desire also that you should form the habit of writing letters, giving descriptions of the objects around you, and of the exercises in which you are engaged, in appropriate and familiar language. Besides, I must add that I love to write to you. I wish you to tell me everything about your situation, as if you were going to write a history for publication of your room, studies, associates, officers and all. In doing so I desire you to be what I call *nice*, but not to use college hours for the purpose. To acquire a good style, you must read suitable books. The best epistolary style, and perhaps the best letters that we have in the English language, are Cowper's; Gray's are elegant, yet too highly wrought. Byron's are excellent of the kind, but unsafe on account of the character of the writer, and various immoral expressions. To these you may add the

spectator of Addison. In my last you recollect that I urged attention to the soul as the first concern. Begin and end each day with secret prayer and the reading of the Bible. During these exercises you should be in a room by yourself, which ought to be so comfortable that you will not be tempted to hasten from it. Spend part of the evening in reviewing the day just closed. This will help you both as a Christian and as a scholar. You will need what are called spiritual classics. Of these the Scriptures stand of course at the head, and I would that you always might have a heart ready to kindle with true devotion when you peruse their holy pages. Watts' psalms and hymns are highly useful for frequent private perusal; and I would commend to you such memoirs as I mentioned in a letter to you some time since. A college has generally been found unfavorable to the growth of piety, and you must exercise great caution in this respect, or you will be injured. I hope you begin this new year as a disciple of Christ. You may not live to see its close."

To the same, Jan. 22:

"My letters to you are not what I could wish, as I am permitted only to touch upon topics respecting which volumes might be filled. In regard to the taking care of your health, allow me to say that you cannot live without exercise. If you neglect it, and study as you ought, you will certainly break down before you are aware of it. Great caution is necessary in relation to the appetite. Some few distinguished students have ruined themselves by too great abstinence; but the mass of those who would wish to be regarded as scholars, injure themselves by over indulgence. Did you never experience those serene, bright moments, when your mind seemed to perform a day's work in an hour or two? Such is the mental state at which you should aim before sitting down to study. It is

the brightness of the mind and not the sharpness of the appetite which makes the scholar. Do you know the object of a collegiate course of study? There is gross ignorance on this subject among, I am sorry to say, pious students. You may hear such remarks as the following: 'I will not study algebra, it cannot help me to write a a sermon. What have I to do with conic sections? I am looking forward to the ministry!' Now the great object of study, is the discipline of the mind. True, the acquisition of knowledge is not an unimportant consideration. In order to secure the requisite discipline, a great variety of studies is necessary. Those very branches in the course marked out for you, and which indolence, not piety, attempts to cry down, are essential. An analogy exists between the effects of appropriate exercise on the mind and on the body. The sailor from much use acquires strong arms and far-seeing eyes; so the mind, thoroughly disciplined, becomes strong and sharp."

Journal: "Feb. 5. — Have preached for several months past in West Newbury, Amesbury, &c. March 8. — Spent some time in Boston on my work in the press. Preached in Sharon, Milton, and Dorchester. Mr. L. Mason desires me to assist him in translating and publishing a work on music. Mr. Woodbridge has requested me to assist him in his 'Annals.' Dr. Woods has spoken to me about translating the Theology of Morus. March 11. — Great event; decision of the United States Court in favor of the Cherokee Indians. How easy it may be for this nation to be thrown into complete disorder. April 2. — Have preached two Sabbaths past in Billerica. Am studying the Hebrew, the Vulgate and Septuagint Scriptures; am also re-writing my History of the Pulpit, translated some time since. 24. — Receive favorable notices from almost every quarter of my work, 'The Memoirs

and Confessions of Reinhard.' Professor Stuart told me yesterday that his colleagues and himself were electrified with some parts of it, especially the ninth letter. 29. — Preached half a day in the chapel of the theological seminary, extempore. Trembled before commencing, but none afterwards. May 13. — Had an invitation to undertake the editorship of an Encyclopedia of religious knowledge, but declined it for the present. 24. — Six Sabbaths of late I have preached for Rev. Mr. Jackson. June 7. — Attended the anniversaries in Boston last week. 9. — 'Why do you not settle?' says one, —*Because I wish to attend to some studies which others neglect. What contracted minds have many students, they might be put into a thimble!* 11. — It is three weeks yesterday since the sun has been out, a single day excepted. Easterly winds have prevailed all this time and a fire been necessary. 15.— The other day I met with what is termed '*New Divinity*' as exhibited by its advocates, and was surprised to discover that it is precisely such a theory as I had held long since and rejected as *untenable*."

July 20. To his brother T. :

"Nothing gives me more pleasure than to find you susceptible to the charms of nature, and to see that susceptibility increase as your mind improves. Without it I cannot believe a man *half a man*. At any rate, such a person is hardly fit to be a minister of the gospel. God has given us three books to read; that of nature in the world around us, the Scriptures, and the book of experience. The book of nature comes in part before the Bible, but is intimately interwoven with it. Owing to their inability to read the book of nature, the great mass of ministers fail to draw illustrations from it, and hence are dry, uninteresting preachers. Look at the sacred volume in this respect. Prophets, under divine inspiration brought

illustrations from all departments of nature. The heavens are said to declare the glory of God — day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge. The sun is spoken of as a young bridegroom issuing from his chamber; the moon as walking forth in majesty. God, when he comes to the aid of his servants is represented as flying on the wings of the wind, accompanied with lightnings and thunders and burning coals of fire. The stars of heaven are described as fighting in their courses against the enemies of God's people. Saul and Jonathan are said to be swifter than eagles and stronger than lions. Christ compares the kingdom of heaven to a grain of mustard seed; the hardened gospel sinner to a barren fig tree ready to be cut down; heaven is depicted as a perfect paradise, where grows the tree of life which yields its fruit every month, and where glides the meandering river that issues from the throne of God. To be able to make an efficient use of the book of nature, you must be skilled in attractive, descriptive writing. That I might both stimulate and aid you, I have requested you to send me on paper graphic delineations of the objects with which you are daily conversant. I leave you to think of the subject. Let me say, however, be *totus in illis*, whatever the study before you. 'Agros et civitates sapientia, et navem, gubernat.'"

To his mother:

"I see that time is soon, very soon to be exchanged for eternity; and every day, nay every hour, teaches me more and more the wisdom of being devoted wholly to the glory of God. I am indeed engaged in study, but desire to lay every acquisition at the feet of Jesus."

Journal: "July. — The Asiatic cholera is raging in some parts of Canada. A letter recently from my

mother informs me of the death of aged friends, whose society I have often enjoyed and whose memories are precious. Mother thinks it strange that I do not visit her. She does not realize, I presume, how many duties I must neglect, and how much money expend in performing the journey requisite to see her. 25. — Another opportunity to settle and cannot think of accepting it. Mr. —— called upon me last Saturday and conversed with me about determination, vascillation, etc. He is a kind man and I love him, but why will people perplex others with their advice, when it is not to the point? That I am in the path of duty, I am not certain; but I do not pursue my present course without reflection, nor without the countenance of some good and great men. I have had many things to encounter since my residence here from narrow-minded, self-willed persons; though many of them have, I hope, good hearts. If not deceived in regard to myself, I desire to be lost in the glory of God.

Aug. 2. — The last two Sabbaths I have preached in Bradford. Enjoyed pleasant seasons there. 21. — Last week occurred my birth-day; have entered upon my 32d year. Life flies and O, how little do I accomplish. Cholera spasmodica is in the north parish of this town; four cases have already occurred and one death. It is a wonderful disease — nobody understands it. The Almighty appears to have commissioned Satan to remove through its agency a certain number of victims. I am sure that our only security now is specially in God. They that trust in him shall be as mount Zion. I feel the necessity of being found at the post of duty, and prepared for the coming of the Lord, though it be as a thief in the night. Still engaged in prosecuting the study of Hebrew and in preparing my history of the pulpit for the press. My attention in Hebrew has been for some time past devoted to a solution of the use of the *tenses*. I desire to see Rev. Eli

Smith, our missionary, to converse with him in regard to their use in the Arabic. This latter language I am now studying for the purpose of obtaining light on the Hebrew. My method in Hebrew is to read with great care historical passages, where the use of the tenses is rendered perfectly obvious by the sense, — thus proceeding from the easy to the more difficult. I hope in this way to ascertain the principles, if there be any, at least the usus loquendi of the language, in respect to tenses. I consult no grammars till I have formed my own theory. A good exposition of the manner in which the Hebrews employed the tenses would, I am persuaded, throw more light upon the meaning of some passages of Scripture ; nay upon the meaning of the entire Old Testament, than the best commentaries that were ever written. Sept. 10. — I study and pray that I may be wholly given up to the service of God, and may be useful in my day and generation ; yet I seem to be useless. O it is good to be at God's disposal; I rejoice in his sovereignty. 19. — Have now spent two days writing my family history. When I reflect upon the scenes through which my mother and myself have been brought, to our present period of comfort, I am overwhelmed and burst into tears. May the lives so blessed be consecrated to the author of all good." About this time he complains of being quite ill and of suffering very severely. " Shall be destroyed if I do not get relief. Perhaps the difficulty is dyspepsia. Nov. 5. — O this load of imperfection ! No calmness, no self control, all passion, all error."

To his brother T. Nov. 11 :

" I was glad to hear that you were prospered in your agency, and now expect to spend the winter in college. Remember the line of Virgil as blessings flow in upon you : ' O Melibœe, Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.' May our

hearts go out in gratitude to that being who has so exceedingly smiled upon us in years past, and who is now presenting before us such varied encouragements in regard to the future. Let us not forget that prosperity is apt to turn away the heart from God. In this view of the subject I confess I feel that honest adversity is preferable to dangerous prosperity, and am convinced, fully convinced, that it is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth. You will find that the greatest of men have been trained in the school of adversity. He that would make rapid progress in the divine life must submit to the most trying temptations without yielding to them. I think I entered into your feelings as you represent them to have been on entering Bennington, your spiritual birth-place. They give me more hope of you than ever; for though deep, calm, and penetrating thought is to be specially coveted, susceptibility of emotion is the next. You had reason to feel strongly, for however little estimate may be placed in this world on the regeneration of a soul, heaven is filled with joy at such an occurrence. We should dwell devoutly in our reflections upon the time, place, and circumstances of our first drawing celestial breath. Sincerely do I hope you will never need a caution from me, not to array yourself against the government of the college. Should your class generally revolt, let no occasion induce you to join in a rebellion. Be an independent thinker. Stand by your instructors if every student's mouth should turn into a serpent's, and do nothing except hiss at you. Inevitably, cases will occur in which tastes cannot be gratified. Every tutor is not equally agreeable. Always be calm and reflect upon the consequences of each step you are about to take."

Dec. 30. — In allusion to the Indian troubles at the south, after observing that the Board of Foreign Missions

are withdrawing their suit at law, and advising the Cherokees to remove, he says: "There is reason to think that blood must flow in S. C. very soon if it have not already. Liberty may speedily be obliged to take her flight from this her last resting place, and I fear from the earth forever."

To his mother Jan. 12, 1833:

"I seldom, if ever, think of imperfections when I read your letters, but peruse them with your image constantly in my mind's eye, and am often on the point of weeping, as I reflect how my dear mother *may* be situated. Much and anxiously have I thought of you recently. I say to myself, perhaps after all, you suffer what you will not reveal. I beg of you to procure everything necessary at my expense. At times I feel almost like flying to some missionary region. Certainly I think much of my brethren abroad, and have just broken off from writing a letter to a dear, *dear* friend at Constantinople. Duty, however, for the present binds me I think here. Time is flying; the death-angel approaches with his red gleaming sword, yet is a messenger of mercy to the righteous. This is a sad, *sad* world. Justice is outraged. The Indian and African are oppressed. Ambitious men are trying to destroy the beautiful vine which through the agency of our fathers was planted here with peculiar care. But an avenging God sits on the throne of the universe. Sooner or later he will hurl his fiery bolts upon the foes of Zion. Hold fast to your Saviour, my dear mother."

Journal: "Feb. 4. — I have preached in Haverhill three Sabbaths past. The heavens of late have been beautified by the conjunction of Jupiter and Venus. March 27. — More depressed to-day in spirits than I have been for a long time. Life itself has been a burden;

though I do not feel entirely forsaken of God. April 7. — Entered into an engagement to write a review of 'Gurney on the Sabbath.' May 24. — Oh, the pangs I am called to feel; the mental agonies to endure! All is darkness! The doors of usefulness are closed! But stop — God does all things well. 25. — This heart, I fear, will break — will break with its own calamities! And yet Heaven is just and merciful. I dare not oppose its decrees, or murmur at the sovereign will of the Redeemer. June 7. — Years have passed since I have partaken of coffee, and during much of the time have drank no tea. Have listened this evening to a lecture from Dr. Mussey on dietetics. It was worth its weight in gold. He has convinced me that *animal food* had better be laid aside. I eat it no more, unless prescribed by a physician, or through forgetfulness or from necessity." For eight or ten years this abstinence was practiced by him. "20. — Am appointed one of three to assign a prize for a dissertation, written by a Seminary student, on War. July 9. — The wheels of my soul move heavily. I see beauty, but cannot reach it. I see peace and happiness before the faithful Christian, yet do not secure them. 13. — I deem it my duty to interfere as little as possible with the arrangements of divine Providence. Hence adieu, forever adieu, to everything like intrigue for station. I cannot reproach myself at all with it. Never have I *sought* eminent places. The most that I at any time have done, has been to speak with some friend in regard to openings. 19. — Long have I regarded the complete government of the tongue as a very difficult attainment. I have erred in not controlling mine; though it does seem to me that I am not altogether neglectful of this duty. There are special reasons why I should be on my guard at this time. I hope to get entirely the management of this important though unruly member. What ministers of the gospel

say should be carefully guarded. Let me suffer wrong rather than do it; treating even the cruel with forbearance. Aug. 2. — Am supplying the pulpit in Byfield for the present. Have become much attached to the people, and they have requested permission to consider me as a candidate for settlement; this, however, I could not grant, though I have much solemn querying as to duty. Am studying Rabbinic. Mr. Seixas assists me when needful. Shall I continue my residence at A.? If I quit now, my work is unfinished. Adieu to the study of the languages, when one becomes a Pastor, if he be not already an adept in them. But am I not wasting my talents? These questions press heavily upon me. It does seem to me that I would not avoid the path of duty for worlds. Sept. 2. — Think of relaxing study for several weeks, and visiting my mother. Have severe pains in the head. O! may I have grace to submit cordially in all things to God's will.

"Hawley, Sept. 20, 1833. — Arrived here last evening, where I find my brothers, T. and R. Mother is in usual health; had not seen her for four years." During that visit a *protracted meeting* was held in H., at which he preached several times, as also on the Sabbath, with great zeal and much effect. His departure he thus describes: "Toward night my mother proposed to accompany me as far as Rev. Mr. Grout's, and there pass the night. She set out on foot a little before sundown. I lingered awhile at home. Was pained at the thought of leaving; more so than ever before, for never have I had so sweet a visit as this last with my mother. I walked back and forth in the room, while my sick sister sat upon the side of the bed. *Must I leave thee, dear mother? and thee, dear, dear sacred spot, how can I leave thee?* My heart was full, and the tears started to my eyes, when after having gazed around upon every object, within and

without the dwelling of my mother, I bade poor weeping Mary farewell, fearful that under such pleasant circumstances I should never see her again: nay, fearful that I should *no more* see her, as it is thought that her complaint may shortly end her days. Slowly I climbed the hill, endeavoring to throw my sad feelings into a poetic form, and often turning to catch another and another glimpse of the widow's white cottage and little barn, till the final one had been taken, and the scene faded from my view. I spent the night in company with my mother, at Mr. Grout's. The next day being rainy, I did not leave there before three in the afternoon. There we shook hands with Mr. G., who wept, and remarked, he feared I should never see him again. On saluting him at my arrival, I had called him my father. Mother left for home, and I started on my journey. She had charged me not to say much to her, as we should take leave of each other. Often had we met and parted, but never before had enjoyed so delightful a visit. Since our last interview, my three brothers had made a profession of religion, and two of them had entered college; the eldest and the youngest of my sisters had entered the marriage state. Having gone a little way with my mother, I left her to wend her way home, while the storm was beating upon her, and I pursued my journey in an opposite direction, offering up prayers on her behalf, that she might be blessed on earth, and find at length eternal peace, beyond the grave.

"Andover, Dec. 5. — I have received a call, or what amounts to one, to settle in Braintree. Answered it today in the negative. Have engaged to supply West Bradford for some time, perhaps for the winter. Feel very sad in view of the answer which I have been obliged, as I think, to send to Braintree. O, how I should love to go there! How much violence I have done to my own feelings in rejecting the invitation!" The call to B. was

repeated. In declining it the second time, he says: "I have dwelt upon the subject, revolved it, prayed over it, and hesitated, until I again find myself compelled to come to a definite decision, and I hope on the right side. I wish to accept of your invitation. Had I two minds and two bodies, you certainly should have one of each. I have now spent more than a year in preparing a history of the Pulpit, from the time of Christ down to the present day. Books, necessary for completing the work, at best somewhat rare, are in the library here. I must either give up this work altogether, or renounce for the present all idea of going to B. For the former, after so much labor, I do not feel prepared; therefore I am, of course, constrained to adopt the latter."

---

## CHAPTER XIV.

### LITERARY PURSUITS, CONTINUED.

Though frequently invited to leave Andover, and enter other spheres of usefulness, Mr. T. still considered it his duty to remain there.

Journal: "Jan. 20, 1834. — Have spent my forenoons of late in writing sermons. Feb. 25. — Preached in Boston last Sabbath, for the first time. Am troubled somewhat with vertigo. Feel that I must be prepared for death. April 11. — Dr. Porter's funeral to-day; just four weeks since the decease of his adopted daughter, Irene.

Hope I shall make a wise improvement of these events. July 13. — Am preparing a Life of Christ. Aug. 4. — Visited Bedford last Saturday; spent the Sabbath, and preached for Rev. Mr. Stearns, a distant connection of my mother, and a classmate of my uncle, T. Alden. During the last summer I have for some time supplied the pulpit in Kingston, N. H. Sept. 5. — Recently made an excursion to New Bedford, where I passed about four weeks, and preached on the Sabbath. Oct. 3. — Sent out last autumn to Europe, for German books, perhaps inconsiderately. Book-buying may be my besetting sin. 21. — Agreed with Messrs. Gould and Newman to publish the above work. 'Views of the Saviour,' is the title. I am preparing a translation of 'Pfeifer on Music.' The Lord willing, I shall now proceed with my 'History of the Pulpit.' Jan. 8, 1835. — Completed the composition of my book, 'Views of the Saviour.' 22. — Corrected the last proof-sheet of it. Go now, little book: seek thy fortune as thou canst. I commit thee to the tide of public opinion."

"FEBRUARY 5.

"MY DEAR SISTER M.: — I had just written a letter to mother, and was about to drop it into the post-office, when I saw one for me from T. I was in a sorrowful mood, from various perplexities naturally arising from the issuing of a book from the press, and said to myself, perhaps it brings *sad news*. I will not therefore read it, until I have dined, and, having become more at ease in mind, feel better prepared for whatever the letter may contain. I did so, and when I opened it, found an account of your late and dangerous illness. I need not tell you I was deeply affected, as I imagined what you all must have suffered, and that I felt the duty very incumbent upon me to give thanks to God for having restored you in a measure

to health. Ever since reading the letter, my mind has been dwelling upon you, and especially upon mother. It is true my letters to her are not very frequent. I plunge into my books, and am drowned in thought, until a message from her, or from my brothers, sets me to calculating how long it has been since I wrote, and then my remissness fills me with regret. I think of her often, and fear lest she may lack things needful to her comfort. Oh, that it might be well with her; that the candle of the Lord might shine upon her head; that she might have a peaceful and happy old age; but Oh, above all things, that she may enter safely at last into the haven of eternal rest. My painful regret is that I cannot forward to you each a fifty dollar bill, but this I *cannot*, and it becomes us to submit to the will of God. Have you sufficient means to defray the expenses of your sickness? How is it with mother? Are her wants at this time supplied? Does she enjoy good health? Is her mind calm? Be kind, *very kind*, to our dear mother. The Lord will see it and reward it. Money comes hard with me at present, but she, and the rest of you, if in want, shall share what I have. The Lord bless you, my dear sister. My prayer is, that the chastisement you have lately received from his hand, may prove for your good, serving to wean you from the world, and aiding you to live well while you are in it. Take every wise precaution to preserve your health."

To his sister S., same month:

"My dear sister S.: — The sickness of M. in your family, has brought yourself, husband and babe before me, and reminds me of my negligence in not writing you of late. I sympathize with you in M.'s sickness, and at the same time am grateful to God that she had a home under your roof. I hope the event will prove salutary to us all, reminding us to be prepared for changes, and es-

pecially for sickness and death. May it not be lost upon yourself and husband. Oh, that your hearts might be united in the service of God — that I could be informed that the family altar had been set up. I cannot but hope that you do read your Bible together, and converse often about the value of the soul, and the importance of being prepared for death. Believe me, my dear sister, our time at the longest will be short. We shall soon stand before God, and there give him an account of our past lives. We must soon, very soon, enter upon an eternal state of existence, and where? I think of you often, though I do not write to you, and my neglect in this respect arises in part from the fact that you have a tender husband to take care of you, while I feel in a measure like a guardian or protector of your sisters.

"Let the spirit of love guide you in all your domestic duties. A kind and affectionate wife, I know, unmarried though I am, to be the greatest of earthly blessings. She can counsel her husband in trial, and often sustain him when ready to sink under the pressure of sorrow. In the world without, he may find all cold and friendless, but at home there will be one to bless and comfort. Oh, what would our poor father have done, had it not been for the kindness, the affection, and the ceaseless conjugal fidelity of our dear mother? With my best regards to your husband, YOUR BROTHER."

To his brother R. in Amherst College:

"We brothers have had to struggle, and even now the hard hand of poverty presses heavily upon us. We are deprived of many good things of which others have the enjoyment. We have to press our way up from the dust. But we have had many favors. The Lord has done much for us and he has promised to do more. Let us look to him and lean upon him. That we meet with difficulties does

not prove that we are not in the path of duty. Bunyan very beautifully tells us this, when he represents Christian as clambering up the hill Difficulty. And how improving to pass through trials. It gives the soul firmness. Read the memoirs of any great general, and see what trials he had to pass through before he reached maturity. I have fondly looked forward to the time when we shall find ourselves more independent of the world and possessed of enough to show ourselves generous; yet this, I fear, is a fairy dream. Let us not, however, murmur, my dear brother; there is rest in heaven for the weary pilgrim. Live continually at the foot of the cross. May we, as a family, ever remember each other in our daily prayers. Prayer constitutes one of the best bonds of union. O that whatever others do, we may show ourselves on the Lord's side and be firmly united by a two, nay, by a three-fold cord which cannot be easily broken, viz.: by the ties of nature, of professional duty, and of grace."

"April 25. — A very kind and comforting letter from mother. She speaks of my book like a good mother. The favor of no other human being do I value as high as hers. May 6. — A pleasing visit from brother R., of Am. College. July 4. — Have entered into an engagement to make out a catalogue of the seminary library."

To his sister M—y:

"My Dear Sister. — Your letter fills me with inexpressible anxiety. You seem to be in want of something which I cannot give you. I know not what I can do but kneel, and weep and pray, that though you have a diseased body your soul may be cured of the disease of sin which is infinitely more dreadful. I have had feelings this evening in regard to you which I have seldom had before. Why can you not give up all to the Saviour?

He left the heavens to die for sinners. He always sympathized with the sorrowful — he healed diseased bodies. He died on Calvary; his love admits of no reasonable doubt. Come, my dear, dear sister, I too am poor, and vile, and wretched; let us go to the cross together. It will be pleasant to weep there and see the vast burden of our sins roll into his tomb. I know that relief awaits us there."

To his youngest sister:

"You have changed your name; but without forgetting your brother who, be assured, has not forgotten you, or ceased to love you, and who would delight even now to impress a kiss upon your cheek. I can scarcely think of you except as the same little light-haired girl whom I left at the foot of the "Sugar Loaf," with the tear trickling down her face. God has, I hear, been gracious to you. I hear well of your situation. One thing I fear is wanting. Have you a lightning rod on your house? You can perhaps get along without it in fair weather, but when the fiery cloud shall arise over your habitation, you will need it. Prayer offered up on a family altar draws down mercies and dispels gathered wrath. Without such an altar you will find some of the storms of life most terrific; and you may be dashed in pieces by thunder-bolts which break over your head. Should you and Mr. R. be united in the love of Jesus, as well as in the bonds of conjugal affection, happy would you be. Why not make God in heaven your Father, and now lay up your treasure in the world where he dwells?"

To his brother R., Dec 31:

"My Dear Brother: — When I think everything is going well with you, being myself somewhat pressed for time, I postpone writing you. It is not because I am in-

different to your welfare, for I am deeply interested in it. Brother J. informs me that you are teaching in N. I wish to inquire how this has come to pass. If you left college during the latter part of one term, and are to return punctually at the commencement of another, why it will do; that is, for once. But if you are to be absent from college more than this, I shall regret it exceedingly. Rather get even six hundred dollars in debt, than do thus. I was almost persuaded to leave for teaching one winter, but Providence prevented, and I have felt truly thankful ever since that I did not. Brother T. says the same in regard to himself. Do write us how it is that you are away from your studies. This is the last day of the old year, which by me has been poorly spent. A new one I would fain hope will be better improved.

Yours, in fraternal affection."

To the same, a few days later:

"Your letter greatly relieves, not only my mind, but brother T——s, for we were both of us agonized almost, that you had left college for even a single quarter. If, however, as I told you in my last, you get back at the beginning of the next term, you may be able to come off tolerably well. Scarcely for ten thousand dollars a year would I have you leave now, or break in upon your studies to any considerable extent. Were there the least danger of your not returning immediately to college at the close of your quarter, I should feel that I must make a journey quite on purpose to converse with you about it. Finish your college course with honor to yourself. Stand, if possible, among the first of your class. At least, maintain the rank you have begun to hold. Should you leave for six months, you must for a year. If you should be absent a year you would probably become discouraged and never return. Then you can at best be only a mere

preceptor, and such an office soon reduces a man, *if he be not greatly on his guard*, to mental nothingness. To teach an academy, or something of the kind, will do for a while, but not often for life. An old man is usually a miserable teacher. Go through college; get a profession, and then, if you please, you can teach; but see to it that you get the profession. I write briefly because I have not time to write more at length. I write frankly because I love you. If you love me you will follow my advice."

During the latter part of 1835, Mr. T. preached regularly in Dracut, where his labors were blessed in raising a society from a state of depression, and in procuring for it a pastor. "Jan. 12, 1836. — Again has come and gone a new year's day, and also the anniversary of my father's death. The Lord has been very gracious to me the year past. I fear he will take me out of the ministry as I have shown myself so unworthy of the office. Prayer, more prayer is necessary."

"April.

"My Dear Sister M—y: — The past year, which I have just been looking at, as on a Fast day it is proper to do, has, on the part of God, been a year of mercies; on mine of imperfectly performed duties, and heinous sins; and yet I find myself still surrounded with mercies, and I would fain hope not without some beamings from that world where all is sinless and painless forever and ever. Religion is indeed a very sacred thing in its internal experiences. The choicest hours of the child of God must be unknown to the world. He cannot, if he would, reveal the joys of his communion with the Eternal. It is with him, in this respect, as with Moses of old. The people saw him enter the tabernacle, and knew that there he conversed with God. They saw him come out of it, and beheld his face shining. They stood in awe of him, but

that was all they knew. What inexpressible hours of bliss do those lose who live for this world! My eyes, my ears, my whole soul seem often to be just opening upon this great, this hallowed subject. I have known the truth long, and felt it some, I hope, but O, how feebly. Still, I get clearer views; heaven appears at times to open around and upon me with radiant glory. And it is enough. No matter where, or what we are, whether in sickness or in health, in prosperity or adversity, in Christian lands or heathen, in honor or dishonor, in life or in death; if we are where God is, and his favor is with us, we rejoice in affliction, yea, in prison. Though our heads sink in deep waters, if the love of God be shed abroad in our souls, with the Psalmist we can sing, 'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.' O, my poor famishing sister, how long will you seek for that which is not bread, and lie dying of thirst hard by the river of life? I have prayed and wept for you; shall I, must I give you up? What will become of you? God holds his chastening rod over you. You can fly from me and from Jesus, but I will not forsake you; I will follow you still, and cease not to remind you that the Spirit and the Bride say come, and that whosoever will may take the water of life freely."

"HAWLEY, Aug. 27.

"MY DEAR T.: — After having just been closeted for months, I might say even for years, I find it very exhilarating to travel. Nature seems to stand ready to meet me and conduct me about to witness her objects of interest. My thoughts are turned out of their ordinary course and flow forth sometimes through winning fields and down into sweet vales; at others rush over rocks and mountains. Not the proud eagle himself feels more gladsome, or wings his way over wide-spreading landscapes with greater eagerness. I have, however, at this time felt

less exhilarated than usual, owing in part to the fact that the route is an old one. I am afraid that my own sensibility to nature and to whatever else should interest me, has been blunted by nearly fifteen months of confinement upon the catalogue, at which I at first looked with a kind of horror, but to which by habit I have now, as I find, become quite reconciled. I never was — at least, I have not been of late years — so vain as to suppose myself a great favorite of the muses. Yet I do firmly believe they have occasionally condescended to favor me with visits. Still these have been solicited on my part rather than being voluntarily made; I fear I shall receive no more. Having been sadly grieved away, they are not easily wooed back again. We shall, I fear, as a nation, never produce many poets. But you must not suppose that my journey from A. to this place was without real interest. I was indeed considerably annoyed between W. and P. by the profane language of a young man who rode with me on the outside of the stage. At the first convenient stopping place, however, I found means to correct him. Taking him aside I had several minutes conversation with him on this subject, also in reference to his abuse of a colored person who was riding in an extra behind the stage. He swore no more while he continued on the route with us. Before reaching G. another man mounted the box and swore more horribly than any one I ever before heard. Soon learning that his name was ——, I reproved him most severely from time to time as in the course of the journey he was guilty of his besetting sin."

To his youngest sister:

"I am rejoiced to find you remember me. I love to hear from you often, and love to write you when I can, only you must let me have my own image of you still — that of the little girl that you were. But my dear

sister, there is one painful thought which comes up when I write to you. As yet you have not given me any reason to believe you are a Christian, and what will you do without a Saviour? And then how ungrateful to his love. Well, dear sister, I will pray for you and your husband. Why should either of you be lost?"

"Jan. 25, 1837. — Professor Stuart's illness places me in a very trying situation.* I see that I must live by prayer. Have been more interested than ever before in reading and examining the first chapter of Genesis in the Hebrew. April 18. — Had my class examined in Hebrew. Everything went off well. Have great reason to bless God, who out of weakness in my case has ordained strength; for I have served in troublous times, owing to the sickness of Professor S. Many prejudices were also arrayed against me, when I set out, but all has ended well, and the end crowns the work. What more is before me I know not. Dr. Robinson has made inquiries about me to fill his place at N. Y., while he goes to Germany and Palestine. I am now entering upon the printing of my catalogue."

Writing to his mother, May 13, Mr. T. unbosoms to her his grief on the death of Mr. Johnson, Preceptor of Phillips' Academy. "He has been to me a near and dear friend. I have always found him with a warm hand and a warm heart. Often has he cheered up his countenance for my sake. It has been as an adviser in my hours of despondency that I have found him particularly valuable. He has stood by me and sustained my almost sinking heart. I have lost a friend, and in this cold-hearted world such a loss is great. But he is now, I believe, singing praises to his Redeemer in a better world."

---

*Mr. T. taught in the Seminary one year, having been elected to that service.

The following letter will explain itself:

"THEOL. SEM. N. Y., June 19, 1837.

"REV. O. A. TAYLOR. DEAR SIR: — You are aware, perhaps, that we are desirous of obtaining some person to occupy my place as instructor in Hebrew and Greek, during the year of my absence in Europe and Palestine. My thoughts were early directed to yourself, and I made inquiries of Prof. Stuart several months since, whether you could probably be obtained. His reply was that you would be wanted at Andover. For this reason I have been making inquiries in other quarters, but find no other person who would be so acceptable to the faculty and directors. I am therefore induced to make the inquiry of yourself, whether your engagements are such as would permit you to take charge of my department for the next seminary year. It is also not very improbable that I may be detained in Europe for a second winter; in that case it would be desirable that you should continue. Please let me hear from you at the earliest moment.

Yours sincerely,

EDWARD ROBINSON."

To his youngest sister, July:

"I pretend not to parental sensibility. Fraternal, however, I may justly claim, and though I have delayed writing to you, I have not failed to bear your case on my mind and heart. I hope the loss of your dear child will lead you and your husband to reflect on your ways, to loosen your hold of earthly things and fasten your hand on the skies. Only in this way can you secure permanent satisfaction. There is something inexpressibly delightful in having a Father to whom we may go — a Heavenly Father; a permanent inalienable friend. On the other hand

there is something dark and gloomy in having one's hopes centred on this world, confined to earth. It is to be like the poor inhabitant of some island, who sees the waters rising higher and higher around him, the soil disappearing on every side, while himself is wholly without security or retreat. The worldly see the storm beating upon their habitations, the floods arising which must surely sweep them away. My dear sister, how kind has God been to our family! Will you requite this kindness with ingratitude? Will you reject the Saviour who has exhibited such love for you? Go to him in all your sorrows, in all your joys let him have your heart, your soul, your all."

To his mother, July 30:

"I love to think of you; I love to write you letters; I love to converse with friends about you; I love to send you money; I love to visit you. From almost all these pleasures I am, however, at present cut off. I look forward to the time when my present slavish task will be performed, and I hope it will be, though *indirectly* a mite for the kingdom of Christ. Mrs. J. was highly gratified with your letter of sympathy, and I doubt not much comforted by it. I presume you feel for the *heathen* in the embarrassment of the Board. I hope that in proportion as human means fail, the divine will increase; that as the missionaries find themselves forsaken at home, they will rest more upon God; that though they may be unable to do so much, by translating, printing, and educating, they will preach more. Good old Mr. Hallock I see has gone to his rest. My dear mother, let us hunger and thirst after righteousness; let us agonize for a preparation to follow him."

Sept. 14. — He says, "I have received an invitation from Dr. Robinson, in person, to fill his place in New York

during his absence. Declined, because Prof. Stuart had advised me to do so, and because the printing of my catalogue will retain me here for some time, probably into the winter. Oct. 2. — This day is long to be remembered as one of high religious exercises. As I was returning from Newburyport, where I preached on the Sabbath, I felt that God is right, and could say with an overflowing heart, amen to his will in all the disappointments I have of late experienced."

"North Andover, Oct. 8.

"Dear Mother: — I write you from Mrs. B.'s, the mother of Mrs. Dwight, who recently died of the plague at Constantinople. I became acquainted with this family a number of years since. The room in which I now am was Mrs. D.'s. Here she was under conviction of sin; here, as I have every reason to believe, she prayed over the subject of missions, and decided to become a missionary. In the room directly below me she was married. Mr. Schauffler was present, and I think brother Emerson, also, now at the Sandwich Islands. It seems but yesterday that we expressed our congratulations, as usual on such occasions, and gave the parting hand. Of course I find the mother in affliction, yet she is calm; she says it is difficult to realize that she can see her daughter no more on earth. Mrs. B. has given me a detailed account of this daughter's trials in coming out from a non-evangelical church in this place. I think I could deeply sympathize with brother Dwight were I with him, for, as you hint, I too have had trials! Yet what have mine been? I have been struck by the archer, and his poisoned arrow has quivered for days and weeks in my very heart; but the wound I have borne in silence. I could roll and toss on my couch, yea, with Jonah declare it better to die than to live; still only to my God might I utter

in sighs the anguish of my soul. Still, I ask, what have my trials been? Not many or great perhaps to a soul staid on God; not many or great, perhaps, to a less sensitive nature than mine, but *to me great*. I am too delicately strung, too easily bruised to come into contact with so rude a world. Every flower I cull is sure to conceal a thorn or a sting. But what have my trials been? My health is generally good; I have been successful too in my studies. As teacher of Hebrew I am admitted by the officers to have excelled. My catalogue, also, is in a fair way to be completed, and will, as I am told, prove a monument of industry and scholastic skill. Yet, I have trials. Perhaps they originate in the imagination, but to me they are real. To me the cup is bitter, but thanks to God I have my joys, my visits of consolation from the Holy One. I have known it to be good to have the last fibre of the heart severed from earth; to sit down at the foot of the cross and to lose one's own will in the will of the Deity. I have again and again felt that the sun's brightness is but a faint emblem of the glories of the upper world, and have longed for such a heavenward elevation that I might behold this globe lying far beneath my feet. I have said that I was the Lord's, and like Baxter have thought I had nothing for which to live but his glory. I have felt that whether sick or well, honored or dishonored, useful or useless, I had nothing to do but to acquiesce in the divine will, and now God is taking me at my word. He tears up the gourd I have planted, and leaves me fainting. But then, there are times when I feel his hand under me, and I can sing 'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want;' also, with delight, 'Thou hast searched me and known me.' I can likewise appropriate to myself the words of the 37th Psalm, — I have streams of consolation flowing into my soul; I am overwhelmed with joy; I soar on wings of celestial love. I am ashamed of

my murmurings; I forgive all my enemies; I ask forgiveness. I burst into tears of delight. I am swallowed up in unutterable bliss. It is good to be in the hands of God. I am a little child in a vast wilderness, and know not the way any whither. But my Father will make a path plain before me and lead me in the way of duty. All events are in the hands of God; he appoints, directs, and controls. Thus, dear mother, agreeably to your wishes, have I given you a faint transcript of my own mind. I have hesitated to do so, but then I hope it will ensure me an interest in your prayers."

Journal: "Jan. 23, 1838. — We have just laid in the graveyard of the Theological Seminary, Mrs. Cowles, wife of the Rev. Mr. C., late pastor in Danvers. They both perished a few months since, by the wrecking of the steamboat Home. The body of her husband has not been found. A multitude of thoughts rushed into my mind as I stood looking into her grave. I have preached for her husband. I saw them both at the hotel in this place on the evening of the last Anniversary. 26. — Am engaged in writing the preface to my 'Catalogue.' Feb. 21. — Put the last stroke to the above work and saw the final sheet struck off. More than two years and seven months have elapsed since I commenced this work. 25. — Rev. Mr. —— preached in the chapel this morning. I have in times past had a little difficulty with this man, and am not yet convinced that he has not erred. I am certain, however, that one drop of the love of God in Jesus Christ is enough to sweeten the bitterest cup, which it is possible for an earthly enemy to give, and to fill the heart with breathings after meekness. April 12. — If I know my own heart, its language is, *Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?* If I am not mistaken, there is a secret resolve in me to struggle on towards the cross. While hope, however, delays,

the arrows of the Almighty drink up my spirit. I sink in deep waters. The waves and the billows roll over me. May 1. — No change has yet taken place in my situation or prospects. What absolutely overwhelms me at times, is the rise of dark clouds of sin between me and my God. I know not what to do. Indeed it seems impossible for me to do anything except stand still and call upon the Lord. Shall I go on a mission to the east? I am far advanced in life ; have a diseased body ; am full of nervous tendencies and complaints. And then many years must elapse before I can become a tolerable proficient in the Arabic or in any other one of the oriental dialects. Yet perhaps the Lord would have me go. The subject has been for years before my mind and now lies upon it from day to day. The prominent reason why it has not hitherto been decided is that I am obliged to provide for my mother. It would seem that some of her four sons ought to be missionaries. June 19th. — I know, O Lord, that if thou removest thy frown all will go well. Let, O let thy light shine upon my path. I hang upon thy smiles. Grant that I may not murmur against thee. Give, O give me energy to do something while life passes. I try to crawl, broken, maimed, mangled as I am, up Calvary, in order to lay all my burdens and to present my complaints before the cross. And yet I tremble lest, as the Israelites had quails sent to them in anger, I shall also in anger receive from the hand of God. A letter from my mother yesterday ; good news in it ; my youngest sister and her husband profess to have become Christians. Aug. 18. — My birth-day ; am thirty-seven. Devoted more than usual time to reflection in the morning until 10 o'clock. Was then interrupted. I wish to be lost in the glory of God." Not far from this time he published in the American Quarterly Register, a statistical history of the Andover Theological Seminary. He likewise prepared an

edition for the press, of a small English book, called 'The Mourner,' a very good work. "Sept. 17. — I turn with great fondness towards the missionary field, but am afraid my health and peculiar temperament will not authorize me to offer myself to the Board. Still I am fearful of doing wrong should I not do it."

---

## CHAPTER XV.

### DEVOTES HIMSELF TO PREACHING.

Early in the autumn, 1838, Mr. T. commenced preaching as his chief employment. He felt that God was calling him away from that sacred hill of science on which he had dwelt so long.

"Oct. 8. Dracut. — Preached on resignation yesterday, having composed the discourse in a measure out of my own experience. Of course, when I write a sermon in a week, it is written *calamo currente*."

To his brother T. Written at Dracut Oct. 16 :

"Two deaths were announced to me last Sabbath, just as I was preparing for meeting, one of a child less than a year old, and the other of a young married woman. The funeral of each I am to attend this day. The last has taken a deep and strong hold upon my feelings; and even now while I am writing, though twenty-four hours have elapsed since I heard of the event, I can scarcely refrain from weeping. I feel as if an own sister had been cut down. Her calm countenance, her gentle and

almost dying whisper of inquiry and assent, and the glassy and fixed gaze of her black eye, united with her breathings for pardon; her gentle and trembling expressions of hope in the Redeemer, are all continually present with me. Yesterday, when in the pulpit, especially in my first morning prayer, I was almost suffocated with emotion. — This woman was probably not much above twenty years of age. She lived about three miles and a half from the place where I board. She belonged to an intelligent and good family, though her own mother is not a professor of religion. Her husband, a young mechanic, is also a lovely man, though not a professor, and his mother is an excellent woman, a professor, and was almost always with her daughter-in-law, fanning her, attending to her inquiries, and praying at her side. The deceased and her husband had been acquainted with each other from their childhood, and their mutual attachment was exceedingly strong. About ten months since, they were married. A handsome house was finished off for them. She went into it, made up a fire, and spent some hours in papering the walls. Articles of furniture had also been carried into it. The house stands there, with everything around it to make life desirable; the embers and firebrands remain just as she left them, while her husband weeps in brokenness of heart, and she lies attired for the grave, a victim of a long and flattering consumption. Early in her sickness I began to visit her, and always found her tender-hearted, inquiring, and ready to weep; nor could I on my visiting her, and praying with her, refrain from weeping myself. She seemed to wish to see me, particularly in her closing days. Last week Thursday I was sent for in much haste to see her. She was drawing near her end, and was in great anxiety of mind. She had been listening to a prayer of her mother-in-law, and also had often engaged in prayer herself. I

prayed with her three times, and when I told her I must go, she said, do not go yet, and then I lingered and answered other inquiries. I visited her again on Friday, prayed with her, and bent long over her couch to catch her whispers. I told her of the cross of Christ; repeated 'There is a fountain;' 'Behold a stranger at the door;' 'Ho! all ye hungry;' 'Ho! every one that thirsteth,' etc.; spoke of the sin of having put off repentance, of the justice of God repeating 'whate'er God does is kindly done,' telling her she must be passive in his hands; that she must believe in Jesus, and rejoice in him, whatever he should please to do with her; charged her not to lean on me. She listened, inquired, whispered assent, expressed fears, reached after the plank of salvation, took the words often out of my mouth, thanked me again and again for my kindness, gave me a parting message to her Sabbath school companions, telling them not to defer repentance as she had done; a message which I gave them yesterday. She died Saturday about eight A. M., praying for the last two hours, *Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.* O, it has been to me a solemn and heart-rending scene."

Nov. 14 Mr. T. was ordained an evangelist at Newbury, Mass. "Dec. 1. — Prayed, I hope sincerely, that as external light is diminished, internal light may be increased. Dec. 5. — Am to-day in my room at Andover, endeavoring to bow to the will of God, though I often feel almost crushed. Received a cheering letter from mother last Monday. 12. — Set out to-morrow for Greenfield in order to preach there six weeks for Rev. Mr. W. who is to be absent during the time."

To his brother T.:

"GREENFIELD, MASS., DEC. 17.

"I arrived here last week Friday evening. It was with

peculiar emotions and under a very trying state of feeling that I thought of preaching here yesterday. About twenty years since I was a poor farmer's boy in this vicinity. This was the first place of any note that I ever saw. It then dazzled me with its greatness. It contained a printing office, and I believed that every place thus endowed must be great. It was here that I then exchanged a Bridgewater collection of music for a Bible, which was my first and present one. I hesitated and hesitated whether to preach extempore or not, but at last brought myself to the effort. I had fixed attention given me, only my sermons were too long, unless I may conclude that the people here are accustomed to those which are not long enough. I think I am coming more and more to leave matters with God, aiming only at duty, and yet this term *duty* often becomes cold and formal, and under its influence we degenerate into lethargy."

To the same, Dec. 31 :

" The gospel of Christ increases in its preciousness to me, yet I tremble lest I shall be led away by the phantasies of the brain, or by a belief in an imaginary Saviour. I can only take refuge in the prayer of the Psalmist, — ' Search me, O God, and know my heart.' Yesterday was an interesting day with me. There had been a death during the week, that of a merchant in this village, and father of a Unitarian clergyman in B. In the evening I attended a meeting four miles distant from the village. Great spiritual coldness prevails in this region, though there are here some warm hearted Christians. In order to do good, we must be free and bold in preaching, not aiming to tickle the ears of men, who imagine themselves possessed of critical acumen, but to please God. I am sensible that the Lord must open the eyes of sinners or they will always remain blind. I have Hebrew, German,

Greek, Arabic, and Latin books with me, but I am not in very good health."

Journal: "Dec. 25. — Am not without strong desires for usefulness and heavenly attainments. Long much to visit Palestine. Jan. 1, 1839. — Entering upon another year I wish to draw near to the mercy-seat and throw myself wholly into the arms of Divine Providence, and while endeavoring to perform my duty, to leave every result with God."

To his brother T.:

"GREENFIELD, JAN. 8.

"Last Sabbath was sacramental here, and I for the first time administered the ordinance in full. I felt solemn, and saw evidences of deep emotions all around me. Have been assured by the people that the occasion was one of very great interest. I have sufficient proof that the pious members of the congregation enjoy my ministrations. For the majority, however, I doubt whether I am not too pointed, and yet I have used no severity, nor have I preached my most searching discourses. I was tried New Year's day. A *ball* had been appointed which the children of some professors attended. How could I forbear saying on the following Sabbath that the most proper way to spend new year's day is in prayer in our closets, on our knees. How many parents forget the case of Eli and his sons. From time to time I am troubled somewhat with despondency, which arises, I presume, chiefly from ill health. In the main I become more and more interested in my work as a minister, nor am I altogether without the presence of the Saviour. His love is at times inexpressibly sweet. I feel that I shall get the victory over sin and death. I sat down under the Saviour's shadow the last Sabbath, and his banner over me was lové. I long,

however, for more obvious success, for the overwhelming accompanying influences of the Holy Spirit. This, after all, may result from vanity. O the sweet wonders of the cross of Christ. O the floods of glory soon to break upon the Christian. My dear brother, I pray for you, that you may be wrapped up in the love of the Redeemer, and then burn like a fire in your ministerial course. The day of trial is waning, is waning, — the day of glorious reward is coming, is coming, and then if we endure unto the end, we shall enter into the joy of our Lord. I often call to mind the words with which Mr. Withington commenced his charge to me: 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.' I have much to say, much to write, but must forbear. The dignity of the kingdom of God almost overwhelms me; the elevation of soul to be derived from the gospel, far surpasses all that the earth can exhibit. Two Sabbaths more and then again I am afloat, but I may trust in the Redeemer; I shall in proportion to the perfection of my love for him."

To the same, from the same place, Jan. 16:

"Yours of the 14th inst., together with the letter *missive* of the Church, came to hand last evening. I have read them with great interest; thought again and again of the invitation, and long to be present, in order to give you the *right-hand* of fellowship. Indeed, I feel as though I could not be denied; there would be something so pleasing and interesting, as well as solemn, in the service: one brother, an elder, giving the *right-hand* of ministerial fellowship to another, and this under all the circumstances of our past history! Were I about returning to Andover, it would not be much out of my way to visit you. True, the next Sabbath completes the six for which I was engaged here, and Mr. W. returns in the course of the following week, to remain awhile with his people. In the

meantime, however, I have promised to preach for the people in Hatfield five Sabbaths, beginning with the one immediately after I get through here. I must therefore be in this region to preach on the 27th inst. Besides, the expense of a visit to you would be about twelve dollars, and this sum I want for mother and sister M—y. Moreover, I am sick in a sleigh-stage nearly all the time, or liable to be. I should also find it a hurrying ride to reach you in season, and return to this place at the close of the week, and thence to H.; and besides, in doing so, I should endanger my health, by exposure to cold. Still further, mother and M—y have already received a promise from me of a visit during the week of your ordination. All things considered, therefore, I presume you will think with me, that duty clearly forbids my attempting to be present with you. In the meantime, I trust my heart will be with you, and if the Lord permit, mother, M—y, and myself, will then, Wednesday eve., at six o'clock, be engaged in conversing about you; and about the time of the ordaining services, we will, God permitting, kneel around the family altar, in their new habitation, and remember you there. And may that Saviour, from whom all true authority for preaching must spring, be with you, bless you in your new relations, and endow you plenteously with his grace, making your path shine brighter and brighter, unto the perfect day. One thing I wish you particularly to aim at, on the occasion, *humility*. Dedicate yourself wholly to Jesus Christ. Lie down at the foot of the cross. With regard to myself, I am following, I hope, where God leads. He will bring me out, I trust, in the end, to the light of Life. My labors here have had cheering marks of usefulness. Some Christians have been deeply affected, and confessed themselves instructed. There has been solemnity, too, in the congregation generally. I have visited the people regularly, and have had

a biblical lecture every Wednesday evening, — have one to-night, in prospect. I have, besides, formed several interesting acquaintances.

"In conclusion, I cannot forbear repeating how deeply I am grieved, not to have the prospect of being with you, on the interesting occasion you have before you; but I must deny myself. In the meantime, thanks to you and to the church for the invitation you have given me.

"The Lord be with you, and bless you with a double portion of his spirit. Let neither of us forget our consecration to his service."

"HATFIELD, Jan. 28.

"DEAR BROTHER T.: — I left Greenfield yesterday evening week, for Dr. Packard's, Shelburne, where I passed the night, and had an agreeable time. The next morning, Rev. T. P., Jr., conveyed me to the Falls. Thence I proceeded on foot, by way of Charlemont. On the road, a mile or so beyond Shelburne, I was struck with the appearance of the rocks. The Deerfield river once evidently ran over them, and if so, there must have then been quite a lake above them. Where I called in C., I found preparations making to attend a funeral at the public house of the village. Mr. A. was to preach a sermon. I went. Found a full house, and was invited to take a part. Read selections from the Scriptures, and, at the close of the sermon, made an address. Here I met with former acquaintances from Hawley, who kindly conveyed me to their own home, where I was refreshed and religiously entertained till the approach of night, when I was carried to the foot of that last long mountain, which we used to ascend on our way to the house of God. This I climbed on foot and alone. I found the route up it quite slippery; besides, I was very weary; otherwise, I enjoyed the walk exceedingly. The ground was all covered with

snow, while at the same time the moon, nearly full, shone clearly in the heavens — a few passing clouds excepted. Everything seemed to add to the sublimity of the scene. It appeared to me to surpass anything of the kind that I had ever beheld. I walked a little way; then paused; looked around; admired the works of God, adored his majesty, and bowed in reverence before him; then proceeded onward a little, stopped again, and gazed and adored as before. What doubtless added to the interest of the whole, were the recollections associated with each step. Here I had walked with my father, hundreds of times, as we went up unto the house of God. Here I was ridiculed by the wicked young men, who were always a terror to me; and here I had sweet and heavenly intercourse with young converts, my companions.

"I found mother and M—y looking out for me, as I had dropped a line to them, some days before — intimating my visit. Mother's habitation is comfortable. All things considered, she is probably now as well off as we can make her, so far as situation is concerned. The spot is quite interesting to me, on another account. I look out, and to the east see hard by, the window of *that* pulpit from which, year after year, I heard the words of life, spoken by Mr. Grout. There is the meeting-house, in which I witnessed many solemn scenes. We thought of you on the evening of your ordination."

"Hatfield, Mass., March 4.

"My dear Brother T.: — I suppose you have not time to write me once a week, since you have become a pastor; and yet no one would be gladder to receive your letters than myself, even though they should be short. Yesterday was the last of my six Sabbaths here. It was a solemn day. Nineteen were taken into the church; eleven of whom received the ordinance of baptism.

These, coming forward as I called out their names, knelt at the font, on a footstool, when I poured the water on their heads, with my hand. As to the baptismal formula, I altered the word *in* to *into*, according to its true import, and the frequent usages of the Presbyterian church, to which I have been accustomed.

"Week before last, after about four years' destitution of a pastor, the people gave me an invitation to settle with them in the ministry, salary $800. The invitation was unanimous, I heard. There was not, I am told, either in church or society, a single dissenting voice. Everything about the call is agreeable to me, and it was given after I had preached four Sabbaths, instead of six. You will expect me, perhaps, to accept of it at once. The probabilities are very strong, that I shall ultimately accept of it; and yet, not long since, and before I had any prospect of receiving a call from the people here, I had received an invitation to preach in Danvers. It came through Rev. Mr. B., and through the same individual, I had stated the terms upon which I would do it, so that, the people in D. signifying their acceptance of my terms, I am under a pledge to comply with their request. I leave this evening and go to Northampton, where I shall take the stage for Boston to-morrow. I feel many misgivings, in view of the great work of the ministry; think much of the missionary field, and often long ardently to be among the Mohammedans of Palestine, but ill health makes me hesitate."

Journal: "Danvers, March 19. — My way, since a professor of religion, has lain mostly over the mountains, through the valleys, and among the entanglements of the wilderness. Of late, however, though sometimes in deep sorrow on account of my sins, I have struck from time to time upon the river of God, and been permitted for some

space to walk along its banks, and often to stoop down and drink of its waters, yea, even to bathe in its delightful stream."

The following are extracts from his thoughts on the missionary service, penned under the last date :

"My mother's family have been of late years greatly blessed. There are four brothers of us, who think of becoming preachers, and three of us are almost such now. It seems verily as though at least one of us ought to go on a mission to the heathen. We owe it most certainly to our Redeemer. I have always had a strong desire to go to those parts of the world about the Mediterranean, where missionary labors are greatly needed. Early in my theological course, I laid myself under obligations to think seriously on the subject of missions, and not without solid reasons to turn away from the foreign field. I am afraid of choosing too easy things for myself, and am not certain but I ought to go abroad for the purpose of speeding my own journey to the kingdom of heaven. Remaining at home, shall I not make too easy work of being a Christian? I have some linguistic qualifications for the missionary field, especially for the oriental countries, Palestine and its regions. Languages I love, and some of the chief difficulties in the family of languages to which I should there have to attend, I have already overcome. In the French and German, Latin and Greek, I could soon be able to converse ; and I have attended to the Arabic, and taught the Hebrew. I have great perseverance in overcoming difficulties. When I can fairly take hold of them, and pursue them day after day, they do not easily appall me. The brethren already in the field where I should wish to go, are my dearest associates, and I would fain be united with them. I have something by nature of the romantic in me, that suits well with the missionary enterprise, and

also of the poetic and parabolic in writing and giving instruction, which are indispensable to the oriental world. There are times when I am filled with unutterable longings to bind up the broken heart; to lead the blind ones back from the precipice towards which they are straying; and to offer the cup of salvation in particular to the quivering lips of the poor dying heathen.

"Objections to my being a missionary. My habits are too much formed. I have not sufficient self-control. The difficulty I find in enduring noise, and of studying in it. Liability to great and protracted sea-sickness. The broken state of my health, and the nice attention that I am obliged to pay to my diet and exercise, in order to preserve it. My commenced *History of the Pulpit*, lies in the way. Here then I stand, not positively decided to go on a mission to the heathen, not entirely satisfied that I ought not to go. The Lord direct me."

"28. — Finished a hymn this morning, for the comfort of sister M—y. Her spiritual state lies with weight on my mind. Have promised to preach in Manchester this evening. I think much about Hatfield. The thought of it oppresses me. It seems much entwined about my heart. Lord, guide me. I must soon determine. 31. — Have been to Manchester, also to Gloucester. Many interesting associations are connected in my mind with G. There I passed a year." Near this time, in travelling, Mr. T. had occasion to stop a few hours in Natick. "I surveyed the place all around, walking some distance to the north. I then took a retired road, and turned towards the south. I was still depressed, and sought refuge in prayer. I took a seat by the side of the road in a sunny place, and wrapping my cloak carefully around me, continued there a long time in prayer. I then walked in another direction over the fields, and through the snow, securing the south

side of a rocky hill, and here again vented my sighs, tears, and complaints to God. I prayed that if it were possible, the dark cloud that was enveloping me, might roll off; repeating the expression again and again, with sighs and flowing tears, but begging at the same time, I think with all earnestness, for perfect resignation to the will of God."

The following letter to his brother T. was written in the latter part of March, at Danvers:

"Whatever be the result of my labors among this people, I must say that yesterday we had a most intensely interesting day. The house was overflowing. In the evening also we were unusually crowded. During the whole day, though I was much troubled with ill health, I enjoyed great freedom in the services. Nor was it less so the previous Sabbath. An angel seemed to come early in the morning and awake me to its duties, and to watch all day at my side. I have, however, never been very sanguine as to receiving a call here. I have met with kind hearts and voices. If the people should give me a call, I am doubtful whether I could accept it. The Lord may settle things for me."

Just as Mr. T. seemed on the point of deciding to accept the Hatfield call, he received a letter from that place, which he denominated *dreadful.* Some of the people were becoming impatient of his delay. *Candidates had passed that way.* To this letter he thus alludes: "I never before suffered such a night as was the one after its receipt. For a long time it seemed to me that my reason reeled. I felt afraid of insanity. It was Saturday night. I preached three times the next day, and in the afternoon the love, the overwhelming love of God, came gushing up all around me, and brought relief."

"April 15. — In my pulpit in the morning, I found this quotation, signed St. Paul: 'Now he that ministereth seed to the sower,' etc., accompanied with a ten dollar bill. At the close of my services last evening, I received a note from a member of the congregation, with grateful expressions for what I had been instrumental in doing for the writer's soul, in bringing it off from a false hope, etc. 30. — The Lord is giving me full opportunity to bring all my Christian graces into exercise. Oh, for faith! Now I feel how very weak my faith is. It is good to be in the hands of God. Amen and amen." He subsequently visited Hatfield, when the *call* was repeated, not however with the unanimity that characterized it at first. It was declined. With reference to these scenes, he wrote his brother T., May 22:

"My gourd is at length wholly gone. It withered entirely away last Saturday morning. Of course you will see that I have been called to pass through a fiery trial. The shock for a while was fearful, but I have now somewhat calmed down, with the thought that the Lord reigns; and I feel that nothing remains but for me to make a moral and religious use of it, as the means of probing my heart the more thoroughly, and of preparing me for that higher and better world, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are forever at rest. I think I have no disposition to murmur at God; on the other hand, at times I experience a soul acquiescence in his will. All things must come out right, if he be my guide. I shall endeavor hereafter to be more prayerful in seeking his direction. It is on this point, more than on any other, I feel that I have failed in duty, though I have at all times aimed faithfully to seek divine guidance. God's bosom is calm and serene — not a wave of trouble ruffles the surface of the vast ocean of his love."

## CHAPTER XVI.

### PREACHES IN MANCHESTER.

It was in July, 1839, that Mr. T. began to preach in Manchester as a candidate. Journal: "July 12. — Am in very poor health and almost ready to give up all exertions. The Lord uphold me and guide me. I cannot forget the missionary field. Shall I go on a mission, are words continually occurring to me. Indeed, last week I commenced a letter to the American Board on the subject, but I did not finish it. 15. — All things on earth are uncertain. Heaven seems glorious. Blessed are its inhabitants; sweet is the work there. O let me hunger and thirst after righteousness and long for the image of my Redeemer to be formed in my soul more perfectly. Let me struggle onward toward the cross. My all, Jesus, I would again and again dedicate to thee. 18. — Arose early this morning and walked until I found a place for retirement. I was almost in despair, but at the mercy seat I found the Lord. His promises appeared precious. I became indifferent to everything except his will. And now with much cheerfulness I see the duties of the Sabbath before me. 19. — Was carried happily through yesterday. The sweet savor of the morning endured till evening, as the taste of delicious fruit long remains on the tongue; and as Milton makes Adam continue *attent* as if still hearing long after the angel had ceased to speak — so delightful were his words. This morning I was troubled with almost irresistible desires for my old studies. In prayer, however, relief flowed into my soul. The love of God was all in all. I longed to be a missionary and felt that I must give myself away to the American Board

whether I were accepted or not, while at the same time I was willing to labor anywhere. The words, 'For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain,' came over me with great force. I desired more of those *chastisements* that should draw me nearer to the Lord. I prayed for the continued presence of my Saviour. 22. — Feel very anxious to visit Palestine, also have pantings after my old pursuits, but pray for resignation."

"MANCHESTER, JULY 23, 1839.

"DEAR BROTHER T: — The kindest, dearest, and most esteemed friend I have ever had on earth, (my mother alone excepted, not here to speak of my father,) has gone to his grave, and is now, I would fain hope, in the presence of his God, singing praise to the great Redeemer. I refer to my uncle, T. Alden. To him, more than to any other person, am I indebted for my education. His benevolence I remember with deep emotion. His kindness and other excellent traits have endeared him to my heart. Lovely and pleasant was he to me in life. I had hoped to see him again in the land of the living, but I cannot. He has met his beloved Stearns.* This dear classmate, according to his own expression, has now, I would fain trust, in connection with his son Samuel, enjoyed the high privilege of ushering our uncle into the kingdom of heaven. I feel that I now have one tie less to bind me to earth; that I now have one motive less to earthly ambition. He was one of those whose good opinion I specially prized, and wished to obtain. There are but few others of a similar influence upon me, in this respect. Let these be taken and what shall I have left on earth? I see it clearly; the glory of God is the only object worth living for. It is the only enduring one. It looks to me more and more strange that any man should seek for the honors of this world. I con-

* Rev. Mr. S. of Bedford, Mass.

secrate myself anew to my Creator. I study to find out a deeper meaning than I ordinarily perceive in the words, 'For me to live is Christ.' When I get hold of this meaning I feel happy. I am then enabled to say, I shall now toil on cheerfully through my threescore years and ten, until my Master come for me. I see it will be great gain for me to enter into the joy of my Lord. O glow of love! Sweet cross, sweet trials, glorious reward. Be strong my dear brother in the Lord, and in the power of his might. Live for eternity. The combat increases, but the prospect of victory brightens. A few more ties severed and earth chains us no longer. The Lord I hope will direct me, I give all up to him. I subscribe myself anew every morning to the God of Jacob."

Under the same date with the preceding he addressed the following to his mother: "Our mutual friend is gone. Your eldest brother is no more. O my friend, my dear revered friend, lovely and pleasant hast thou been to me. Pure was thy heart, and if here and there ambition mingled with thy purpose, yet exalted was thy aim. The Lord comfort you my dear mother, and sanctify this Providence to you. Perhaps it will be your turn to die next. May your lamp be trimmed and burning. I pray that you may be long spared, and yet how pleasant it must be to the weary pilgrim to arrive at his heavenly home! With what glorious hopes are we cheered! a crown, an immortal crown glitters before us."

Journal: "July 28. — Spent much time this morning as usual in the woods in secret prayer; had sweet communion I trust with God. Was very much oppressed when I went out, but divine love soon came to my relief. Thought much of the missionary cause. Shall I go, shall I go! I feel at least in times of secret prayer as if I

could go wherever the Lord may send me. Lord hold me back from all mixture of unholy motives in this case. Aug. 4. — Was seized yesterday with my old craving after literary pursuits. It continued hold of me till late this (Sabbath) morning; but during secret prayer I gained some relief. My hour for this duty has been of late from half-past five to half past six, *in the woods.*"

In the first part of this month, Mr. T. drew up a long paper for the American Board of Foreign Missions, presenting his own case, as it lay before himself, and requesting the opinion of the Board in respect to his own duty. The document is honorable to him as a Christian and as a minister. It is not introduced here, being excluded by the necessary limits of the memoir. It was sent to Boston.

"11. — Sweet communion with God in prayer. Am troubled with something that borders on misanthropy. Feel, especially, during my dyspeptic moments very morose. I would fain have the meekness and gentleness of the gospel. On the whole am gratified that I have sent my letter to the Board. 14. — Animating views of God's glory this morning. I am, however, only a child in respect to divine things. Should I receive a letter from the Board, saying 'Go to Palestine,' my heart would leap with joy. Think I can make myself happy *here*, provided God retain me in this place. Should he keep me wandering over the world, it will indeed try me, but I hope nevertheless to bow cordially to his will. 15. — A tendency to *irritation* is the greatest difficulty with which I have to contend at present. Sometimes I almost despair of ever obtaining a victory over myself in this respect. This more than anything else makes me afraid of becoming a pastor. My only hope is in the grace of God. It is alarming to find the blood of anger and ill-temper so easily gushing up into one's face. The adver-

sary watches for my halting. I am afraid of his wiles. The Lord preserve me from his snares. Just as I was retiring from my woody retreat for prayer, two eagles flew over my head. When directly above me one of them uttered a sound which attracted my attention. Here is the Roman omen of victory, so difficult is it to eradicate superstition and heathenism from our minds. 16. — Yesterday I received a *call* to settle as pastor in Manchester. Know not what the Lord may have in 'store for me, but I enjoyed some sweet spiritual exercises during a half hour of private devotion this morning." Soon after this call he had an answer to the communication which he had sent to the Board. It seemed to the executive committee that in view of *all* the circumstances of his case, that he was called rather to domestic service in the vineyard of Christ. Especially did the state of his health render it unadvisable for him to go on a foreign mission. " 18. — I am this day thirty-eight years of age. The last year has been one of worldly trials, but also I hope one of spiritual attainments and growth in grace. Yesterday I accepted of the call to settle in Manchester." Aug. 21 he started on a southerly tour. On the 26th, he was with his brother R., then a student in the theological seminary, Princeton, N. J. " Towards night I walked out to the graveyard where are interred the college presidents, Edwards, Burr, Finley, Davies, etc. They lie side by side. At the feet of the two former lies Col. Burr, without a monument. I lingered and lingered and meditated in this place of the dead. My thoughts went out to Brainerd's grave in Northampton, and to the trees which Edwards set out there, and I tried to dedicate myself anew to God. During the night a violent storm arose, the thunders rolled and the lightnings flashed. God is great, God is good; trust in him, were my feelings. Philadelphia, Sept. 2. — Some spiritual comfort yesterday, but troubled much with sinful emotions.

Preached for brother Brainerd in the afternoon, and spoke for him also in the evening. 15. — Preached last Sabbath in Alexandria, Va., for Rev. Mr. Danforth's society, and on the enusing Monday visited Mount Vernon." The following is an account of this visit: "As I rode toward the fence, two little negro children who had been playing gladsomely around in the grass, climbed up over it and scampered away. Finding a path running along in a southerly direction, I followed it a little distance, when, coming across some bars I turned back again, and rode up to the gate. A blind old negro woman was sitting by the side of it, who, just as I was about to enter, said, 'You must leave your horse here.' On my asking her who she was, she replied, 'I am placed here to keep people from riding in through the gate,' I had no sooner fastened my horse and entered, than I was met by the gardener, a negro of a very ill aspect, who refused to admit me to view the premises, alleging that Mrs. Washington was absent and that on leaving, she had given orders of prohibition. Luckily for me, Prof. J. Packard, who by marriage is connected with Mrs. W———n, had told me that he had recently spent a week at Mt. Vernon, and at the same time offered to give me a letter of introduction to Mrs. W., only, said he, she is not now at home; nor, added he, will it be necessary, as you will gain access to what you wish to view, just as well without it, through the servants. I mentioned this to the gardener, and told him that nothing had prevented me from taking a letter except the assurance from Prof. P. himself, that it would be unnecessary. The gardener, after a little blustering, referred me to a young black man, whose name was Washington, adding, at the same time, that he was well acquainted with Prof. P., his mistress' cousin; and then, said he, 'Are you of the *same society* with Prof. P.? it would be cruel to exclude you if you are.' No, I replied,

but we are old acquaintances and brother clergymen. Having introduced me as a friend of Prof. P. to the young negro above-named, and obtained liberty for me to be admitted, he called an old negress, and claiming for me the privilege of the usual survey, requested her to show me the way to the tomb. This she did, and then, much to my gratification, left me to find it and indulge in my meditations alone. It was a delightful time for the purpose. The day itself was all serenity, the sky being clear and blue, deeply blue, over my head. I walked along south of the houses down a lane. The Potomac winds charmingly around in front of the premises, and withal exhibits quite a majestic appearance. Nature, indeed, had done enough, but everything of art, on which I fixed my eyes, was dilapidated and decaying. Having reached the end of the lane and turned towards the right, that is, with my back upon the Potomac, I saw the new brick tomb at a short distance before me. At about a quarter to eleven I reached it, and placing myself in front, stood looking in through the two strong iron grates that guard its entrance, — upon the sarcophagi of Washington and his wife, — the position of the former being on my right hand, and that of the latter on the left. I relinquished myself entirely to the moment. I permitted my thoughts to bubble up as they would, and the stream to have full flowing course. *His* actions — the Braddock affair — his first visit to Cambridge after he was appointed commander — his crossing the Delaware — his clasping his neck on a certain occasion and saying, ‘ it does not feel as though it were made for a halter,’ — the Monmouth battle — his intercourse with Lafayette, whom I had seen some years before — his last moments — the remarks of Napoleon respecting him, ‘ there is a great man,’ — the halo of future ages constantly gathering and enlarging around him — the visits which would be paid to this very enclosure

out of deep reverence for his memory, by millions yet unborn — in short, everything which related to him, from his earliest years down to the time in which he received his commission from Congress, (which I had seen but just before, precisely as it was originally tendered to him), — and thence onward to his death, and what ages yet to come shall do to honor him, all gushed in upon me like wave rolling upon wave. It was one of the most interesting moments of my life."

To Mrs. McF.,* of Pittsburgh, Pa., Sept. :

"My dear Cousin : — Your letter was waiting for me at M. on my return. I read it, and wept over it, and read it again. Yesterday I received a long and full letter from uncle I., with additional particulars. I have been melted down again, and I cannot let the occasion pass without dropping a line to you, to express my sympathy with yourself and all the other members of my uncle T.'s family, in this severe affliction. I see, my dear cousin, that earthly ambition is worthless. There is nothing deserving a thought comparatively but the love of God. The image of Christ, formed in our souls, is all that we need. When this is secured we shall be able at all times to say, 'For me to live is Christ.' 'In all my earthly course, I have only to serve my Redeemer, to exhibit his kindness, gentleness of demeanor, and his forgiving spirit. To die will be gain. I shall be with that Saviour whom I love supremely. I shall be in a kind and an affectionate family, never more to be separated from it. My soul shall burn and glow with the flames of ceaseless devotion and love.' — Your letter was the best cordial I could have, after being forced to submit to a severe disappointment in not visiting Pittsburgh and Meadville. It seemed to intro-

* Daughter of Rev. T. Alden.

duce me to the chamber where your dear father died, quite on the verge of heaven."

---

## CHAPTER XVII.

### AS A PASTOR.

Sept. 18th, 1839, Mr. Taylor was installed Pastor of the Congregational church in Manchester. Alluding, on the following day, to the scenes of the preceding, he says: "I have great fear lest my ministry prove a failure. On the whole, however, I have enjoyed a very spiritually comfortable frame of mind, much of the time; also fervor and delight this forenoon in prayer. 21. — It is worthy of observation, how soothing God has in every respect made my introduction to this place. Am afraid of my liability to excitement. It was a providence meriting particular notice, that Matt. 5: 21, 22, should have fallen under my attention the first night after my installation. Some sense of God's presence, and a degree of sweetness in prayer this morning. Already one of my parishioners has gone to the bar of God. Oct. 2. — I would apply myself to the labors before me with all diligence. My feelings are more and more interested in my sacred work." Soon after Mr. T.'s settlement at M., the compiler of this Memoir received the following letter from an elderly lady of that place:

"It is natural to suppose your first enquiry of me will be, what the state of feeling is toward your dear brother? I am unspeakably happy to tell you, that so far as I can

judge, from everything of truth which I possess, he is growing in the warm affections of the church and society, and has been ever since he came to Manchester; and I cannot but think from his untiring zeal and activity, and from his cheerful smiles when surrounded by his listening flock, that the love is mutual; and could you only look into our happy, pleasant conference room, you would not doubt it for a moment. The sheep and the lambs you would behold feeding around him. His dear people you would see hanging upon his lips, and in heart saying amen to every sentence which he utters; and believe me, there never, I think, could be a pastor who improves all his time and talents more devotedly for the edification of his flock, than does your beloved brother. It is now forty-one years since I became a member of the church of Jesus Christ in this place. During that time, I have seen four different watchmen, set upon the walls of Zion here. But I never knew one before in whom the church and people of all characters were so united. Like God's ancient Israel, we seem to be marching on at present unmolested; not a dog is suffered to move his tongue to disturb our onward career; yet it is not because there is nothing done to annoy Satan's kingdom, but for the present the lions are chained, so that the pilgrims pass on safely."

Journal: "Oct. 3. — Spent last night at Prof. Emerson's, Andover. Sweet conversation with him on various subjects. Thanks to God for the cruses of water and the cakes of bread that he sends me from time to time in the dreary desert of this world. Went into my old room at A.; sat down in the rocking-chair for the last time; wept and prayed that all the sins which I had committed during my residence in that room, from its commencement in Jan. 1830, down to my recent departure from A., might be forgiven. They doubtless were many. Now the history

of that period is closed for the judgment day. I prayed and wept, and prayed again; started, lingered, turned, and then went back. Farewell, farewell. O, God is good. I give myself away to him forever and ever. 9. — I begin to be settled down. The tongue and the temper must be controlled. 16. — Some perplexities. Am deprived of praying time, or greatly interrupted in it. The Lord help me. 27. — A lady of my charge died last night. Saw her not long before, and once previously. Feel grieved however that I have, partly through accident and partly through inadvertence, left her, like a forsaken lamb of the flock, so much alone. The Lord forgive me, and make me more faithful henceforth."

"MANCHESTER, Mass., Oct. 28, 1839.

"To PROFESSOR ——. I congratulate you, my dear sir, on your accession to the Professorial chair of ——, in ——. I was asked to give my consent to be chosen to fill the same place. I gave it, *but* ——. I have loved the studies of your department. I am now in heart devoted to them. At times I burn to be wrapped up in them. I have too a *manuscript* by me, on which I have labored eighteen months — but the time with me for *these* sweet studies is now gone. My plans of literary labor are all brought to an end. My Arabic Dictionaries; the Koran; De Sacy; my Klopstock and Reinhard: farewell to you all. I shall converse with you at my leisure no more. I shall only be able to pay you a passing visit, as by stealth.

"Bitter, my dear brother, has been the cup. Some of my hairs have turned gray, while I have been drinking it. But what do I say? The Lord has done it. I deserved the cursing, and calmly will I receive it. I have another field opened before me, and there are kind hearts and an abundance of work here. I love the ministerial office. It takes hold on eternity. If God give me strength, I

shall love it more. Troubled, indeed, I am, from time to time, with ill health. Bronchitis hovers around me. But if the Lord will my prostration, I shall bow without a murmuring word. If he has anything for me to do, I will do it; if not, his pleasure be done. I should like indeed a few gems of immortal souls in my crown, and to shine at least as one of the obscurer stars, among those who turn many to righteousness. I loved also the missionary field, and had thought to enter it, but have been held back. I am a little child, and bow as such to the divine will. My books cheer me, even when I am busy. Sometimes, however, they bring back old and bitter remembrances. But,

> ——— 'God doth not need
> Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
> Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state
> Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
> And part o'er land and ocean without rest.
> They also serve, who only stand and wait.'

Think not, my dear brother, that I have hard thoughts of you, or that I envy you on account of your success. I do neither, but heartily congratulate you, praying that the best of heaven's blessings may rest upon you.

"Yours, in the fellowship of the gospel."

The following letter, though written several months later than the preceding, being addressed to the same gentleman, is appropriately introduced here:

"My dear Sir: — I am sorry to have disturbed your mind, although on the whole it has perhaps proved beneficial, by bringing you to lay open the more secret feelings of your heart in reference to myself, and thus confirming me in the belief that I had before entertained, and fondly cherished, of your perfect Christian honesty in the whole matter. Be assured that I have not one hard thought

in reference to you. If it had depended on me, whether you or myself should have the office, I feel that I should have voluntarily given you the preference. I have no doubt that your linguistic attainments surpass mine. You also probably have less to suffer from nervous excitement than I do. To be sure, I have been compelled to relinquish many favorite studies. Sometimes, indeed, I pursue my old classics. I have been travelling on recently through the twentieth book of Homer. If the Lord need me in them, I shall be called again into *those* labors; if he do not, why should I murmur? I have found a pearl of great price. There is joy beyond the power of description to be felt at the foot of the cross. I am even now in the midst of a powerful work of God's Spirit. Sinners are either trembling around me, in view of the wrath of God, or else rejoicing in hope. My hands are full, my heart too, at times, overflows.

"The Lord be with you in your profession. Farewell.

"Yours affectionately."

To his brother T., Nov. 12, 1839:

"A line is all I can now send. Last Sabbath week was a solemn day here. Twenty-one were taken into the church; many of them I baptized, the Lord's Supper was celebrated, etc. Things go pleasantly, thus far. Am most dissatisfied with myself, so sensitive, so quick to be excited, so prone to variable feelings, so liable to shake the little vessel of blessings, and spill them on the ground. Have not enough of self-denial. Dear T., *what shall I do as to lending books?* I have laid it down as a rule, not to lend, and must adhere to it. I mean, however, by degrees, to collect a little library of books, *for lending*. I have tried to get into the habit of having no interruption, in the forenoon. It has gone well thus far. These subjects both came up, yesterday, in such a way that I was obliged to

declare myself. I shall have most trouble with brother clergymen. They pronounce me *foolish and extravagant*, for purchasing books, and yet they would borrow me to death. I am afraid I shall have to refuse them also. There is not one of them who is not as able to buy books, as I have been. I have foregone the pleasures of many other things for this purpose. Tell me, T., what shall I do in this matter? If I begin to lend my books, there is no end to it, and soon they are scattered all over the world. And yet I am afraid of niggardliness. I would, I think, adhere to the Saviour's precepts. The troubles, indeed, of knowledge and its means, are endless. Ignorance is much more convenient, on some accounts. I pray the Lord to guide me to his everlasting kingdom, and to grant that I may be swallowed up in his glory. I love my people. I love my work. Ambition and old love of books sometimes kindle up and rage and burn within me. But I am ashamed not to love the work of the Lord. 'Simon, son of Jonas, feed my sheep, feed my lambs.' My prominent feeling for some time has been, that I am unfit for the ministry. I have not sufficiently elevated views of it. I am too variable in emotion. My aim, in all my intercourse with my people, is to be governed by plain and established rules, — *rules*, the reasons of which they can see and appreciate."

He speaks of feeling covered with burning shame, on account of his unfitness for duty while in the pulpit Thanksgiving day, Nov. 29; and of struggling for the overflowing love of God, Dec. 14. In a letter to his mother, Dec. 24, he says that things have gone on as pleasantly with him since becoming a pastor, as he could expect; but that he is oppressed with a sense of the great responsibilities resting on him. "You, mother, have much to do by way of praying for your sons and their

parishes. If R. be prospered, ere long you will have him and his people, and then next J. to pray for. You know that I am a book-maker, and what sort of a volume do you suppose I have lately been making? I have arranged all the letters which I ever received from you into one elegant morocco bound volume. I feel proud of it. I have divided the letters into parcels, giving each parcel a Latin title. To this book I resort with pleasure."

Journal: "Jan. 5, 1840. — It is just twenty years to-night since my father died. I am writing not far from the hour in which he expired. Have had a pleasant day. The love of God came gushing into my soul at the sacramental table. I felt that Christ was there."

To a sister, Jan. 6:

"Dear M.: — Mother and I are now like the Jews and the Moors, of whom Capt. Riley speaks, met in a narrow way on the slippery edge of a rock, and neither of us is able to turn aside. As, however, I am the youngest, I have thought it best to apply to you, to act the part of a mediator between us, and so to contrive things that I may at length obtain a letter from her. Yesterday, the anniversary of our father's death, was indeed solemn to me. I have thought of all our family, looking back upon the past, and reading over some parts of my youthful journal."

Journal: "I must stop buying books, until I am out of debt. I will ask God to help me keep such a resolution. I must fast and pray on account of my undue tendency to purchase them, and never again, if possible, go into a bookstore, except to pay dues, until I am out of debt. Feb. 9. — The past week has been one of great trials, and yet of some spiritual enjoyment. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday mornings, I felt much fervor in prayer, and

had light as I believe from God's countenance." Referring to an unpleasant debate into which he was drawn, he observes: "I feel that I have most solemn reason to be ashamed before God and his holy angels, that I should allow such a little thing as was the occasion of this, to endanger my usefulness as a minister of Christ. I am determined to suffer all things in silence for him. 17. — Everything here now appears encouraging for a powerful revival. 19. — The number of hopeful conversions yesterday amounted to eight or nine. I pray the Lord to preserve, if possible, my poor flock from distraction, and to carry on his own work as he pleases. Some of the conversions are very marked ones. I awaked this morning full of the love of God. I have great trials, but firm confidence that he will sustain me. 25. — The room in which the inquirers met last Saturday morning was overflowing. March 3. — The work of the Lord goes on mightily; my room was more than full last evening with inquirers. It is very precious to be in the hands of God. Have great fears as to the genuineness of many of the conversions proclaimed around me. We have hopes of over sixty, that they are born again. — Have heard this afternoon that seventy names have been obtained for the organization of a new religious society in this place. If it be of God, it will prosper; if not, it will fail. My own salary has been cordially voted for another year. I think I feel a sweet resignation to the will of God. 14. — Had a pleasant season alone in the woods in private prayer, before breakfast, striving after perfect conformity, if I understand it, to the will of God. My joy, however, is not high. Indeed I am afraid that there is something between me and the Lord. Perhaps I have too much literary ambition, and arrogate to myself too much talent. Let me be divested of all unhallowed feelings."

To the wife of Rev. Mr. Thacher of Hawley, March 30:

"I hear that you are sick, and probably drawing near to the grave. I sympathize with you, and should be pleased to see you, converse and pray with you. If you are a child of God, your situation is to be envied rather than pitied. To live is indeed *Christ*, to those who enjoy his smiles. All our pains are easily borne when he is sensibly present. Yet I feel that it must be very pleasant to arrive at Home; to realize that heaven is ours, — that we are forever secured from sinning and suffering. I have, as I trust, many friends in heaven, and should like, if it were proper, to send messages to them by you. Whatever fears you may now have, they will depart as you shall dip your feet into the Jordan of death, if Jesus be your confidence. I shall pity your husband and your motherless children; but God can be with them and take care of them. I know not how to let you go, without seeing you. Our interviews, though infrequent and brief, have to me been grateful and edifying. Your *piano* now stands untouched, and you will have to leave it behind; but there is, I trust, a golden harp provided for you in heaven, — that you will find a much sweeter instrument, one not liable to get out of tune. You will be gratified to learn that the Lord has visited us in mercy. His Spirit came like the waters of which the prophet speaks — gradual at first, but constantly increasing."

Journal: "April 18. — Have ventured a little this week into Cicero's classical Latin. Still, I have done it with great hesitancy. Am afraid of wronging the souls of those committed to my charge. May 3. — Sacrament. Some divine light this morning. A glimpse of the Saviour's garments this afternoon at the table. July 1. — Spent much of Monday, P. M., in prayer, in the woods, mourning over past offences. At times, the glory of God

becomes my all. Aug. 7. — I feel as if I would take my people into my arms, and bring them to the fountain of atoning blood. 18. — Am this day thirty-nine years old. I pray that as I grow in years I may advance in holiness, then I shall not be ashamed. 19. — Felt my literary ambition inflamed on visiting Andover a few days since. Awoke this morning at four, and soon after went forth and took my seat on the seashore, where I read 1 Tim. 4 : in Greek ; also Clark's promises for the day. It was an hour of sweet enjoyment. The happiest moments of my life are those before breakfast, which in summer I usually spend alone in the woods. I thought this morning of the missionaries around Beyrout ; war rages there. — Glorious is the coming kingdom of the Redeemer. I must look to my blessed Saviour for guidance and strength. 24. — Much enjoyment, also much of trial, for a few days past. Have a high degree of God's presence, and the consolations of redeeming love. Cannot but hope that the Lord is drawing me nearer and nearer to himself. Had delightful communion with God in secret yesterday morning, and likewise this morning. 'How precious are thy thoughts unto me, O God ! How great is the sum of them ! If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand ; when I awake, I am still with thee.' Sept. 21. — Yesterday was the anniversary Sabbath of my settlement. To me the day was solemn, and apparently it was so to the audience. Hitherto hath the Lord helped me. Christ's love seems to grow richer, and to become more and more precious. The Lord glorify himself in me and through me among this people. May he forgive all the sins which I have committed the year past, and when my time shall arrive to be removed into eternity, may he grant me a home in heaven."

Mr. T. being invited to attend the ordination of his

brother R. in Shrewsbury, N. J., addressed the following letter to that brother, Oct. 1840:

"If you come to the ministry with hearty good will to serve Christ and suffer for him, then welcome to the work; you shall have my right hand of fellowship and my prayers. It is the noblest of causes, the noblest of works. O, that I were better qualified for it, in patience, in endurance, and in all the duties of the ministry. I love my work, I love my people, but go on with trembling. The promises of God cheer me. They are all yea and amen, in Christ Jesus. I desire to be with you at your ordination, but know not that it will be possible."

To the same, Nov. 10:

"I have just been thinking of you. It is the day of your ordination. I shall be with you in spirit, I trust, though absent in body. You are going to take a responsible charge. What a work is the ministry! How dependent is the pastor for his happiness upon others, and how obliged to independence in behalf of the truth! And yet it is a glorious work. I would not exchange it, except at the will of God. There are precious promises to support us, and angels ever on the wing to bear us up in their arms, lest we receive harm. O! for more faith; this is all we need — a sweet confidence in the God of all truth and grace. I would endeavor to obtain a higher sense of my own responsibilities, and would resort constantly to the throne of divine grace for aid. The Lord be with you, my dear brother, this day. Be wholly devoted to your profession. Look continually to heaven for guidance. Look not for ease, nor for great things of a wordly nature. Seek for spiritual blessings, and leave the rest with God. Welcome, my dear R., to all the cares and trials of the gospel ministry. You will find a

yoke in them, but it is Christ's yoke. He lays it on us, and he will help us bear it. I present you with my right hand of fellowship. The Lord bless you. Amen and amen."

Journal: "Nov. 10. — Yesterday was election day. We have of late been full of politics. I have taken no part in the election. In some former cases I have voted, but as often refrained from it. I see much in both parties which I must condemn. I have, as pastor, a tender relation in this place to both political bodies, and must often condemn them both, and mediate between them, and ever strive to bring them to Jesus. I cannot find that the apostles were much in the habit of meddling with these matters. 27. — Thanksgiving. Spent the day pleasantly, I fear however not with sufficient spiritual fervor; was too much involved in secular studies. Brother Tappan, the poet, preached for me. Dec. 16. — It has often to-day seemed to me that last week the old adversary, with a whole regiment of his demoniacal companions, pitched their tents in the midst of us. 22. — Am miserable without the full flowings of the love of God. May he grant me the forgiveness of sin and the light of his countenance. 29. — On entering my room this morning after breakfast, a gush of love and holy confidence in God came glowing into my soul. I had great need of it, in consequence of various trials. This love cured all. I felt strong; I rejoiced in God. Precious is the promise, 'Lo! I am with you,' etc. Lord, make me faithful unto death. Jan. 4, 1841. — I am now in the midst of an anxious series of events as regards the parish; the Lord keep us; the Lord preserve us to his everlasting kingdom. Had some light yesterday; some beamings of grace, mercy and love Felt, however, much of the time, as I do this morning, the weight of a cold and heavy heart. Am praying for

the light of the divine countenance. The advancement of Christ's cause will, at all times, as a general law, create commotion and cause division. I would lie down at the foot of the cross. 15. — Thursday evening attended a meeting at——. Mrs. ——, poor woman, took up her cross and spoke before me. Some of these converts will come out badly in the end. Those who boast now will fall by and by. I cautioned them against deception. 24. — I see that the church here will go all into pieces, if the Lord do not stand by us. The cause is his, and I must trust in him." He refers here to the zealous efforts of sectarians to divide his church and society, in both of which were materials for division. "I am afraid that I am so unworthy a pastor as to deserve to be forsaken of God. 25. — Have at times felt more confidence that the Lord will order all right. 26. — Am now passing through the valley of the shadow of death in regard to *isms*." 27. — He became acquainted with two or three new cases of hope in Christ, by which his spirits were greatly animated. "The above circumstances wholly changed the aspect of things. I could rejoice in the Lord. Still, can it be a Christian spirit which leads our brethren to do exactly what gratifies the devil and all his infernal crew? There must be something unhallowed about them, or they could not adopt *such* measures. My church and myself are willing to put up with what results from whim or eccentricity, if it do not injure the gospel. I protest before God, that I am not conscious of any lack of charity. I am more and more convinced, that the idea of uniting the different classes of evangelical sects into one body, is a perfect chimera. It cannot be done, till the spirit of God burn up all the dross, and melt the pure gold together."

To his mother:

"I am just at present in the midst of vexations, of

which I cannot see the end. Not from any distractions among my own friends, but from the efforts of the —— to crowd themselves into this place, and to divide a hitherto united people. I go to my knees and endeavor to repose on the Almighty, but do not find that permanent support which I desire. What the Lord has for me, I know not; my present feeling, however, is, that it is an early grave. The shocks of a troublesome world are too terrible for my enfeebled frame. The adversary seems to have among us an unwonted length of chain. A minister's post is no easy one to defend; his office is no sinecure. I ought certainly to rejoice that God reigns — that Jesus is on the throne; but unbelief troubles me. The Lord be with you, dear parent. Prize your quiet home."

Journal: "Jan 29. — Yesterday, the meeting at Mr. B.'s was one of the strangest that I ever attended. I feel upon the whole a calm state of mind. The words, 'If on my head for thy dear name,' etc., rushed sweetly through my mind, while the speakers were insulting me. I cannot believe that God will leave us as a church. Feb. 10. — Two —— ministers in town. Sea and land must be compassed to make one proselyte." With these interfering sectarians he was frequently coming into contact, and by them the quietness of his soul was often seriously disturbed. "11. — I pray that under these circumstances I may be preserved in the fear of God, and made faithful and useful in the path of duty. See increasing reason to stand aloof from —— as a denomination. Prayer is my resort; I look upward, and must do so continually. March 28. — Sabbath eve. Felt quite ill to-day, though the services have been solemn during the day. I pray for resignation to all the allotments of Providence; and above all things, for a spirit of prayer; to be deprived of this is dreadful. April 6. — News has just reached us of the

death of President Harrison. A solemn event. 14. — Have been much troubled of late with sinful thoughts. Set apart this day for prayer and fasting on that account. Was interrupted, and closed with the forenoon." Under date of April 21, speaking of deep depression in his spirits, and specifying several causes, he adds: "O, let me be devoted wholly to God. I have nowhere else to go but to him. Lord, hold me in thy hand. Lord, I run like a little child to thy blessed arms, and supplicate for patience. Tears are my relief — Jesus forever reigns. 29. — Awaked this morning poor in health; bathed in cold water, then walked out into the woods, and endeavored to lay myself down at the foot of the cross. I found the promises of the day, as arranged in Clark, very pleasant: 'In all these things we are more than conquerors,' etc. I did not get glowing comfort, as I sometimes do, but I could not avoid thinking the Lord looked favorably upon me. On my returning, feared that I do not love souls enough. Tried to breathe forth prayers for all my dear people. Thought I could carry them to Jesus Christ in the arms of love; yea, I could take the bitterest enemy I have on earth, and bear him there. Said to myself, O Lord, I love thy word; I love my work. I only pray to be wholly devoted to it, and for strength to perform it. Or if I must suffer, I pray for grace and patience to endure aright. Felt afraid that my sufferings arise from a want of sufficient devotion to my work." As he was walking out, he met a young man, who was soon to start with others on a fishing voyage. "Prayed for them all as I left him. May 3. — Had some glimpses of the divine countenance yesterday. Was, however, after the sacrament, in great darkness, which still remains." 26. — On changing his boarding place, he remarks: "I took leave of my former room not without emotion, and would enter

my new quarters in reliance upon God. It is pleasant to consecrate them and myself to him."

Mr. Taylor deeply interested himself in the Sabbath School. When on a particular occasion he noticed some who had been members turning away from it, he entreated them not to withdraw. On their persisting he left them much grieved, saying to the superintendent, 'We must do for such persons, so much, that we shall be able to appeal to our fidelity should we meet them on their dying beds, and shall be conscious that we are free from all guilt.'

"July 17. — Much tried last evening with the thinness of the Sabbath school teacher's meeting. I had a most distressing evening; I could hardly proceed. I came home and went directly to my room, and in agony prostrated myself on the floor in prayer. Am quite unwell to-day. Had some vertigo this morning. I stagger along. The Lord lift upon me the light of his countenance. 18. — Sabbath. Weighed down greatly this morning by a sense of my own unworthiness. Had also unusual views of the holiness of God. The pulpit seemed to be an awful place, standing between heaven and hell. Some comfort in preaching. 25. — Was almost exhausted after meeting but felt the sweet influences of the love of God. 27. — A poor day yesterday, health very bad, nevertheless I went around, making various calls, endeavoring to comfort the sick and sorrowful, the nervous and deranged. Had a long conversation with ——— on the subject of temperance. All was pleasant but he will not sign the total abstinence pledge. *I am sorry.* So it will be for the present. We much need his help, but must try to get along without it. Aug. 1. — Sabbath. Preached a sermon in the forenoon on the death of Rev. Mr. Emerson, former pastor of this church. The last thing which he read before his sudden death was a piece of my poetry. 18. — Am this day forty years of age. Not much have I yet

accomplished for the honor of God. Have devoted the day to prayer. Sept. 1. — Spent the last night in Boston and had strong desires in the night for entire consecration to God. On my way toward Andover to-day, was very desponding while in the car, yet in silent thought found comfort in committing my soul to God. 5. — Sabbath. Communion day. The Lord I feel has been with me. Enjoyed the love of the Saviour, I must believe. Long for blessings upon the church. Was some afraid, however, while preaching this afternoon that my sermon was cast a little too hard. There were four funerals here the past week."

A person having made strictures on his preaching and other pulpit performances, he wrote thus in his journal:

"What a result should I reach were I to be governed by these remarks. The Lord help me to stand firm and perform my duty. This is my prayer. God has been greatly helping me by his providences." He was permitted about this time to attend down to the valley of the shadow of death one who called him her *dear minister*. The scene, though deeply affecting, was full of sweet satisfaction. Other occurrences of heavenly interest he records, and observes: "Thus the Lord sends me here and there some drops of consolation. 9. — Received a very gentle hint from another quarter that my afternoon sermon last Sabbath was severe, while the forenoon one was praised. There is something striking in the above fact. I have recently preached two close sermons to impenitent sinners respecting their living on the faults of Christians. Of these, I hear no special complaint, but as soon as I speak to cold-hearted or lukewarm professors, they are startled and offended." Near this time he was informed in one of his morning walks that an individual had died very happily during the night. In regard to the event he says: "I could not help bursting into tears. It is good

to converse with those who live on the borders of eternity." Early in October he visited his mother. Of the journey he remarks : "I have had some religious comfort on my way hither, but at times am much troubled with the want of gentle Christian feelings." The following letter was written to her from Heath, Oct 13.

"DEAR PARENT, — Various little circumstances conspired to disturb the tranquillity of my thoughts on leaving you yesterday. As a consequence my farewell was not of that sweet and soothing character that I could wish whenever I part with you, feeling as I always do that our next meeting may be in the world of spirits. I had intended to commend you to the grace of God in a short prayer, and to have some religious conversation with M—y. Hard is the attainment of that quietude of soul which the Christian always needs. I felt the sad nature of our farewell for a long time, nor have I yet got over it. I thought of it in the night and said it was a poor one for a last one. I had, however, some cheering conversation with dear Mr. T. on our way. We met a goodly number of the brethren in Charlemont. Mr. T. and myself conversed till very late about the things of the kingdom. He is a choice Christian. I love him. The more I have tested his heart the more I have found it beating with love to God. I arose early this morning to ascend the mountain to Heath. Mr. T. and I prayed together. I had endeavored to ask God's blessing on you and M—y. A heavenly calm of soul began to return. Most delightful was the ascent of the mountain. I passed out of the shades of night into the beams and radiance of day. Objects around me grew brighter and brighter. O glorious is the kingdom of Christ. Pray dear mother for your son that he may attain unto that perfect serenity of soul which comes from resignation to the divine will. Thanks to

M—y for her few farewell lines; I cannot but feel that there are stores of mercy and grace for her in Jesus Christ. I was about closing, yet the fear again comes that our interview was not sufficiently spiritual. Dear mother, if we are true believers we shall soon be together in paradise. If anything I have ever said to you has hurt your feelings, throw the mantle of maternal love over it."

---

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### PASTORAL LIFE, CONTINUED.

"Oct. 19. — A sweet conversation with brother Andrew Lee." Under the same date he describes an occurrence which grieved him greatly. "It is not a matter of wonder that under such circumstances I was much awake and often groaning the last night. I have, also, had experience of divine consolation. Jesus says he will never leave nor forsake his disciples. 24. — Sabbath. Had this morning very great weakness of body, prostration of mental power and of religious feeling. Have some desires for true resignation, but no permanent peace and love. 26. — Just as I was closing a letter to my mother this morning, a little past nine, it was announced to me that Mr. Lee had been thought dying all the night. At once I hastened to see him, but he had already gone, having expired a half hour previously. In him I have lost my right hand man, my spiritual companion, my kind and gentle counsellor, my intimate friend; the person on whose prayers I depended more than upon those

of any other person in the church. I could unbosom my whole soul to him. I could refer scoffing opposers to him as one who lived up to his profession, as an Israelite in whom there was no guile. I had a comforting interview with him yesterday in the forenoon. On parting he said: 'The Lord be with you.' May I so live as to meet him in heaven. O, how shall I come out at last? shall I so fight as to win? Nov. 2. — Felt as if the heathen were crying out at our very doors for the bread of life. A shuddering came over me as I thought of our coldness on the subject of missions. In the night I lay awake thinking of this matter and engaged in prayer for myself and church relative to it. 4. — Had some longings after religious things. A sweet time in writing my sermon. 12. — During most of this week have been in great spiritual darkness, full of temptation and destitute of prayerfulness. Yesterday, some returnings to a better state of soul. A pleasant afternoon and evening in pastoral visiting. This morning more heavenly light begins to shine. 14. — Sabbath. Very sad in the morning; felt as though I could not possibly pray. Soon after relief came, when the spirit and resolution of prayer seemed to rush upon me from heaven. Prayed against a cold heart in religion; against liability to anger; against worldly ambition; the sin of buying books; a disposition to complain of men; against a proneness to distrust God. Found sweet delight in the promises. 22. — Unable to sleep; Sabbath night I arose between eleven and twelve to read my Bible and to pray. Gained some relief from anguish of soul." He was obliged to pursue the same course the next night, supplicating for himself and people.

Being located on the seashore Mr. T. was frequently called upon to sympathize with those whose friends died on the deep or in distant ports. Returning from a funer-

al one day he was summoned to see a family that had just received intelligence of the sudden death of one of its members, a young man who had died in New Orleans. The mother was almost distracted. "For a while she seemed absolutely to refuse comfort." But having soothed and prayed with that family, he left them and directly heard that a poor widow woman had just lost a son at sea. He found this mother more distracted, if possible, than the other, but was enabled to quiet her also.

"30. — News came last evening that Mr. —— had died at New Orleans. Notwithstanding the storm, I went down at once to see his family. They had not heard the news. I prepared the way as well as possible; yet when I came to say *your husband is no more*, this was cutting the great artery. Dec. 7. — Monthly concert last evening. Pained to hear that some of the absent church members were at a *social party*. 11. — Saturday morning, five minutes before three. Have just returned from the dying scene of Miss ——— to which I was called a little past twelve. The room was filled with young people. She took me by the hand and in the most affectionate manner remarked: 'What you said to me about attending the Sabbath school was not lost.'" Mr. T. had some time previously advised her not to attend *a dance*, to which she was invited; she now declared that her mind had not been on it, she went merely to please a friend. "I asked her after having remained some time, if I should leave her; she replied, if duty calls. Her mind was calm and Jesus was apparently her joy. Thus the faithful minister is constantly receiving his reward. Let me prove faithful. Lord, help, help. O for grace, for entire devotion to my work." After the death of this young woman, he says: "I have thought how different my feelings are from what they would be had I failed of fidelity to her in the matter of dancing, and had I heard from her dying lips

accusations of my unfaithfulness. Jan. 2. — Sabbath. A serious and solemn day. Had much inward peace and comfort. Felt anxious about my afternoon sermon. Tried to mingle kindness and love in every part, also to base everything on the Bible, so that all the fault found with me must be found with that. 5. — Twenty-two years have passed since the death of my father. 18. — About half past eleven was called to visit a dying member of the church. She took me by the hand and began to speak immediately of the love of the Saviour. He was precious, very precious to her, was her sole refuge."

To his brother T. and wife, Feb. 8 :

"You both have reason to complain of my long silence. We have had constant sickness among us. The winter here is a time of great excitement, besides, my own health is very miserable. I am constantly subject to seasons of great nervous depression. We have no general revival but cases of particular interest. As to myself, sister C., I feel the need every day of a kind-hearted wife to sympathize with me and help me to bear my burdens, though I am comfortably provided for as a single man."

Feb. 26. — Being much tried by certain unpleasant events he exclaims : " O that I had hard, enduring nerves, but I have not. Help me O God by thy grace. Enjoyed some sweet comfort this morning in the thought that the arms of the Eternal are around his children, especially his ministering servants when they are faithful. March 26. — A time of fearful temptation. Lay awake last night some time in prayerful struggles. This evening some new light. O I see *him* again, and he says, When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the floods, they shall not overflow thee."

Finding that some poor people were behindhand in the

payment of their parish taxes, he privately gave them about twenty-five dollars. It being intimated that it might be necessary to sue certain neglecters of salary assessments, he declared that he would sooner leave Manchester than that any one should be sued on his account. "April 7. — Some divine light and assistance. Gave away to-day five Bibles to the children in the eastern district for their punctuality in attending school. 11. — God seemed to strengthen me all of yesterday. 15. — Have lately published an article in the Biblical Repository, on Augustine as a sacred orator. May 6. — I have this evening been examining myself in prayer before God, and endeavoring to search out my deficiencies. 31. — Am not conscious of remissness, but people are unusually disposed to find fault with me." At a date somewhat later than the one just named, he writes: "The Lord seemed to come down and take up his abode for a while with me. I had long desired his presence, without finding it. O, the sweet savor of his grace."

May, 1842. Written from Boston, Anniversary week.

"Dear Mrs. L.: — Dull care jumped on board with me, as old Horace says, when I got into the coach to leave Manchester. The world around was dead to me, and I was dead to the world. My poor harp was unstrung and broken. The company of Rev. Mr. N., however, much cheered me, and then at Salem I met Mr. L. and some other friends, and since at Boston friendly countenances and kind salutations have brought me somewhat to my sensations. What aroused me still more yesterday was the sermon by brother S——s, which was a firstrate one. It brought up before me my solemn relations as a pastor, and prostrated me for a few moments in tears, in secret prayer at the foot of the cross for help, in reference to the dear people of my charge. I feel to-day much re-

stored and quite cheerful. My religious emotions have returned. During an interval of the exercises, I visited to-day the trial of Jesus, composed of twenty-three wax figures, full size, in oriental costume, which had some good things. The crown of thorns was not so well done. The countenance of the Saviour was placid, innocent, but somewhat anxious. By-the-by, a number of these wax figures, as I am told, were displayed not long since to represent entirely other characters, in the exhibition of the last supper, — so easy is it for the *same* figure to represent a Peter or a Judas. I also have visited Ruben's Descent from the Cross, as repainted by Bryant, of New York. It is an interesting performance, illustrating several points. 1. That a painting should resemble a bunch of grapes, everything naturally grouped together. 2. That a painting should be in the pyramid form, that is, have the appearance of strength. 3. There should be a harmony of colors. Painters, we are told, use but three colors, all others being made by a combination of these, certain colors making as much discord to the eye, when combined together, as certain sounds do on the ear." After a full report of some highly interesting addresses from missionary brethren, he adds, " On the whole the gospel and the ministerial office magnify themselves before me more and more, and press heavily upon me. O for more health, and stronger faith. I would fain visit Paradise and then come down to earth after having been filled there with the flames of celestial love. We are not doing enough in M. for the cause of Christ. We do not, as a church, *burn* and glow with divine love. The love of God is the most excellent of all things. Yesterday A. M. after sealing my letter to you I went to St. Paul's to see a baptism performed. There were thirteen present to be admitted to the church, Mr. S. and wife among them. I was interested in the exercises. The thought passing through

my mind at the moment, that notwithstanding *their* external forms, *we* are all one, if regenerated in Christ Jesus, particularly affected me. The drapery is of little account. What matters it how a man dresses beyond the mere convenience of local customs. A man is a man let him dress how he will, a la Françoise, a l'Anglaise, a la Turque, or in any other way, and so those who have the spirit of Christ are his disciples however they may worship him. I called on Mar Yohanna. The *Mar* means Saint. It is applied only to bishops, however, and would, perhaps, be rendered by our words, Reverend, or Right Reverend, or perhaps Dr. as well. While with him I learned through Mr. Stoddard a piece of orientalism. The brother of the emperor, the Shah of Persia, has recently died, as has just been learned by letters from the East. No one dared to tell the emperor of the event. A painter was obtained who painted the emperor's brother as dead, and then the picture was presented to the emperor who immediately understood it and fainted away. What could have been more delicately done? and then this was truly oriental."

Journal: "July 9.— I have always felt that the blessing of God would rest on me as a parish minister, only so long as I might be solemnly devoted to his service in the secret purposes of my soul, and in the consecration of my heart to the ministry." 24. — After narrating certain events, which greatly tried him, he remarks: "The love of the Saviour came over me, and it was around me when I awaked. I trust I feel its influence still. The promise, 'Lo! I am with you alway,' has a reality in it for the children of God. Aug. 10. — A week ago last evening, my brother T. and wife arrived to make me a visit. They left here yesterday morning, and I accompanied them to Salem, introducing them to friends, and visiting with them various objects of curiosity. It has been a pleasant, a

most delightful season. Thanks to God for friendship. 15. — Parted with my youngest brother. He is now in his senior year at Amherst College. Some of my parishioners have dealt very generously with him. I have had religious comfort of late, and yet great discomfort. My body is feeble, my temper irritable, and my spirits desponding. It is all a warfare. Mercies surround me, yet trials beset my Christian course. It is doubtful whether I reach heaven; though the Lord, who has done much for me, can do more. 18. — My birth-day. Worked on brother Lee's Memoir. 21. — I arose at midnight, and laid my case before God, and again a little after four, betook myself to my secret retreat on a hill in the woods, where I am concealed. There I confessed my sins, and prayed unto God. Rejoice in him, O my soul; lean on the arm of omnipotent love. Sept. 8. — Have been this week to Andover. Met brother Edwards, and told him I would not change places with him. I have a poor nervous frame, and must make the best of what I am, the grace of God helping me. My soul — as Leighton has described the human heart — is full of wild beasts." During this month, he attended the meeting of the American Board in Norwich, Conn. Under date of Sept. 14, he says: "Yesterday in the afternoon, and especially in the evening, found much comfort in the Scripture statement, 'If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father.'" The various sessions of the Board he greatly enjoyed; speaks of being much affected, when it was announced, that at the sacramental scene there would be room for none but communicants. After he had returned to his home, he states that more than once he had felt the love of God, which seemed flowing into his soul, while at N., and that he took sweet refuge in the words of Scripture just quoted; furthermore, that he often consecrated himself anew to the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. On

his way home, he called upon a brother clergyman, in whose study he thus wrote : "I would pray thee, O God, if it be possible, to grant me a double portion of thy grace. I am very weak, and at times pressed to the earth with a sense of my unfitness for the gospel ministry. O, nail me to the blessed cross. Let my whole soul be imbued with thy Spirit. All covered with sin and shame, I lay myself at thy feet, adorable One, and if a year from this time shall find me in the world of spirits, may I be with the Redeemer."

After returning from N., he wrote thus to his brother T. and wife :

"You left Norwich too soon, to hear the best. The exercises of the last hour and a half were the keystone to all the rest. I am sorry you felt obliged to leave. Indeed, all was good. I preached on the subject of missions last Sabbath. Some I presume thought me severe ; I can, however, in review, think of nothing to take back. Oh, my whole trouble is to walk with God. Sin, sin rules in this mortal body. What ennobling prospects Christians have before them, if they will but live in Christ, and labor for him. How, O how shall we gain the victory over the world ? Every day, every moment, in respect to every thing, I find constant need of living by faith on the Son of God."

Journal : "Sept. 25. — Sabbath. The Lord appeared to assist me. On closing the services, I had a momentary feeling of sadness and discouragement, when immediately before the congregation had left the house, and while I was in the pulpit, the Saviour seemed to whisper in my ear, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.' Gushing tears of joy succeeded. They had not yet dried away, when as I was going out, a church-member

met me, and giving me his hand, asked, 'Where have you been to be thus kindled up?' I love the missionary cause more and more. May I learn to live in the exercise of a stronger and more simple faith on the Son of God. Feel guilty that I have labored so little in prayer for the salvation of the souls of my people. 28. — Am anxious to live nearer and nearer to Christ. Pained to find so little interest in the Sabbath-school; also to perceive a great want of it here in the cause of missions." In October, he speaks of calling upon Miss Purbeck, the wonderful sufferer of Salem. "Her kindness of voice, her patience, and her exalted resignation and love, are almost miraculous. How much grace can do for us! Came home yesterday; was received with great kindness and marked attention. Very special pains have been taken to soothe my feelings. I have observed these attentions, and with weeping prayer besought God to reward my benefactors. Oct. 19. — Not long since, a sermon which I preached on missions excited great commotion. I had my friends and supporters, but some thought me overbearing. Last Sabbath in the afternoon, I gave my views of Millerism — against it, as a matter of course; and since then, I have heard as much said in my praise. I find, however, that a broadside of commendation is much more dangerous for a Christian than opposition. 20. — Awaked this morning with a strong tendency to hurry through or to omit the duty of prayer. So, then, because of a little unguarded sinful wandering, merely in thought, I have lost my roll, and must go back, and do my work all over again." 27. — Speaking of a great struggle in his mind, he adds: "I felt, however, an inward call to pray, and deliverance came; the love of the Saviour flowing down into my heart and filling it up. 28. — Christ appeared unusually precious all the day. 29. — Sought in my morning devotions for the divine presence,

as I had it yesterday, but was burdened with hardness of heart. Nov. 4. — Returning Saturday on foot from the association at Gloucester, enjoyed some sweet views of divine things. Lay awake for a long time last night, praying for the return of God's presence, but remain in darkness; have grieved the Holy Spirit. 7. — Still in darkness. I mourn the absence of the Spirit, and groan out under the pressure of a hard and heavy heart. Caught sight of the Saviour yesterday at the communion table, yet only as by the distant glimpses of his garments, once as he passed along. 23. — My piety seems all gone. Dec. 21. — Last Sabbath I had great enjoyment in the divine presence, which continued for some time into the week. The Lord compensated me for my severe external trials by internal consolations. Heard lately Rev. Mr. Knapp, Baptist, preach in Salem. His discourse contained all sorts of expressions: some pathetic, more ludicrous, and exciting laughter. I do not think that he is a very profitable preacher; he did not make a solemn impression on me. 27. — Was alone in my study last evening, meditating on salary difficulties, when the Saviour afforded me his presence. I feel this morning a calm reliance on him for the future. Jan. 1, 1843. — A most solemn and trying day. During the week past, my soul has been in trouble on account of a salary transaction. — It cuts the cords of sympathy between me and my people, to find they are willing to have me lose so much. It unnerves me, and destroys the power of affection. But the fact that I think so much about it, makes me fear that I have not been a Christian; have not been preaching for the glory of God. What a day of tumult it has been! I have had no light, — though struggling in prayer, have not been able to get near the throne of grace. A sad way to begin a new year. 2. — Was exhausted this morning from the services of yesterday. Again in this

state of weakness, *that* money affair comes up. I care more for my gold than for all these souls! How unworthy to be a minister! How little devoted to Christ! I have no light from the Lord's countenance! All, all is darkness. 9. — Some light from on high. 18. — Appearances of a revival. At an evening lecture many wept. But just at this encouraging juncture, in rushed sectarians, and threatened to spoil the work. 22. — Sabbath. Was greatly assisted by the Lord. A revival has commenced with power. 26. — Feel very weak, and inadequate to the mighty work and the difficulties with which I am surrounded. The field opens widely and urgently. Within me are trials of sin and without are fears, but the work is the Lord's; I lay hold of the precious promises. Heaven is just at hand, if I prove faithful. The revival grows exceedingly promising for the Sabbath-school." Such was the fanaticism of many at this time, that Mr. T. feared ruin might come upon his Society. "I must stand in the Lord; there is danger on all hands, but he reigns. 29. — Some very hardened sinners have, during the past week, been hopefully converted. There are, however, I can plainly see, among the noisy class, many false blossoms."

At the time of Mr. T.'s settlement, a few individuals agreed to pay him one hundred dollars yearly, in addition to the stipulated salary of the parish. The following note was addressed to them, Jan. 28, 1843:

"GENTLEMEN: — My ideas as to salary concerns have not altered at all since I was settled as pastor in this community. For several months past, however, it has been a time of great pecuniary embarrassment in this place, and it still continues such. Under these circumstances, I have thought it might subserve the cause of the Redeemer, to remit the $100 due me from your subscription, for the

current year, commencing with March 18, 1842. Accordingly, I cheerfully relinquish all claim to the fifty dollars due me on the 18th of September last, as also to the fifty dollars which will become due on the 18th of March next, making $100, as above. May this act, when examined by the eye of an impartial Judge, be found to have resulted from a purpose to seek not yours, but you; and prove to have been the means of advancing the work of the Lord, so happily prospering at the present time among us. Gentlemen, I remain yours with high esteem."

By a similar act, he yielded the same amount the following year, and subsequently, it is believed, he received no part of the extra hundred dollars.

To his brother T., Feb. 2:

"I embrace a moment to say, that for two weeks past we have been in the midst of a revival, with all its scenes of joy and sorrow. We have had great joy and severe trials, being constantly in perils of false brethren. Millerism and almost every other *ism* are here. I have to hold myself ready every day to be dismissed. Pray for us, and especially for me, that I may be faithful, standing firm in Christ."

Journal: same date. — "Have had some sweet seasons with God this morning; but must hold myself ready to be dismissed suddenly. Yet the Lord has helped me thus far, and I trust that he will sustain me. I cannot fellowship *these* errorists. 5. — The love of God seemed to overwhelm me. Was almost overcome with it at the breakfast table and at family prayers, and just ready once or twice to break forth in tears and expressions of its boundlessness. 8. — I have to stand firm like a rock in the midst of billows. Christ is my only refuge, and he does at times smile upon me; though to-day I am greatly

in the dark. I hold myself in readiness so far as I can, from day to day, to leave this place. I cannot act independently in any other way. 16. — My spirits sink at times under trials occasioned by fanatical efforts, but for the most part I feel the Saviour specially near. There is a solemn awe in our meetings, as if God were present, and so there should be, we feeling as did Elijah when he wrapped his face in his mantle. I do not encourage the young to speak, so much as the errorists do." After specifying some of his perplexities, he adds: "How appropriate in these tumults do I find the divine promises." Few communities of the same size could furnish more material for unhallowed fire to feed upon than did Manchester at this period. The church contained a great mixture of characters. Sectarian zeal of the lowest order found countenance in many who belonged to the company of professors. "21. — Commenced the day with strong endeavors after God, and spent much of the forenoon in confessing my own sins and those of the church; also prostrating myself in prayer and resignation. Received comfort from above. Had encouraging interviews with young converts. 26. — Sabbath. Obtained some light and fervor in prayer before going into the sanctuary. After meeting, was exercised with longings for divine light and deliverance from temptation. Feared, on reading Dr. Humphrey's pastoral conversations, that I may have failed to give clear and appropriate directions to inquirers. Was greatly affected in perusing an article under the caption, 'Why should the work stop?' Felt scarcely fit to preach the gospel. 28. — The last day of winter; had some choice moments with God in prayer. Wanted to be delivered from sin. Had been for several days mostly cold, but was to-day refreshed. March 1. — Yesterday it was reported that a comet had been seen near the sun; the Millerites were somewhat alarmed. This afternoon had pleasing conver-

sation with young converts and inquirers." In the evening he was tried by disorderly conduct in a prayer-meeting, also on another account. "Came up to my room, however, and falling upon my knees, divine light burst upon me. 3. — The Lord appeared to be in very deed with me last evening. Jesus was exceedingly near and precious. I felt in danger of spiritual pride." As the time of the annual parish meeting approached, he received various hints of a painful nature concerning salary, and was much perplexed. "5. — Sabbath. Awaked greatly worried with the subject of last night. Found it hard to exclude the topic from my thoughts. At family prayers, however, divine love came in floods over my soul. I was almost in an ecstasy for a while. Felt happy in baptizing the three taken into the church. 9. — Almost sunk down with discouragement. Had an unpleasant conversation on salary matters. 10. — Am collecting statistics to show that my salary is by no means extravagant. Propose to go through all the surrounding parishes of the association, collecting facts bearing on this subject." When the meeting of the society came, with its exciting and for a while discouraging proceedings, he says: "God seemed to spread his wing over me, and to grant me cups of his own cordials. 16. — Felt this morning as though I had been wounded by the church not standing firm. Still I rejoice that things have come out so well. Am cheerful in God. How often have the words been in my mind of late: 'Man would swallow me up.' Have thought much too of Bunyan's pilgrim. He must keep in the middle of the road, for then the lions chained on each side would do him no harm. 17. — The sweet idea of a parish of my own seems about at an end, and this too after a revival. 18. — Much depressed to-day in view of what has been done. I shall not, however, think of leaving Manchester so long as the Lord plainly makes it my duty to remain. April

4. — Last Saturday and Sabbath, also up to the present time, have been oppressed more than usually with a sense of my sins; feel ashamed before God. 28. — I seemed to have the judgment-seat before me all this morning. The text about contending earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints, has presented itself to my mind with such force, that I must take it up for the next Sabbath." Numerous were the collisions with which he met at this period, both within and without the church. He observes: "Mine eyes are to the everlasting hills for help. May 3. — Half past eleven in the evening. Had retired to rest, but have arisen again, overflowing with the precious love of the Saviour. No language can describe the sweetness of the sense of redeeming love, which I have just passed through, and in the savor of which I now find myself. To pray and weep and praise, has been all which for some minutes I could do. I would not for the universe have any other will done than the Lord's. I would not have a single stain of sin upon me. I desire to melt down in the glory of the Infinite. It is amazing whence comes this wonderful glory of divine things. Why should it thus flow down into a miserable worm? O! the wonders seen in a few moments in an interview with God! All is well; all is well; to bow to thy will, Jehovah, is bliss."

## CHAPTER XIX.

### PASTORAL LIFE, CONTINUED.

"April 6.

"Dear Brother T. and Sister C.: — Your last should have been answered long before this, but constant labor has prevented. We have had a strange winter, — all sorts of things; yet the Lord has been with us, in a most emphatic sense. Ninety we hope for as converts, within the Sabbath-school. Others I have not considered thoroughly converted. Nearly fifty of the young were in my room at one time, many of them drowned in tears. I shall look back upon the winter as a wonderful one. We have had bitter trials, indeed, but grace, I trust, has abounded. My health, until lately, has been better than usual. I have had a bad headache since yesterday, but I wish to converse with you a little. I have realized this winter, I think, more than ever, the truth of the Hebrew proverb, בְּהַר יְהוָֹה יֵרָ֖אֶה in monte Domine, providebitur. The end, indeed, has not yet come, in all respects. I have a comfortable feeling, however, that we shall come out by and by to where daylight shines:

'Deus haec fortasse benigna,
Reducet in sedem vice,'

as Horace says; or to quote a part of the same thought, in the beautiful language of Virgil:

'Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit,'

or has not Watts expressed the same thing in a far higher sense:

'There on a green and flowery mount
Our weary souls shall sit,
And, with transporting joys, recount
The labors of our feet.'

Only in regard to *his* last idea, there will be this sad thing, *we* shall probably have had so little trouble, that we shall be found altogether unworthy to associate there with those old soldiers of the cross who are all covered with scars, of whom it will be said,

> 'From tort'ring racks and burning fires,
> And seas of their own blood, they came.'

'How many glorious soldiers of Christ,' said the dying John Reinhard Hedlinger, 'I go to meet in heaven! Alas! I have done very little in this world. All my labor has been but an infant's sport, in comparison with theirs. How shall I dare to mingle with those heroes of the faith, — I who shall enter the celestial abodes as a thing immature.' "

Journal: "7. — Sabbath. A solemn and interesting day is before us; thirty-four are to be taken into the church." 12. — He received a letter summoning him to what was supposed the dying bed of his mother, and went as soon as possible to see her, not knowing when he reached her habitation whether she were living or dead. "I opened the door without knocking, and there was T. on one side and his wife on the other, holding mother's pillow, while some of my sisters were administering to her wants. Her countenance was ghastly. The first thing she did was to utter an exclamation of joy and spread out her arms to receive me." Several days he passed at his mother's and in the vicinity; on leaving her, he observes: "I am now, as I fear, about bidding her adieu forever. We hope she will recover; she is, however, very weak, and her disease, probably, deep-seated. She is calm and resigned; full of distrust of herself, yet possessed of much real humble trust in God. I return to the field of my spiritual conflict. I long for the divine presence. Quarter of five, P. M.; have come up stairs into my mother's little chamber to offer here my last

prayer for the present, and perhaps forever, that the blessing of God may rest upon those of the family whom I am to leave here, as well as upon those who are far away. Sung to mother the hymn, 'Guide me, O thou great Jehovah;' conversed with her, exhorting her to turn her eyes away from herself to the amazing love of God; to turn the telescope around and look through the other end, since if we look on our own demerits exclusively, everything is discouraging. With this thought drawn out somewhat at large I parted with her." He passed the night following, with Rev. Mr. C., of Ashfield. "Took a walk in the morning before breakfast, and prayed, but was in great darkness." While stopping a little while at a sister's in South Deerfield, he retired into a neighboring grove and sought in supplications the divine smiles, but found no relief. From D. he went on foot to Amherst College and visited his youngest brother. Here he says God's face was greatly hid. "25. — Arose in the night and prayed; prayed also in my bed. After that had some sweet sleep. Have endeavored to look upwards this morning; would not go a step without God; long for his presence; only ask to be swallowed up in him." Returning to Manchester May 27, he was in mental distress on several accounts. "Felt overwhelmed with a kind of horror lest I had done wrong. Jesus, however, has seemed to whisper peace in my ear. His work looks lovely. I desire to engage in it. June 12. — Feel still a burning desire to be absorbed in the glory of God. I endeavor to bear my people before the Lord for a blessing. My prayer is that he would prosper his own cause here, removing every obstacle out of the way, even if it be myself. July 2. — Preached on the Catechism in the forenoon, its history, etc. Had felt some anxiety on the subject. Was cold most of the time. One glimpse of heavenly light at the beginning." Aug. 10. — He attend-

ed commencement at Amherst College. "It was a solemn and interesting moment to me when my brother J., the last of the widow's four sons, walked up to the president with six others and received from him the degree of A. B. I could not wholly restrain my tears. Spent the evening at Dr. Humphrey's; thanked him for what he had done in educating my three brothers. 18. — My birthday; am forty-two years of age. The Saviour appeared very near in the morning; at the breakfast table, however, found I was very irritable; resorted to prayer for relief. Aug. 31. — Spent much of the time in prayer this morning. Felt inexpressibly unworthy, my sins opening in deep gulfs all around me. It is certain that nothing short of Almighty power can ever save me, drawing me as a brand from the burning. While I was in the pulpit felt as if the thunderbolts of heaven might justly fall upon me." Early in September we find him deeply distressed in view of his nervous irritability. "I almost feel as if God would find it necessary to do up his work with me here on earth very soon. Life is with me all the way along a *Waterloo battle.* How little most people know of these fearful conflicts. Not to feel miserable is at times wholly out of my power." For some time he remained in great horror of mind. When delivered he says: "The Lord had given me premonitions that I had a dreadful scene of temptation to go through. In the midst of it everything seemed against me. Twice or thrice I opened the Bible to these words, 'Behold your house is left unto you desolate.' Now the Saviour is very near and his love exceedingly precious. I shall not die but live. O how dreadful the frown of God! I have seen hell before me; I have had a glance at its flames, and they are indescribably dreadful." During September he journeyed to Saratoga Springs, Schenectady, New York, Hartford, etc.

To the wife of his brother T., Saratoga Springs:

"SCHENECTADY, N. Y., Sept. 19, 1843.

"DEAR SISTER C.: — May I burden your ear this morning with my complaints? You have ever shown yourself very kind — perhaps it may relieve me for a few moments. I came away from Saratoga in a storm. The lightnings played around the engine as the carman told me, and they, as I saw them, flashed through the sky most vividly, while the thunder was heard at times in crashes above the noise around me. The storm, however, without, was comparatively nothing to that which was within me. I thought the waters of S. had helped me, but now fear otherwise. My sad dyspeptic state did not relax till near nine o'clock last evening, when I began to feel better. I have it on me, however, this morning; all seems hopeless. Nature is cheering and bright and everything external is at present adapted to animate me, besides I have a comfortable hope in Christ, and many dear friends. Withal, I regard it as one of the most pleasing incidents that I met with you and your sister at the Springs. At family prayers this morning, the arms of Infinite Love seemed around me, and they do so still. O, what a Saviour! Can a mother forget? yes, she may, yet will I never forget thee. I have graven thee on the palms of my hands. — These *dyspeptics* are the most miserable of beings; they grieve the Holy Spirit; they try the patience of their friends, and prey upon their own souls. Friendship they desire and seek, yet repel every friend. They are good for nothing in company. How I have served you this morning! I thought I would send you a *bouquet*, and of what have I made it? Of thistles, deadly night-shade, wolf's-bane, poisonous hemlock, etc., when I might have selected roses, lilies, nymphæas, tulips, dahlias, and all that is fragrant. I am like those enchanted persons in the Arabian Nights' Entertainment, who

find themselves transformed into irrational animals, who have all the feelings of their humanity, with nothing but the incapacity of the brute. Were not those Arabs dyspeptics, that is, those who invented these stories? But I am growing brighter and brighter; I hope I shall conquer this demon, yet."

To the same, dated Springfield, Mass.:

"Soon after writing you my last, I made various calls on old friends in Schenectady, and came to Troy the same day. On the day following, I sailed down the Hudson river and the scene was to me enchanting. I cannot describe it. The only thing resembling it, that I remember ever to have seen, was an exhibition of the Enchanted Island. Yesterday, I came from New York to Hartford, taking tea with Mr. Gallaudet — in whose family I was a boarder some years since — and enjoying a short interview with Dr. Hawes. Nothing has been wanting to render the excursion delightful, but better health and a greater proportion of congenial company. Yet I have enjoyed the society of quite a number of very entertaining and distinguished individuals. At present, the day is truly fine, and I feel much better than at any time since I left you. Were you here now I should certainly be quite sociable and chatty. A curious scene occurred as we were passing through Windsor Locks. A woman was brought on board, apparently lifeless, and then another, and yet another. The last two seemed either lifeless or deranged, and the other not much better. Soon after a deranged, emaciated man was brought on board. These four were the fruits of a Millerite meeting which had been held in the vicinity for about a week past. I went down into the cabin among them and they hailed me as a *brother*. They were going up soon to meet Christ, and I should go with them."

To the same, dated Manchester, Sept. 27:

"What friends I found waiting for me on my arrival home — one letter from your husband, two from M ——, and two from yourself with some others, *seven* in all. It was especially kind in you to take me so affectionately by surprise. I met with a serious accident, shall I call it, on returning from depositing a letter for you in the post office at Springfield. I lost my ball of Saratoga battle-ground memory, which you gave me while we were together near *that field of blood*. After entering the cars, also, I saw more of Millerism. One of its disciples swooned away in a fit soon after he embarked. I was grieved on reaching Beverly and finding I might just as well have remained another week with you at the Springs that I had not done it. My people had obtained a good supply for the ensuing Sabbath. Sectarians, however, have made an attack upon us. I had a private interview with their leader a few days since and told him that as I did not think the gospel was preached by the Millerites, I should have no objections to his attempting to proselyte *them*, but it would be entirely wrong for him to endeavor to divide *my people;* to attempt it would exhibit a bad trait in his own character and in that of his denomination; that we all ought to rise infinitely above such contractedness. How much faith the Church needed when in the midst of heathenism, and how much less does she need now? Her enemies are at present more subtle, though not less numerous. My spirits were good on my return, and so continued until a nearly empty parish treasury brought on a dyspeptic fit and completely drove away sleep and rest, but good aunt L., with tears and prayers says, all will yet go right, repeating, What is that to thee, follow thou me."

Letter to his mother, Oct. 16:

"Trial upon trial comes thick and fast. Yet there is a rock which no billows can touch, an anchor which never

breaks, a pilot infallible. If we have the Christian hope, if we are affiliated to God, all is well. How many clouds come thick and fast over the believer's *little heaven;* but far off, in the horizon, methinks I see a piece of sky, the openings of eternity, the dawnings of bright glory. I hold on to the Christian hope. My trust is in God alone. I have no confidence in anything which is merely earthly. If I have anything, it is my Saviour. If I long for anything, it is his image. If I thirst for anything, it is for the living fountain of God's infinite love. I lay myself down at the feet of Immanuel. I take repose under his wing. I have destroyed myself, but in him is my hope. If I am a child of God, then angels are around me, and will bear me up in their hands. O! to be devoted to his service, to be wrapped up in his glory."

Nov. 8, 1843, Mr. T. was married to Miss Mary Cleaveland, of Topsfield, Mass., daughter of the late N. Cleaveland, M. D. It would be improper to dwell on the influence of this union, farther than to say that it was most happy on him. He was wont to speak of his *wife* as "*the precious gift of his God to him.*"

Journal: "Nov. 19. — Our first Sabbath together at home. I began the day with heavenly emotion, but wandered away in the course of it from the fountain of heavenly truth. I forget the giver in the enjoyment of the gift. 28. — Have just come up to my room to prepare for thanksgiving. Mercies surround me. Dec. 31. — The last sun of 1843 has just gone down behind the hills. The past year has been one of unusual blessings to me, also one of great sins on my part. My mind stretches forward inquiringly into the future, asking where this day twelve month will find me."

Jan. 21, 1844, he spent at Hamilton, by exchange. On

his way thither, on foot and alone, he became very sad and solemn in view of eternal things. "I felt that I had sinned against the holy angels and the spirits of just men made perfect in heaven, with whom I hope to associate after death, all whose affections are kindness, forbearance, tenderness and love. I felt that I had sinned against my blessed Redeemer, who died for me." At H. he read in the life of President Edwards, and also in some other impressive work. "I felt myself unworthy to be a minister. I greatly feared that Christ would turn me out at least of my present situation, on account of my unworthiness; yet it seemed to be a great and exalted privilege to preach the gospel. When the hour of morning service arrived, I arose and went to the sanctuary, thinking that God had conferred on me an unspeakable favor by allowing me another opportunity to proclaim his truth."

"April 5.

"Dear Sister M.: — Yesterday was our *Fast-day*, and I preached on Capital Punishment. This is an age of tearing in pieces — *the wisest generation that ever lived* — knowing far more than the antediluvians, who continued on earth 900 years, accumulating knowledge. They know so much — the young satraps of the present age — that their fathers knew absolutely nothing. For my part, I have no sympathy with this sort of feeling. I have no idea that our fathers were fools; nor do I believe that we are the men altogether, and that wisdom will die with us. Why should all things, civil and moral, be so fluctuating? The sun rises and sets just as it did 6,000 years ago. The springs bubble up the same, and the same also flow the streams. There is no new way of getting to heaven; the one of which Bunyan speaks is the way cast up by Christ, and pointed out by his apostles. Let me walk this *old road*. I always come out badly, when I take a new one.

Some years since, when I was teaching Hebrew at Andover, I was invited to preach in Newburyport. It was in the spring when there had been thaws, and when there was snow still on the ground, which was hard in the morning, but soft usually during the day. If I returned in the best and most beaten road, I must pass through a turnpike gate; with a horse and chaise this would cost me something. And yet I wished to get back early to A. to hear my class, on Monday morning. There was another way, I was told, just as near. I was in haste, to be sure; but thought there would be little, if any hazard, in taking the latter. I could inquire as I should pass along. But soon I came across a doubtful road; I took it, but it became worse and worse as I proceeded; it led me into a swamp. I met with snow-drifts, frozen so hard that the horse could not get through them; and also a brook, almost a river, the bridge planks being swept away to some distance down the stream. I must either go back a dreadful route, turning round in a place of almost impossibilities, or repair the bridge; which last I did, bringing the planks back. To shorten the story, I at length became disentangled and reached home; but from that time made up my mind always to take the turnpike, and pay the toll, when I wish to make haste. The new-road and toll-saving theologians and politicians will, I think, come out no better in the end than I did."

Journal: "April 14. — Sabbath. Awaked early, and betook myself to prayer. Found my thoughts tumultuous, and experienced much difficulty in getting near to the throne of grace." At this time he was again subjected to a harassing salary difficulty. "This is perhaps the last Sabbath that I shall be here as pastor. The 46 psalm is my refuge, and yet I cannot get nigh enough to God. 15. — Walked soon after rising. The parish matter lay

upon my mind. May 17. — Sat down yesterday to plan a sermon on the doctrine of the *decrees;* found trouble and knew not what to do with them. To-day the doctrine came over me with great interest, and brought joy with it."

Letters to his wife, written at Boston, May, 1844:

"Looking at Allston's Belshazzar yesterday, I was struck with his Daniel addressing the trembling king, (while the anxious queen-mother looks on,) pointing at the same time towards where the hand is writing, and the luminous characters are shining. He is tall, erect, independent, majestic, severe, awful — you feel that he is the man of God, not afraid of kings or their courts. The rest of the painting is harmonious, as far as I can read it. In the background appears Nebuchadnezzar's image set up. There are the tables and the servants, among whom are pious Jewish damsels. There also are the disappointed and amazed magicians. The queen attracts by her appearance of fixed and absorbed attention. It is, however, the noble form of Daniel that stays by me. It brings his goodness and firmness at that corrupt court immediately before me, with the words, 'O, man greatly beloved,' and makes me long to become like him. Goodness can be painted, if thunder cannot. I visited this painting again in the P. M. — but enough.

— "I had been invited to attend a prayer-meeting. I had, however, heard much of the powers of the violin, especially in connection with the performances of Paganini. I could then hear a distinguished man, but would it be proper? *I concluded to go.* I found not Ole Bull, but Vieux Temps, with his sister and the Misses Garcia. I was struck with the skill. The Garcias sung most delightfully — the words were Italian. Generally, however, there was nothing but the music, which without words, to me,

has no soul. The house was thin, and the audience mostly foreigners. I was impressed more and more with the danger of city temptations. I spent my time in ruminating on the folly of man. I asked myself, have these persons souls? Oh, how hollow these things look to me! As I came home, the prayer-meeting flashed across my mind. I thought also of the portrait of Daniel, whom I had seen standing firm at the court of Babylon. On the whole, though I condemned myself for going, I thought my motives were good."

Journal: "Monday, Nov. 11. — Voted for Mr. Clay against my feelings, for I cannot approve of his slaveholding and duelling; but knew not how to do better for the time. Did it on the same principle that I would employ an *infidel* to make me a piece of furniture. Dec. 31. — The last day and evening of the year; a year of mercies and of sins. Jan. 1, 1845. — Met new-year's day not without spiritual comfort. 7. — For some time past have felt quite anxious about the state of religion in this place, and have endeavored to prepare the church to spend the first Monday of the month in prayer. 18. — Thought that I had a quite good sermon when I went to meeting this afternoon, but on my return felt as though it was worthless and had produced no effect. 20. — Spent nearly half the day in calling upon mourners. 21. — A solemn day in our family. Mother Cleaveland died this morning very suddenly. She sat up a little later than usual last evening, in order to finish a book, the second volume of Newton's works, which she had been reading with great interest. She retired to rest in usual health and spirits, and awaked in the arms of her Saviour. Her death was the easiest possible, the mere stopping of the pendulum of a clock. There was only a sigh; no groan or convulsion. When I was on the point of marrying, it

was with fear that I consented to act the part of a son to her. I soon found, however, that I had with me in her a most invaluable prize: so pious, so pleasant, so heavenly. I have never felt more sure that a person had gone to glory, than I do that she has gone there. My mind dwells upon the desolation I or my wife should feel if one of us were to be removed, leaving the other behind. 23. — 10½ A. M. The coffin, with the remains, has just started for Topsfield. This last parting has taken hold deeply of our feelings. How have I sympathized with my dear wife, during this tender scene of trial! Her mother's memory is embalmed in my mind beyond what I can express. I think of her only as with her Saviour. Farewell! dear departed one. 24. — We are to start this morning for Topsfield. The Lord be with us, and especially with my dear wife. Evening: returned from the funeral. 25. — Evening: we have thought much of mother at family prayers. Brother J. arrived, and his presence cheers us. 26. — Sabbath; a hallowed day. Was reminded of the hymn which I sung a week ago to mother. 28. — Wrote several obituaries of mother C."

To his own mother, Feb. 6:

"I send you this morning a paper which contains an obituary notice of our mother C. Her removal from us was very sudden. She had been unusually well for three weeks previous to her death, if such it could be called. On Saturday evening she conversed with her daughter on the desirableness of ever spending that evening in serious preparation for the Sabbath. Regretted that it had not been her uniform practice through life to do so. Sabbath day she was reading most of the day in the works of John Newton, also listened to the reading of my sermons for the day; was with us at evening prayers, and when we sang the hymn, 'What is life,' &c., her kindling eye

expressed her interest in the sentiment. Monday evening, she sat up till nine, to finish, as she said, the volume of Newton, which she had read in course, and having completed the last leaf, committed herself to the arms of sleep. She rested through the night. About five Tuesday morning, I knocked at her door to arouse H., who slept in her room; and soon after H. had arisen, mother was seized with a slight spasm, such as she had been subject to for the last three or four years. We were called, and in a few moments were at her bedside. It was, however, only to witness her departure — in a single gentle sigh her soul was breathed away. She never knew what it is to die — she lay down to sleep, and awaked with Jesus. We are left drowned in tears. We feel the vacancy. She had bodily infirmities, a spinal difficulty, and deafness, but always was cheerful, and devising some good deed. Everything selfish seemed to have vanished from her. She was ready to give away everything for God. Heaven filled her soul. She was the gentlest spirit I remember ever to have known. I have been acquainted with her sixteen years, and so far as I could judge she was always such — she lived near to God. I did not think it possible she could have entwined so closely around my heart, during the short time I have sustained towards her the relation of a son. She was borne, as we have not a doubt, on angels' wings to heaven. We gazed after her, weeping for our loss, and wanted to follow. To my wife, who has been always with her, and the prop of her declining years, the bereavement is great. It draws *us* nearer to each other. Our tears have flowed together. Farewell. Your affectionate son."

It was Mr. T.'s rule to visit all his people once a year, and to call faithfully upon the sick, the anxious, mourners, etc. "March 18. — Yesterday I made fourteen visits,

and offered ten prayers. Learn with deep regret that I have been elected one of the school committee this year. April 1. — Have found that there had been much feeling in the church because I would not unite with Mr. W. in a funeral. What! I unite with a person who ridicules the doctrine of the Trinity! 29. — Have just passed through another severe trial about *salary* matters, but all has ended thus far as well as could be expected. I considered myself for a while dismissed. The Lord however stood by me. For some time I feared that the keystone of all my labors was about to be knocked out; that the wicked would triumph over me and the church, trampling us under foot; but the Lord has appeared for us."

"WORCESTER, April 16, 1845.

"MY DEAR WIFE: — I write this at brother ——'s. I came right up here last evening, and said to him, 'I have taken the same liberty to come and see an old friend, that I would like to have taken with me.' He had just returned from N., where he had been called to attend the burial of a sister. His wife still remains there. His house was in process of cleaning, painting, &c. He however welcomed me in the most cordial and friendly manner to such things as he had, and such fare and lodging as he could give. We have had a pleasant time. I shall not now think of returning until next week; probably shall spend the Sabbath in New Haven. Of course I feel solicitous to hear the result of to-day's meeting in M. I almost feel as though it *would* be the closing of all my labors there. If it end *badly*, then my work falls to the ground. I have, however, a state of calm emotion; I hope, of confidence in God. I thought of the prayer-meeting last evening, and spoke of it in the family. I have endeavored to carry the church to Christ, and to go to him myself, this morning. Oh, the value of the church! It was for her sake Christ suffered

and died. It is for her we must submit to indignities. I feel that my heart is clinging more and more closely to the church. Your affectionate husband."

To the same, April 27:

"Having made my purchases yesterday at Boston, I went to look up Mr. W. I had heard of his being in the city, and when I was at New Haven, had taken up in a bookstore, 'The Goldmaker's Village,' which I had translated for him several years since. I wished to know whether this was my translation, or a new one from some other source. I found him quite ill — exceedingly emaciated. Before I came away, I told him there was one point, a delicate one, about which I needed information. It was as to his *means*. I had heard of his poverty. He frankly told me he had nothing for more than a month ahead. I said I would send him five dollars, for then I had them not. He expressed great gratitude, and observed that perhaps God had sent me to him as a Christian friend; that he seldom heard the voice of prayer, etc. We talked of religious hopes and fears, and prayed together, when he told me that he could not accept of the money which I had offered him, as he was living at great expense, and it would go but little ways, and it was unfair and apparently unchristian under such circumstances to take anything from me; he would, however, sell me five dollars' worth of books. I looked over his books, but not finding anything of consequence that I wished, came away, telling him I would call again before I should leave the city. I hastened and borrowed of Mr. C., our stage-driver, a five dollar bill, and returning to Mr. W. pressed it into his hand, telling him that I could not then take any of his books, but might some other time. We had further conversation on the subject of religion, the love of God, the necessity of looking closely into the human heart, etc.

When rising to come away, a Miss or Mrs. R., his deceased wife's sister, entered. I said, 'I am glad to see you have such kind friends;' but he whispered to me again, calling me to his bedside, 'I cannot take this money, brother Taylor.' I took it back, and bade him farewell."

Journal: "June 15. — Preached, with great comfort to myself, on little children being brought to Christ. 18. — A desponding day. My spiritual enemies try me, and my Christian course is a hard one. Have been endeavoring to-day to get strength for the performance of a poor weak resolution. July 13. — Awoke last night about midnight, and the Saviour seemed sweetly to visit me. 18. — The winding up of a lovely visit from brother T. and wife." Near this time he was requested to take part with an errorist preacher in dedicating a new cemetery, but he utterly refused to do aught that would imply his recognition of the man as a gospel minister. He however delivered an address on the occasion. "How painful to find Christians so little attentive to principle. Have felt a pleasant calm most of the day in the love of God. The Saviour appears very near to me. O, how much I need his aid! Thanks to God for the joys and mercies of the week past, with all its trials. Aug. 3. — Preached all day on the observance of the Sabbath. 12. — Preached again on keeping the Sabbath. Hear of its being broken all around me, in every way and manner. 19. — Things among us grow worse and worse, as it regards religion. I must turn over a new leaf respecting prayer, devoting at least half an hour to it before breakfast. All my hope depends on God."

## CHAPTER XX.

### PASTORAL LIFE, CONTINUED.

In August, 1845, Mr. T. was elected a corresponding member of the New England Historic Genealogical Society. Having attended the meeting of the American Board of Foreign Missions in September of this year, at Brooklyn, N. Y., he thence visited his brother R. in S., N. J., searching out places of antiquarian interest in that vicinity.

Journal: "Oct. 29. — Have just gone through a most affecting scene. M. A. C. was long the head teacher of our infant Sabbath-school. Nearly two years since, she was married, and removed to St. Louis. For some years she had entertained a hope, but did not make a public profession of religion till she united with the second Presbyterian Church in St. L. Recently while suffering much from ill health, she reached Manchester in company with her husband and other friends. She has a pretty babe about three weeks old. It was reported to me this morning that she was dying, and I hastened to see her. Her hearing was poor, and her speech affected, she being scarcely able to utter even a whisper. I prayed with her and she clasped her hands together in the attitude of prayer. By placing my lips near to her ear, I could make her hear me. At length she called for her babe. It being carried to her, she took it into her arms and seemed engaged in prayer. Catching sight of me as I stood a little back, she beckoned me near. As I approached her, she took my hand and laid it on the infant's head. I soon perceived that she desired me to baptize her babe there in her presence. When I inquired for the name by which it should be called, she first placed her hand upon her own breast,

then marking out the size of her brother W., she made us understand that she desired to combine a part of her own name and a part of his. I then offered an introductory prayer, baptized the babe, and concluded with prayer. It has been the most solemn and touching scene that I ever witnessed." This lady died not long after the above occurrence.

To his brother T., Dec. 16:

"Irreligion abounds more and more among us, and to myself the gospel of Christ and the hope of eternal life become increasingly precious. Oh, the glorious hope of the Christian; the inexpressible richness of redeeming love! Strange that objects of worldly ambition should ever be brought into competition with the treasures of heaven!"

Journal: "31. — I close the year in circumstances of great mercy; but it has been characterized by many sins on my part. During it I have buried a dear mother-in-law. O! to be devoted to God most perfectly. Farewell, 1845, till I meet thee and thy account at the judgment. Jan. 1, 1846. — Have had to-day more softened religious feelings than usual, and more comfort. 17. — Spent a day lately in the Historical Society, Boston, collecting information concerning the early history of the church in Manchester. My heart is exceedingly hard, but I have longings for divine things this morning. 21. — Anniversary of mother Cleaveland's death. 22. — Thursday eve. Have visited forty-five families in four afternoons."

"JAN. 25.

"DEAR SISTER M—Y: — Notwithstanding the fatigues of the day and a severe cold, I am constrained this evening to attempt a reply to your letter. The strains in which you write seem like those which come from some

harp hung upon the willows, and whose strings the wild winds put into motion. Would to God, my dear sister, I could relieve you of your sorrow — but I cannot. Sin is a burden that lies upon all the children of Adam, and sooner or later will make them groan out in anguish of spirit. From this burden there is no deliverer but Christ. I cannot possibly help you, nor can any of the human family. You must not even turn to us for relief. You must look to God alone through Christ. Your only hope is in the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world, and he is ready to relieve you. Believe in him, and the work is done. Go to him, and he will receive you. His word is pledged to this. Trouble yourself not at all about the decrees of God. With these you have nothing to do. They are God's rule of conduct, not yours. All you have to do is to go to Christ, and be assured he is inviting you to himself. His language to all is, 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him and he with me.' — 'If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.' You find in the Bible a promise to this effect: 'Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you.' Lay the word of God open before you at that promise, and placing your finger upon it, plead with God for Christ's sake for the pardon of your sins. Do it over and over, giving up all to him to be his forever. Keep nothing back. Do it feeling that eternal life hangs upon the issue. Be assured, if you fail of relief, there is something you do not give up. Oh, how happy would it make me to hear of you as at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in your right mind!"

Journal: "28. — Have been confined at home this week thus far by a cold. Am ill also in other respects; but the love and glory of God have been at times very

precious. It seems that the Lord will come and bless us with the presence of his Spirit." Speaking of a sick Christian brother, Mr. T. observes: "It is a feast to go and see him; as a general thing, we close our interviews with prayer."

To his sister M—y, March 10:

"DEAR SISTER: — I have not time to write much, but being anxious for your spiritual welfare, I cannot forbear asking whether you have not found your way to that precious fountain, that spring of living waters? Has that heavy burden broken off, and fallen into the Redeemer's sepulchre? Oh, my dear sister, thousands and thousands of the mightiest burdens of sin have vanished out of sight in that blessed tomb, and I am certain it will hold yours. Will you not behold the Lamb of God? How you wrong him by staying away from his feet, and refusing his love. O! come, my dear sister, and cast yourself upon his mercy, and all will yet be well. For this prays your affectionate brother."

To the same, March 24:

"Sitting down to meditate this morning, your case comes up before me, and I feel renewed anxiety for you. There are times when I seem to find my way to the river of God, and walk along its banks, and sit down under the shadow of the Almighty. O! how precious then, and how free, appears the love of Jesus! How vile it seems not to fall at his feet, and give up all to his service! And now, M—y, I ask again, have you yet opened your heart to the Saviour? Have you yet bowed to his blessed will? Are you willing to have him rule and reign, and do with you as seemeth him good? The fault must be on your side; there is nothing but mercy, glory, justice and love on his. We love you, and pray for you."

The meeting-house in Manchester, which had been closed for months to be remodelled, was dedicated anew on the 9th of April. The pastor preached on the occasion, and an original hymn prepared by him was sung. A new and very encouraging era opened in the history of the society in M., on the reöpening of their sanctuary.

"April 22.

"Dear Brother T.: — You will rejoice to hear that we are occupying again our sanctuary, and that every thing relating to it has terminated well. So judging from the old Greek proverb, we have been blessed: '*Coronat opus finis.*' I am now laid under greater responsibility than ever. People flock to see the meeting-house, and to hear the *organ;* and of course I ought to preach more faithfully. On the first Sabbath of our return, my mind reverted instinctively to our Saviour's preaching from rocks, in mountains, on the sea-shore, and standing on the decks of boats; also to our brethren at the West, and elsewhere, who are subjected to great inconveniences. If such comforts as we enjoy, be for the furtherance of the gospel, and the alluring of souls to Christ, we should rejoice in them. If however the tendency of them be otherwise, they are worse than in vain. Ministers always have trouble enough around them or in prospect to keep them humble. The *nodus* of the equation may be removed out of one part into another, but cannot be entirely *eliminated* away. I have thorns in the flesh, which have tried me not a little for some time past — a pain in my side, with a sciatic tendency. I find a stern opposition within me between sin and holiness, and that the latter may overcome there is required the heavy tug of war."

To Mrs. McF., Pittsburg, Pa., April:

"Dear Cousin: — It was in some respects painful to

hear that your son had chosen a military profession. This fact was rendered more so by hearing that he was engaged in the Texas matters. Being myself by birth of the old Federal party, I have been opposed to the whole Texas transaction, from beginning to end; and now the prospect looks strong for war. Saturday brought news that the two armies are within sight of each other, and yet, — forgive the suggestion of anything painful on the subject. — There is a point beyond which a parent cannot go in controlling the destinies of a child, after he has arrived to years of personal responsibility. It is cheering in these matters to feel that there is a God, who hears prayer, and can direct everything for the best. In the meantime, let us not forget the most important theme of all — 'Mizpah,' *the motto* on your seal. It contains a delightful and appropriate sentiment. 'The Lord watch between me and thee.' Our course is onward, onward! We shall soon be in eternity! May the Lord indeed watch over us, and to his name we will give the glory."

To his brother T., May 15:

"We regret very much to learn from your last of the continued ill health of sister C. You are indeed tried, but God doubtless intends the trial for your good. It is difficult without some experience to be able really to sympathize with the suffering. Besides, we know not how much evil there is in our hearts, till we have been tested by affliction. It is one thing to love a being who is always doing us good in such a way as to make us happy *now*, and quite another to love a being, however much we may be assured of his good will towards us in the main, yet who at present seems to delight in trying us. The most important part of religion consists in submission; and the clearest proof that we can give of discipleship may consist in quietly *waiting* on the Lord."

Journal, same date: — "Am in some respects passing through a cloud. My own health is quite poor, and my dear wife is confined to her room, sick. Within a few days I have had at times a most horribly rebellious spirit; but this morning I enjoy a calmness which I trust results from faith in Christ."

From Hawley, June 29:

"My dear Wife: — Soon after my last letter to you, I left Charlemont. On my way hither, I saw a pretty little building, about as large as a lawyer's office, by the road-side, and was told it is occupied as a study by a young man about twenty, the son of a shoemaker. I wish it had been convenient for me to give him a call. I have since been informed he is an exceedingly interesting young man. I am also informed of another young man who is anxious to get an education, and has done what he can towards it. Thus you find mind everywhere bursting forth among these hills and mountains, like the springs that give rise to brooks and end in rivers. Mind dwells amid mountains, and loves the lofty scenes of nature. What little mind I have was derived under God from the hills of this town. Had I been *born* among them, and not on the sands of a Cape, I am not certain but I should have had more talent. And again located as I am on the level of the sea-shore, I am afraid what of mind I have will die out. My brothers, sons of the mountains, must outstrip me as a matter of necessity. Indeed, man seems to be very much of a vegetable, depending greatly upon the side of the hill, and the nature of the soil where he grows. Plains and valleys are not the nurseries of genius. I have been to the old homestead, surveyed the spot where stood our log-house; the deep trenched brook running by it; the flourishing orchard which has grown up around it; the avalanche bank with the spring gushing out of its side,

whose waters so often refreshed me. I searched in vain for the rose-bushes that grew by our door; and plucking a few currants, left the place with fond, tender regret."

Journal: "July 11. — Awaked a few nights since in great distress of mind. Hell seemed open before me, and its flaming billows rolling at my feet. Directly the love of the Saviour came gushing over me. He appeared to stand at my side, putting his arm under me and uttering words of consolation. How precious did he then appear; his grace how rich; my sins how great!"

In the early part of August, he was called to part with a prominent member of his parish, who had followed the sea for years, and who often had been in great peril, and was at least once wrecked. This man, though not a professor of religion, had been a warm friend of his minister. His death was sudden and heart-rending, it being probably a decided case of the Asiatic cholera. Speaking of the effect of this gentleman's violent sickness on his own mind, Mr. T. says: "I went out into the woods this morning, and endeavored to struggle for him in prayer. God enable me to improve this event aright, and carry it home to every bosom. Aug. 6. — This morning at seven, we assembled together to convey to their long home the remains of ——. It is to me a solemn day. I feel afraid for my own hope. I do not realize the love of God. It seems to me that I would give the universe to be his.

"Thursday, Nov. 5. — News has just come that dear brother Jewett, pastor at Gloucester, west parish, is dead. Why has he been taken, and I left? He was a dear, kind, sweet good brother. My tears flow at the remembrance of his loveliness. I now wish that I had done more for him. How comforting to believe that he has gone to a better world! I have just been reading the 17th chapter of John. Precious brother! thy memory is

indeed fragrant, and thou art with Jesus. I do feel that we do not sympathize enough with afflicted ministers. The Lord help me to be more faithful."

---

## CHAPTER XXI.

### PASTORAL LIFE, CONTINUED.

JOURNAL: "Jan. 1, 1847. — A new year begun. I always think at the commencement of a year, that it may prove my last; and indeed such an one must sooner or later arrive. 4. — Monday. Had a day of unusual spiritual comfort yesterday; it was such as I have seldom enjoyed. The Sabbath before at Rockport was something like it." March 17. — Alluding to the death of one in early life, he observes: "It is very painful to find our young people dying off as they do." Of one individual, who, while professing religion, was dishonoring religion for the sake of worldly gain, Mr. T. said: "My hope is that he will have worldly afflictions enough to save his soul, for it is now I am certain in the utmost peril." To a remark made by some one to him, that the race of *creeds* is run, he replied: "All that we want of creeds is to chain us to the Bible, and why some persons are opposed to creeds is because they desire to break away from that book." Near the close of March, having recorded in his journal the death of a young woman, he adds: "I feel as though I had lost a sister. Farewell, my dear friend, farewell, till we meet at the judgment. Feel that I must lean on God more. April 3. — Saw announced in a religious paper the death of Rev. Theodore S. Wright, pas-

tor of the colored Presbyterian Church, New York city. I was acquainted with him in Schenectady. His father resided there, and the son recited to me in Virgil. We also attended a colored Sabbath-school and an evening meeting together. His was a lovely spirit, animated with hope for his brethren in oppression. In his death I feel that I have lost a brother. There was no tinge of black in his affections. April 5. — This week comes my *annual trial.* I shall stand firm on my covenanted salary, however things may turn. I leave the result with God. He brought me here, and if he sees fit to send me away, I hope he will enable me to bow in sweet resignation to his holy will. 7. — Evening. Was informed about five this afternoon that everything went well in the parish meeting. 8. — Heard this P. M., Rev. Mr. Mansfield of Wenham has just deceased. I had arranged to go and see him, but have been disappointed by the failing of my own health. Dear, lovely brother! He is, I question not, with his Master in heaven. Mansfield, Jewett, and Brown were kindred spirits. Soon my time may come. How important to do now what our hands find to do. 12. — Attended the funeral of brother Mansfield. Most of our Association were present. Great tenderness clusters around his memory in my mind."

In May, June and July, 1847, Mr. T., with his wife and several others, performed a western tour, being absent from home about nine weeks. The taking leave of his people for only such a period was quite affecting to him. "The whole scene," he says, "has served to bring up before me the nearness of the time, when I and my people must part forever." Alluding to his private journal, he thus writes: "Here for the present I close. Whether my fingers ever move along this paper again, will depend on the ordering of God. The Lord keep and bless my dear flock." July 10. — A. M. arrived at home, after an

absence of just nine weeks. During this journey he corresponded with the Boston Traveller.

"Oct. 27. — A most interesting day. Brother J. was ordained over the church in Wenham. It was a melting scene. The three brothers took part in the exercises, myself preaching. Would that our mother could have been present. She could have testified to the faithfulness of Abraham's God." After the ordination, the brothers all spent a day or two in Manchester, at the house of the eldest, who made this record of the visit: "These are precious scenes. O Lord, what am I, or what is my father's house, that thou hast brought us up hither?" The sermon, together with the other written parts delivered on the above named occasion, was published soon after the ordination, in a very neat pamphlet.

Letter to Rev. Dr. Hooker, of East Windsor, Ct.

"Nov. 15, 1847.

"Rev. and dear Sir: — Your letter arrived at a time when I was closely engaged in preparation for my brother's ordination at Wenham; nor have I since been able to sit fairly down to write an answer, until the present moment. Excuse, therefore, the long delay. I may almost say that your inquiry, *me infandum renovare dolorem, jubet*, bringing before my mind delightful studies in which I was long engaged, and renewing the pain I experienced, when forced by providences that I could not misinterpret, to break away from them. I doubt not, it is all for the best that I should leave them. Delightful and glorious is the work of the ministry. My pangs hereafter will probably be more and more severe, that I did not devote my whole soul to it from the concluding of my theological course at A. There is no *History of the Pulpit*, that I know of, worthy the name. The third part of a work by John William Schmid (1744 — 1798), the general title of which work

is 'Anleitung, &c.', treats of the history of the pulpit in a general way, beginning with Christ, and bringing it down to some period of the last century. This work the late lamented Prof. Fiske, of Amherst, had begun years since to prepare for publication, translating some of it, adding notes, etc. As I was residing at Andover, much engaged in studies of that kind, Dr. Porter kindly suggested that I make inquiries of Prof. F. in regard to the state of his work, and if *he* had dropped it, to take it up myself and carry it on. I accordingly not only wrote to Prof. F. on the subject, and received an answer from him, but afterwards had an interview with him. The Professor, in a letter which now lies before me, said, that he had once begun to arrange notes to append to it, when he should translate it; stated that it would need many additions to bring it to embrace the modern English, French and American pulpits; and that he should be happy to relinquish the work into my hands, aiding me with his advice, notes, &c., so far as they would be of any use to me; but intimated that he *had not done* much that would turn to account. I accordingly took hold of the work and translated it, during the first or second winter of my residence as a licentiate at Andover. Not feeling satisfied, however, with it as a mere translation, I subsequently set out to go over the whole ground again, reading the writings of the Latin and Greek fathers, that were referred to, more or less, and enlarging the work on every side. In this kind of labor, I spent about a year, and had come down, as I now remember, to the sixth or seventh century. The result lies by me in manuscript, with the exception of the translation of 'Augustine on the Art of Preaching,' Bibl. Repos. 1st series, Vol. III., p. 569; and 'Augustine as a Sacred Orator,' Bibl. Repos. 2d series, Vol. VII., p. 375. In this last, however, my Life of Augustine, as considerable had just been published in the same work respecting

it, was greatly abridged or entirely omitted. Whether I shall ever be able to finish this work, is very questionable. I have done nothing with it, since becoming a pastor. Indeed, I may say, that I felt it required a man who could penetrate with greater ease into the patristical writings than myself, and devote his life to the labor. I have not wholly relinquished the idea of publishing the essential part of all that I have completed, in some one of the periodicals of the day, say the Bibliotheca Sacra. The labor would not be great were there time, aside from ministerial duties, and could I have ready access to the Andover library, which at my present distance I cannot. To write a full history of the pulpit, would require a man skilled in the Latin and Greek of the fathers, as well as thoroughly versed in sacred literature. He should also be devoted entirely to this great field of study. Had Dr. Porter lived, I imagine that I should have gone on and finished the work. I was obliged to turn aside from it, to such labors as would bring me in money, as I had not only myself to sustain, but much to do for an invalid sister and an aged mother. When at length I found myself in a manner raised above pecuniary embarrassment, a voice calling me to preach the gospel, sounded so loudly in my ears, that I immediately wound up my studies at A. Such is an outline of my story as to this matter. I remain, dear sir, yours in the bonds of the gospel."

Journal: "Nov. 23. — A day I may say of rebukes; four times have I been attacked respecting not visiting; and this when I am at work to the limit of my ability for the good of the people. I must bear it. 24. — Arose a little after *five* this morning, not having slept much the last night. Had determined to be invulnerable to the above-named complainings, yet in vain. I feel such things deeply. They open the mind so that it refuses to

close. I might complain too; but must learn to run to my Saviour, and at the same time keep away from people. Had mercies yesterday, as well as trials." Some of his mercies were in the form of kind letters from friends. Certain persons also among his people expressed sympathy for him. He also witnessed a triumphant death-bed scene. Of the person deceased, he says: "I have felt since her death as though she had sent some of the savor of heaven to me. Dec. 21. — Exchanged with brother J. last Sabbath. Had peculiar feelings of tenderness in regard to him as my youngest brother. Am very solicitous that he should do well. 31. — Another year of mercies and of sins gone forever. Jan. 5, 1848. — Just twenty-eight years since my father died. I was engaged in reading over the last of the proof-sheets of the ordination exercises at Wenham, especially those parts in which my brothers speak of his death, just as the anniversary hour of his departure came about. Oh, what an evening it was for me twenty-eight years ago, when a messenger came to me in Ashfield, saying that my father was not expected to live many hours! 15. — Have just received from the *press* my *ordination sermon*, *etc.* — Am full of distressing fears in respect to my health. Feb. 23. — The funeral of a lady nearly 88 years of age. She had long been a professor of religion, and walked worthily amid unspeakable trials. Her end was peace. When scarcely able to speak she called me her *pastor*, and spoke of the many kind words I had at different times uttered to her. I repeated passages of Scripture to her, prayed with her, and bade her farewell. The place seems lonesome since she has left us."

There were times in the ministry of Mr. T., when sudden deaths in the community were frequent. To him they were always solemn, and sometimes nearly overwhelming. "Feb. 28. — A sudden and painful death, Mrs. ——. I

have been in to see her afflicted husband this evening, and the scene of sorrow was almost overpowering; yet I am confident the Lord will sustain him. He and his departed wife have adorned a Christian profession. As a little company of us knelt in prayer around his room, I felt that the Lord was there. March 20. — The astounding news of the French revolution came Saturday evening. I tried to improve the event Sabbath forenoon for good." In this month he found himself in collision with the parish committee touching the control of the pulpit. Leaving home on Saturday for an exchange, he consulted various individuals qualified to give him counsel, and was confirmed in his own previous opinion. Still the matter preyed on him, so that the night preceding the Sabbath he could get no sound sleep, and only once did he lose himself in slumber for a few moments the night following. About two o'clock he arose and laid the subject before the Saviour. "Soon he came to my relief with such a flood of life and glory, that I felt myself overwhelmed with his goodness, mercy and love, and at once under the shadow of his wing. Indeed, language cannot describe the bliss of this happy season, while I lay down at the feet of the Redeemer, and rolled all my burdens into his hands. April 6. — The enemy seems to rage; the Sabbath is trampled upon; the great floods of wickedness appear ready to overflow everything. I am unwell, and feel exceedingly weak, yet have some peace in believing. The Saviour of late has been nearer to me than usual. 17. — Funeral of Mr. ——, a poor hard-working man, who has left a large family. I had serious conversation with him three weeks since, as if it might be my last opportunity. Yet on looking at his remains in the coffin, I was affected, fearing I might not have been faithful to him. It is a most solemn matter not to be faithful to the poor. June 16. — Am threatened with the loss of my voice. Have

many fears that God is going to bring my labors to a close. July 2. — My life has been mostly thrown away. Sin has a dreadful hold upon me. Feel deeply for the church; for the thoughtless youth; for Sabbath-breakers; for souls. Never have I previously had such refreshing at the communion table. Oh, the unspeakable love of Jesus! but he has to stoop over me, and bear me upon his wings of love. He has seemed to draw nearer and nearer to me for some time past. How *real*, religion becomes. Here is the living fountain, the priceless treasure. Procured McCheyne's work, when at Boston the other day. I admire his spirit."

To his mother, July 11:

"Calling at brother J.'s the other day, I saw your daguerreotype likeness. It excited in me new and deep emotions. I looked at it again and again. It is *yourself*. I could fully enter into the feelings of Cowper:

> 'Oh that those lips had language! —
> Those lips are thine — thy own sweet smile I see,
> The same that oft in childhood solaced me.'

Only I believe you do not here smile at all, but wear your most serious look, as usual in such cases. A painter can catch the expression, and put it in at leisure. But the sun looks right on us as we are at the moment, just as God's eye does — stereotyping present impressions."

"Manchester, Dec. 1, 1848.

"Dear sister M—a: — We suppose you were married last evening, and soon after entered your new home at P. At least I take this for granted, and write you accordingly. You are then settled down at length in married life. I cannot but hope you have entered the new relation in the fear of God. My prayer is that he would bless this *union*. It is a relation of his own instituting,

formed when man was in Paradise, and of course a relation upon which, if consummated in his fear, we may look for his blessing. Nowhere does the providence of God appear more admirable than in what he has done for our happiness in the institution of marriage. Most heartily can I join with Milton, and say:

'Hail, wedded love! — by thee,
Founded in reason, loyal, just and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother, first were known.
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets. —
Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings.'

May the favor of the Lord attend you both, and make you the source of innumerable blessings to each other. And when you are removed by death, may you be conjoined in the purer bonds of celestial love, where they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God. Our united regards to yourself and husband. Your affectionate brother."

Journal: "Dec. 14. — The California gold fever prevails to a most alarming extent. 31. — Preached concerning that fever all day. Many of our young men are carried away by it."

## CHAPTER XXII.

### PASTORAL LIFE, CONTINUED.

JOURNAL: "Jan. 1, 1849. — This day was observed by our church as one of prayer and fasting. 10. — Kept awake by anxious thoughts about our religious state, but found great comfort towards morning as I meditated upon the promises. The Saviour has seemed near indeed much of this day. 14. — The last week was a time of great trial with me in regard to the state of the church. Feel my need of more frequent prayer. 16. — Buried to-day another lovely, aged sister in Christ — one of those who always received me with a smile. 20. — Awoke this morning in mental despair. The heavens were brass over my head, and my prayers were shut out. Directly, however, light came, which lasted for some time, and I was wrapped up in sweetly contemplating redeeming love. The duty and difficulty of watchfulness, also the straightness of life's way, occupied my thoughts. Monday, 22. — Had a pleasant day yesterday, also Saturday. Though in the midst of severe trials, the Lord has been with me. Indeed, trials cluster upon trials. 23. — Had resolved to devote the day to prayer and fasting, but met with many interruptions. This evening's prayer-meeting looks more encouraging than anything I have seen for years. 30. — Satan appears to be raging. Pleasure parties are multiplied. Last evening there were two, designed, doubtless, to counteract the influence of religion. I hear that the 'come-outers' are to be in this place on the next Sabbath, and perhaps for several days subsequently. Feb. 1. — I find that trials are allotted to others as well as to myself. Death has gone into the habitations of a number of my brethren in the ministry, within a few years past. — I am

struggling to reach the foot of the cross. O, blessed place! Most comforting are the words of Scripture: 'Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.' Feel afraid that I am more troubled about my *gourd* than all the souls around me." In the last sentence an allusion is made to the fact that the house in which he had lived for years, and in which he had hoped to continue, had been taken away from him. In reference to the same topic, he adds: "I have reason for solemn thought, lest I indeed prove a hireling. 2. — Am trying to live above my trouble, but it clings to me. 5. — Monday. Had a solemn Sabbath; full meetings in the daytime and evening. I am anxious about the state of things here; hope for a revival, but must wait upon God. 11. — Sabbath. Toward the close of my morning sermon, I felt unusual fervor, yet I suppose that by my boldness in preaching, I influenced numbers to stay away in the afternoon. 14. — A church fast. Three inquirers in the evening, two of whom entertain hope. All day my own heart seemed to grow harder and harder. Am more in doubt as to the prospects of a revival than I have been. Fear that I have grieved away the Holy Spirit. I must confess before God my guilt. 20. — Had a call recently from Rev. Mr. ——. I always go upon the frank, open scale in religious matters. March 2. — Preparatory lecture, full and solemn." The Sabbath following he found himself in a pleasant frame of mind, very early in the morning. "The Saviour seemed to come, inviting me to arise to his work. Have heard of another convert, also of another case of seriousness. 6. — Mr. ——, the transcendentalist, has lectured in our chapel this evening. We held our prayer-meeting in the room directly above, and it was overflowing. Hear of new instances of conviction around us. 11. — Sabbath. Had a notice handed me of an infidel lecture during the week. Of

course I did not read it." Referring to this lecture, Mr. T. says: "I was oppressed in the night with a sense of the danger to which our youth are exposed. Arose, went into my study, and engaged awhile in prayer."

A word of explanation may be proper relative to the ensuing letters. The brother about whom anxious inquiry is made, having been suddenly prostrated by sickness, thought it best that his *brothers* should not be at once apprized of his state, lest they should experience needless solicitude.

"MANCHESTER, March 20, 1849.

"MY DEAR SISTER C.: — Returning home last night from Boston, weary and exhausted, I found a letter from sister M—y, saying, 'I suppose you have heard of T.'s sickness. It is thought that he has had a shock of paralysis.' This is all that she says, and it is sufficiently startling, and I write this morning for full particulars. I beg of you to tell me the whole truth, as I find that T. is a part of myself, and I shall not rest till I receive returns. God grant that his life may be preserved."

"MARCH 27.

"DEAR BROTHER T., Washington, D. C.: — I cannot tell you how much my mind is relieved in regard to your case by hearing from you. This is a new kind of affliction in our history, and opens new fountains of sympathy and sorrow. You entwine closer around my heart, T., than you probably are aware of. It cuts in me a tender cord to hear of your illness. I have in imagination stooped often at your bedside and kissed your pale cheek. You are my *first-born* brother. Well do I remember the glad emotions with which, after having pined away the first eight years of my life in the solitude of a wilderness, without a playmate, I received from my father the intelli-

gence that I had a little brother; nor have I forgotten the many trying years in which I was obliged to commit our mother's affairs to your hands, and that I ever found you faithful. It is consoling to feel that you are a child of God. Let us pray for each other with an increased fervor, and strive to live nearer to Christ."

To the same, April 4:

"It is good to have occasion for throwing ourselves into the arms of Infinite Love. God never disappoints. If he withhold any particular gift, he supplies us with himself. My thoughts and feelings are, I hope, more and more toward the kingdom of Christ. How deeply, thoroughly, intensely, and all-pervadingly true is the Bible, and all its promises! Only one thing makes me tremble. It is that only a few find the narrow gate."

Journal: "April 7. — Worried last night about many things, and lost much sleep. Was in Mr. ——'s shop this morning, and heard much of infidelity there. I felt tender, and while I almost shuddered at what was said, I could scarcely refrain from weeping. Am tried still about house matters, also in regard to the locating of a new school-house. 14. — Revival influences are less apparent, and consequently there is not so much opposition to religion as there has been. I am troubled with an excessively bad heart. 15. — After meeting attended the funeral of a poor woman. We had often sent her little things. She was very deaf, but always cheerful and grateful for every favor. We fear that we have not done enough for her. It is very dangerous to neglect the Lord's poor. May 18. — My health is poor and spirits low. I have tried to roll the matter of a house upon God. 22. — Feel unusual confidence in the Redeemer this evening."

"Boston, May 31.

"My dear Wife: — I am just from the sweet hallowed spot, the morning prayer-meeting. Of all places on earth, *that* seems nearest heaven. I wished you might enjoy it, and as you could not, I drop you a line to impart to you what I can of it. The whole atmosphere seemed to be prayer and praise, holy, holy, holy to the Lord. Sin rises up in such a place, and looks black, and odious, and infinitely hateful. Jesus presents himself before you, as the chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely. You mourn that you ever thought, or felt, or did anything against him; one prayer breathes forth from your soul, to rejoice with him in labor and suffering, and to be absolutely swallowed up in his glory. A fire seems kindling up in your soul, like that which burns in the bosom of celestials. You can only entreat to be the Lord's in every thought, feeling, emotion and action. You see the aurora of eternal glories coming; you pray to be delivered from sin; you beg to be bound to the cross. I cannot express it, my dear wife. Would I could make it all-pervading in my own body, soul, and life, and around me. Let us draw nearer to the blessed Redeemer. Let us believe and love, praise and pray, labor, and help each other on."

Journal: "June 3. — Sabbath. At home, and interested in my work. 5. — Still in perplexity about a house. Will not yet give up confidence in God. 8. — Still in the dark about a house. Have some consolation on the subject." The second week in June, Mr. T. attended the Consociation of Rhode Island as a delegate, and spent a Sabbath in that State with his eldest brother. On his way home he visited Walpole and Dedham, to examine family records. At the latter place, he heard of the sudden death of Mr. W. B. Tappan, the preacher and poet. They had occupied the pulpit in Manchester together, Sabbath, May 20.

"Was very much affected in passing the Depository of the Am. S. S. Union, Boston, to see the door shut, and crape tied on the latch, with a card nailed there, stating the circumstances of my friend's death. July 4. — Have been rent with agonies almost indescribable in regard to a house. My prayer is for resignation. Feel much of the time that I am on a rock in regard to the matter. 6. — Very sad in mind about these days, and doubt my right and title to the name of Christian. Walked in my garden, and prayed for those who had been instrumental in depriving me of my house, and that I might neither have an unforgiving spirit nor be left to murmur." The Sabbath, July 12th, was spent in Salem on exchange. — "Had a day, if I mistake not my emotions, of great spiritual enjoyment; felt humble and in all respects unworthy, but Jesus was near me." Aug. 1. — Returning from an exchange at Ipswich, he was sick in Wenham till Tuesday with his brother J. Having reached home, he says: "During a few days past, the Saviour has seemed nearer than usual. I have been searching to find out whether I am honestly and entirely his; and though I have fears, I yet hope. He stood by me and blessed me in the depths of my anguish on Monday." This month he visited his mother and sisters. Was absent from home two weeks, and speaks of having had much religious enjoyment during that time. "Sept. 18. — Received intelligence of the death of my uncle, Oliver Alden. My mother is now the only one left of her father's family. We must expect her departure soon. The Lord prepare her for the last change. It makes the world look melancholy to be stripped of friends."

To his youngest sister and husband:

"MANCHESTER, Sept. 18.

"DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER: — A letter from mother

last evening gives us the painful intelligence of the death of your dear E. This event, so sudden, must have nearly overwhelmed you. It will be in vain, I fear, for me to suggest topics for your consolation, repeated as this affliction has been. The tenderest fibres of nature have been severed, and they will bleed; nor can we prevent the anguish thence resulting. There are considerations, however, which should greatly modify this grief. *The Lord has smitten you*, and therefore the stroke must have been right. He can do nothing wrong. Again, there cannot be the least doubt that what he has done in this case has been done in love, provided you are his children. The cup may taste bitter for a while, but it has sweets beneath the bitter. Again, you know not how much better it may be that your son should be thus early removed, before becoming exposed to the power of temptation. Had he lived to grow up, he might have pierced your hearts through and through. God only knows! This event will naturally lead you both to inquire into the manner in which you performed your duties towards your dear boy. Our friends that depart bear with them to their great Judge the impress that we have made on them. The event will also, I trust, stimulate you to greater fidelity in training the child still left you. In view of the dealings of God with you, worldly things should hang loosely around you. How soon must we ourselves bid adieu to all sublunary scenes, and try those of eternity."

On leaving the parsonage in the autumn, he observes: "It has become a hallowed spot to us, especially on account of mother Cleaveland's dying here. We have regrets on going from it, yet the Lord has been very near to us of late. I have felt willing to go through any crossings, provided Jesus will be with me. Soon, soon will the lease of life be up." Having moved into the new

tenement, he remarks: "*Three weeks* at least have been taken *entirely* off from my ministerial duties by this change of houses." While thus severely tried, he could say: "Jesus seems very precious; dear, dear is his name. Oct. 11. — Visited the old parsonage for the last time, and prostrated myself in prayer. Nov. 11. — Have to-day attended in Salem the funeral of our dear excellent friend, Miss M. W. P. Sweet are the remembrances of this friend. Her sickness was protracted, and her sufferings unusually severe, but endured by her, through divine grace, with great patience and composure of spirit. She sank away in death perfectly conscious to the last moment, saying nearly at the close: 'I am going peacefully — going peacefully.' She has held for many years the place of a sister in the affections of my dear wife. To her the loss is heavy. Nov. 30. — Thanksgiving. Preached a sermon at the request of our Californians, adapted to their case. 30. — Visited brother J. and wife, Wenham. His people have done nobly for him in respect to parsonage, etc. The Lord will bless them. Dec. 11. — The case of Dr. Parkman, murdered, as is supposed, by Prof. Webster, has followed me ever since its announcement, incessantly, almost making me feel myself guilty of participating in the crime; overwhelming me with a sense of insecurity, except as God protects; and bringing me to feel most deeply the danger of indulging passion, hatred, anger and revenge. I am grieved to learn that our California vessel started on the Sabbath. Some of the company protested against it, but were overruled. They went out about seven miles, and were driven back by a storm into Gloucester harbor."

The following letter was written Jan. 5, 1850:

"Dear Mother: — I wrote you a line and sealed it, designing to send it immediately after receiving your last;

but the thought of two important occasions so near at hand, namely, the anniversary of my father's death and of your own birthday, have caused me to retain and open it in order to send you another line.

"To-night, then, thirty years have passed away since my father slept in death. His form rises vividly before me; the scenes through which I passed in his company; and the aspect he bore as he lay shrouded in our southeast room. How quiet have been his earthly slumbers since then! And has not his soul been triumphing ever since, in some humble place beneath his Lord the Lamb? I have the most perfect confidence to this effect. The change wrought in him at conversion was a thorough one. Of honesty, conscientious honesty, he was one of the most perfect patterns I ever knew. What pains did he often take to correct little mistakes that had been made even by others, to their own injury, in their transactions with him. How faithful was he to his closet duties! Often have I seen him pause in his work, take his seat upon some rock, stump, or log, and laying aside his hat in godly reverence, give himself up to holy contemplation; his lips moving all the while as in prayer. How faithful was he in the duty of family prayer! How pierced, as with a dagger, once, when he found he had unwittingly broken the Sabbath by miscalculating a day! How constantly in the house of God, though it stood five miles distant, over high mountains, itself on a mountain top! And then what purity encompassed his steps! Not an indelicate expression do I remember to have heard fall from his lips, and only a single anecdote that could be regarded as bordering on it. His only besetting sin, that I knew of, was proneness to irritability under the severe crossings of life to which he was subject; but even of this how free did he become during the last seventeen months of his life — constantly engaged in prayer, praying three

times a day in his family, and endeavoring to bow at every step and in all things to the will of God. Nor yet have I alluded to those private fasts, that from time to time he so carefully observed. The world knew nothing of them. They were known only to his family and his Maker.

"However furnished by nature with strength of constitution, that constitution, during all the last half of his life, had been greatly broken down, so that he found himself from day to day and year to year encompassed with infirmities. Besides, from loss of property, from change of employment at a mature age, and from hardness of soil, he had uncommon difficulties to encounter; yet, through the grace of God assisting him, he in the end overcame them all. Indeed, his is a most remarkable case of the efficiency of divine providence and grace; and I love to look at it in that light. From that training in which he had been educated for God, and by the influence of which he seemed, while under the parental roof, almost a Christian, he had in the course of years of successful business, as you have often told me, been drawn entirely aside into rank infidelity.

"It was afflictions that compelled the sailor to leave the ocean which he had ploughed; the sea-captain to forsake the fine ship which he had navigated — almost to the ruin of his soul — for the retired farm and the lonely cottage, where he was compelled to look inward, and, for the remainder of his days, was shut up to communion with heaven.

"Those that had wronged him — and cruelly wronged he had been — he left to settle with their God; himself studying forgiveness, and coveting only the spirit of his Lord and Master in reference to them, while he labored hard to obtain a livelihood by tilling the rugged ground on which he had taken up his abode. Sweet, sweet in every

respect are my reminiscences of this long deceased parent. He had a noble spirit, which led him to look up the sick, lend them aid, watch with them or perform for them any service in his power. What he had was freely given. He loved the kingdom of God in its expansion. Much more comprehensive were his views of philanthropic operations than were those entertained by persons in general at his time. He was found rejoicing in the very first rays of that light which has now so extensively dawned upon the world. But enough. I had thought only to drop a word, yet I knew not how to curb my pen. I conclude then by saying, precious to me are my remembrances of this father. May we all reach heaven, and spend an eternity of rest with him and our Saviour in that sinless world."

Journal: "Feb. 19. — Two Sabbaths past have been solemn and impressive. Brother C. in Essex has quite a revival. The Lord appears to be doing a thorough work there. Have had many calls of late from antiquarian correspondents." For some years another religious society had existed in M. Its sentiments at first were decidedly unevangelical. By degrees it reformed, till it came to hold in name the essentials of Christianity. Mr. T. felt an inward joy at the advance thus made, and says: "My prayer in reference to that society ever has been, Bless, O Lord, everything that originates in the mind of the Spirit." In notes made Tuesday, March 5, he speaks of the Saviour's coming very near to him the Saturday night previous, and owning him as a disciple. On the Sabbath, he was so much assisted from above, that he had to pray against spiritual pride. "16. — Yesterday, P. M. and evening I was at Essex, preaching for brother C. About thirty hopeful conversions have occurred there. Enjoyed pleasant conversation with him and family. 26. — The trial of Prof. Webster for the murder of Dr. Park-

man, is attracting immense attention. It very much occupies my mind. A combination of forty thieves has just been discovered, whose centre is near to us, but whose ramifications are widely extended. This week comes our annual *parish* trial. Mrs. T. and myself are endeavoring to lay the matter before the Lord."

"March 29.

"Dear brother T.: — I cannot stop now to inquire about the state of our correspondence. My belief is, that I have been for some time indebted to you; but great demands have been made upon my pen the past year. The winter has been one of health and labor; but whether of profit, is another question. I love my work; the ministry is desirable, if the heart be in it. It is full of heaven, though there are severe trials in it, and to me there are peculiar ones at the present time. 'There is a river,' however, 'the stream whereof shall make glad the city of God,' and that promise of perpetual presence, given by Christ to his ministers, is an unfailing source of comfort. You hear, I suppose, the daily result of Prof. Webster's trial for the murder of Dr. Parkman. Who can doubt for a moment that he is guilty of the crime charged upon him? How dreadful to take the life thus of a fellow man! How much more criminal to slay the Son of God!"

"April 1. — Saturday was our day of *trial.* I have been wounded in the house of my friends. It has been a very severe tax on my poor body and brain; but God can bring light out of darkness. In the meantime, I recognize his hand of mercy in many ways. I came here, I doubt not, by the will of God; we must leave it with him to decide when we are to leave M., not running before we are sent." 4. — Speaks of having visited Newburyport, Andover, Boston, etc., and adds: "My mind was much weighed down all the way by the state of things in my

parish. I am conscious of overwhelming imperfections. 8. — We proceed along as calmly as possible, resolved to watch the course of things for a while in silence, hoping to maintain serene spirits, and get nearer to Christ than ever before. 16. — A new phase of things is coming up. O, these trials, how they do worry me! Lord, grant divine guidance and support. The journey may be rough, but cannot be long. Soon we shall get out of this wilderness. 22. — Hear of several cases of conviction, and one of hopeful conversion. 23. — Our meeting last night was very full and solemn, notwithstanding it was a rainy evening. The Lord is with us. Have endeavored to get a little more time than usual this afternoon to call on God." Considerable religious excitement existed in one part of his parish, but chiefly among those of another order. "It tries me much to find myself in the midst of such noise, ranting, proselyting, etc. May 8. — Our inquiry meeting quite full. 20. — Exchanged yesterday with the Rev. J. E. of Newburyport. I was unwell, but otherwise had much enjoyment." Some one, as an apology for proselyting, accused Mr. T. of the same deed. On hearing it, he replied: "*I feel innocent, innocent!*" June 1. — He speaks of having just returned from the Boston anniversaries. "Had a rich, heavenly time; especially in the morning prayer-meetings. Last evening I had quite a house full of inquirers at home. 24. — Have prepared an account of my great-grandfather, Rev. Habijah Weld of Attleborough, for Rev. Dr. S. of Albany. July 12. — Was quite sick last week; called in the doctor. On the 10th came the affecting news of President Taylor's death. Indeed, solemn events have clustered together in a brief space of late." The nervous system of Mr. T. was from early childhood the occasion of severe trials to him. Speaking of it, he says: "This quickness of susceptibility is one of the constant trials of my life. I am

brought by it in prostration before God. For ten years I dieted solely to overcome it. 14. — Received to-day a most delightful call from Rev. Mr. N. and wife, formerly of G. How refreshing the smiles of friends! 18. — Am forty-nine years of age. Little have I done for heaven the last year, though it has been my aim to discharge faithfully my pastoral duties, and some souls have been hopefully converted to God. Perhaps I have a greater sense of my unworthiness and absolute dependence on divine strength than ever before. Where another year will find me, I know not. 29. — Bicentennial celebration at Topsfield. This occasion brought together nearly all the family friends of Mrs. T. 31. — The last day of summer. Poor Webster was executed yesterday. Am greatly exercised with a sense of unworthiness. It seems as if I should have to hide from my Saviour, were it possible. Am often guilty of letting passion and selfishness predominate. If the Lord Jesus do not take hold of me and entwine himself in my soul, I am lost. Find myself constantly breaking my resolutions, yet without them I do nothing. Sept. 6. — Mournful tidings came from California. I rejoice that I was so faithful in preaching on the subject of emigrating thither. I lost friends by my fidelity; but God has verified every word that I uttered." 10. — It became his duty to inform a widow lady of the death of a son at sea. "I introduced the subject by asking her if she could say, 'The Lord gave,' etc., reminding her that she had special occasion for that state of mind. She received the intelligence like a Christian. 30. — A curious meteor was seen to-night. See a notice in the Evening Traveller, Oct. 2, which I wrote; the article needs, however, correcting as to the direction of the meteor." Under date of Oct. 8, having named many things which tried him, he says: "I came home in despondency, and sought rest in the same state of mind; but had much

tossing to and fro through the night. The painful part of the whole is, I am so unworthy to be a minister, always breaking covenant vows. The Saviour does not, however, wholly leave me. He whispers, *lean on me.* O, could I do so, that is all I want. 23. — Attended an ordination at Lynnfield, and gave the charge to the candidate. Nov. 7. — My last Sabbath was a pleasant one. Our communion was fuller than usual." He records, under same date, finding a handsome present on his return home from an Association. It was bestowed by young ladies. "Thus the Lord raises up some kind hearts, while he removes others. I mourn greatly an absent Saviour. I do not walk in his love. I have the *heart-ache* when I think of my flying time, my remaining sin, and my dark prospects of meeting with acceptance from my Saviour. 23. — Have just sent off the Cleaveland genealogy to brother N., New York city. I have intended to devote only recreative time to the purpose. Each one of us owes something in such matters to our race, and I am aiming to perform my part. The above genealogy is not complete; but is in such a state that others can finish it if they please. It is important to bring our work into such a shape that we can resign it for others to perfect, lest death surprise us, and we be called to leave it in Sibylline leaves to fly away and perish. I have now on hand labor, labor, labor!" In December, first part, he speaks of desiring to arrange all historical matters and other things in which he was engaged for his people, so that if it should seem best he might be dismissed from Manchester. He mentions having symptoms of a heart difficulty, and says: "In spirituals I have had deeper anxiety and more earnest longings of late." Thus he was brought to the end of another *blank bound* book, in which he wrote his journal. "Here I close this volume. It has occupied me not quite two years. How soon will all journalizing be wound up

on earth." It is worthy of notice, that his *next* book remains much of it blank. Dec. 6. — We find him making an effort to awaken a religious interest in a sick man who was apparently without the slightest sense of his perilous condition. Of him Mr. T. remarks: "He was kind, but *laughed* when I spoke to him about death, and affirmed that he had no fears of it." The pastor did not relinquish this hardened invalid, but repeated his visits from day to day, till a deep religious impression was produced. "14. — A returned Californian told me, that while at the *mines* he had often thought of a passage in the sermon which I preached to his company just as they were leaving M.: *The cloud may be charged with mercy drops, but I fear it contains a thunderbolt.* 17. — A day of variable feelings, but I experienced a happy frame in meditating on the death of Mrs. M. She seemed to have arrived at heaven, and sent down to me a portion of its fragrance." He alludes here to an aged lady, who had lived alone, and was found in her dwelling after she had lain thirty hours in a paralysis. She in a measure recovered her speech and understanding. When taken, she had just sat down to read her Bible. After she was somewhat restored, Mr. T. repeated to her Scripture promises. She responded, "Sweet, precious words." Having attended her funeral, he writes thus in his journal: "Farewell, dear saint; may I meet thee in the bright world of glory."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### HIS LAST YEAR — SICKNESS AND DEATH.

We now enter upon the history of Mr. T.'s last year on earth. Jan. 1, 1851, he writes: "The first day in a new year, and perhaps the first day of the last year of my life. It becomes me to be watchful, diligent, and in all respects faithful." In perusing the preceding pages of this Memoir, the reader must have noticed with what frequency the subject of it alluded to the anniversary of his father's decease. On the 5th of the month just named, he says: "Thirty-one years since, my father died." It was the Sabbath, and he speaks of being unusually interested at the communion table. In this month he was called to attend upon a dying young woman, whom he had sought savingly to benefit from her childhood. Of her, as she was approaching the dark valley, he remarks: "Poor M. clings to me, and my whole soul is awakened in her behalf. Again and again have I endeavored to carry her by faith to Christ. O, that I could find her rejoicing in him! How has my heart bled for her!" In the latter part of the winter, he prepared and published articles of faith, a covenant for the church, and in connection with these a brief history of that church. At this time, he made a special effort to assist a needy neighboring parish. In March, the Association met at his house, and the occasion was one of much pleasure to him.

The following letter, dated March 28, 1851, was addressed to the parents of Rev. John Emerson, soon after his death at Newburyport, where *they* still reside, and where *he* had been a pastor one year:

"My dear Friends: — I learn from the papers, and

otherwise, that your dear son has left you — gone to his great account, — entered the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. It is indeed a sad, a solemn stroke, which has deprived you of such a son; especially in your advanced years, when you seem to need him for your prop to lean upon. It is, I know, beyond what I myself can realize, a bitter cup — and yet what a cup of blessings, too, you have doubtless found it, or at least will, if rightly improved. How many consoling reflections cluster around the event! You had given him away to God. More than that, to God and his service he had given himself. He had been set apart for the work of the ministry. In a word, he was the Lord's, not only for time but for eternity. The Lord then had a right to use him when and where he pleased. He chose, after a brief space, to call him to his more exalted service above. No doubt the will of the Almighty is altogether best; and though at present we see not how it can be so, what we know not now, we shall know hereafter. You will permit me to mingle my sorrows with yours on this occasion. To the proper source of consolation, there is no need of my pointing you, for yourselves know, that from the throne of God down to the bottomless pit there is but one source of genuine consolation, namely, the love of God in Christ — the bosom of Jesus. Leaning upon him, we find repose. We shall find it no where else. The Lord stand by you in this trying scene, and enable you so to endure as to honor his great and holy name. It should be ours rather, in such circumstances, to bow in submission, and weep for ourselves, preparing for our own change.

'Whate'er God does is kindly done;
Though bitter now the cup,
'Tis tendered by a skilful one,
And I must drink it up.
Sweet joy, indeed, will soon succeed
The anguish that I feel,
And, therefore, peace — be still.'

"Thus speaks a poet in regard to one view of this subject, but how aptly has another said:

'One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.'

"There was much in your son's case to remind one of the sentiment: 'The good die young, but those who are dry as dust burn to their sockets.'

"I could tell you with what interest he was heard by our people when here, partly from his connection with their former minister, but more for his own sake. There was a fascination about him in the pulpit, which attracted every one, and will not soon be forgotten. But this is a thought of inferior moment to you, who feel that he is now an angel of light, engaged in the pure worship of heaven. His dear flock will miss him, but God will provide for their wants, and perhaps render his death more serviceable to them in its sanctifying influences, than a long and laborious life would have been. Mrs. T. unites in kind remembrance; and so doubtless would others here, if they knew me to be writing you."

He was deeply distressed in April on hearing it affirmed in a neighboring town, that some of the *cabinet shops* in M—r had, from their first establishment, been *gambling* schools. The statement kept him awake at night. In the course of his pastoral visits at this time, being almost excluded from the room of one sick man, he records this comment: "I solemnly feel that a little less of worldly visiting and more of religious, would prove beneficial; that more of the minister and less of the doctor, would be of greater use in this case." April brought *that time of terrors — parish-meeting day.* With pleasure did he state at its expiration, that much good feeling was exhib-

ited in the meeting, and that society matters had taken a more favorable turn than for several years previous. A little subsequently, he remarks: "I am afraid here to state how near the Saviour has been to me yesterday and to-day." It was, perhaps, the first of April that he made a visit to Newburyport, and enjoyed a very delightful interview with Rev. Mr. C. Their theme was, *union to Christ.* Returning from N., he passed the Sabbath at Danvers Plains. Both Saturday and Monday, he was afflicted with great depression of spirits. On reaching home, he writes: "There has been since my return an incessant war in my spirit. God has indeed blessed me in the harmoniousness of my flock this spring. I know, too, that Christ's love is everything, and I endeavor to get down at his feet and embrace them, and give myself up to his glory. I call to mind also his declaration, that those who forsake all for him, shall receive a hundred fold in this life, and in the world to come eternal life. I meditate upon the temptations of the Saviour, especially that one when the kingdoms of the world were held out to allure him, and he rejected the bait with disdain. Moreover, I call to mind my own unworthiness; and yet thoughts of some past trials oppress me. I feel, however, more and more, that I may safely leave all events with divine Providence." A little past the middle of April, he says: "A terrific storm has been raging for a number of days. Immense damage has been done. Among other affecting incidents recorded, is the loss of the Minot light-house and its two inmates." May 20. He speaks of having walked some time in spiritual darkness. Near the close of this month he made a tour into Pennsylvania, visiting friends, and endeavoring to recruit his enfeebled health. One particular object besides, which he had in view, was the collecting of materials for a memoir of his uncle, T. Alden. While absent, he preached in Alle-

ghany city, and also in Meadville. When in the latter place, he speaks of the Saviour as having been specially near to him. On his homeward course, he was taken sick at Deposit, N. Y., of dysentery, and was obliged to call in a physician. In that place evidently commenced the disease, which in the December following carried him to the grave. Proceeding towards his home, he visited Newark, New York city, and thence came to New Haven, where he met his wife at the house of her brother, Rev. Dr. Cleaveland. He was still feeble. From New Haven, June 27, he wrote the following letter to the Rev. Mr. Gale, of Rockport, Mass. :

"Dear Brother: This is just to say to you, and through you to the brethren of the Association, that it will be out of my power to take a part in your deliberations next Tuesday. This I very much regret for several reasons. First, we need all to be present to bear each a part; and secondly, our exercises as marked out are such as greatly interest me; and thirdly, I desire to encourage the brethren by my presence and fidelity. I wish to say a word about the passage, 'For I know that my Redeemer liveth.' I feel the force of Mr. Barnes's reasoning; but the Hebrew is susceptible of a most clear and facile rendering, making the words referable to Christ, and the *seeing of God*, such a sight of him as the righteous have after death. Job was a man of such piety as could have sprung only from correct doctrinal knowledge. I do not believe that the arguments drawn from the general train of thought brought to view by him, and his friends, prove the contrary of the *spiritual* view. Here I hold. As to the resurrection, all difficulty in regard to it is obviated by three considerations. 1. We do not know what *matter* is. Some important thoughts on this point may be found in Berkley. 2. The body to be raised will be spiritual; that

is, one in which matter is to receive great refinement. 3. Since God has declared that there *shall be* a resurrection, he of course will find out a way for its accomplishment. I desire to say more, but must forbear. In haste and in love, yours."

Before returning to Manchester, Mr. T. and wife visited his mother, passing a Sabbath in H., and he preaching there twice. "Found mother feeble and decaying. Fear this is the last time I shall see her in the flesh. The Lord prepare her for all changes, particularly that of death." Tuesday, July 1, he rode from H. with his mother to Plainfield, an adjoining town, his wife and sister going there in another carriage. They all met at his sister Hamlin's. "We had a very sweet season together, cousin —— being with us." Towards night, as his mother felt that herself and the daughter residing with her must return to their home, the company joined in singing a number of those precious tunes which have so often cheered the hearts of God's people, using the words ordinarily set to them. Among those named by him, are Balerma, Old China, Golden Hill, &c. They concluded with singing these words, "Your harps, ye trembling saints," &c. He then offered prayer. Of this occasion, he observes: "The Holy Spirit seemed present, and we were united in heart around the mercy-seat. The Saviour appeared very near to us. When mother and M—y took leave of the company, I walked along beside their carriage, till we reached the meeting-house. Stopping near that, we gave each other a parting kiss, and I pointed to the sacred edifice, saying, 'Mother, *keep that in mind.*' Wishing, however, to prolong my walk, I followed after them, by the west road, until we all reached the graveyard, where sleep the remains of Rev. Mr. Hallock, and many of his flock. There, — the house of God still in view, — I again

took my leave of them. Having watched them in their course till they were out of sight, I turned with deeply serious emotions, and walked then by the east road, leading to the meeting-house, and thence returned to brother Hamlin's. This is quite probably my last interview with mother in the land of the living, unless I am called to see her on her death-bed. Her last request to me was, that I would pray for herself and M—y every day." The day following, after attending the funeral of the last son of the "Mountain Miller," Mr. T. and wife started for their home. passing a night with his sister and family, at South Deerfield. Saturday, July 5, they arrived at M—r, and he then says, in his journal: "God has crowned us with his mercy." Monday, he speaks of having had a pleasant though laborious Sabbath. That week, the Conference of Churches met with him, and he greatly enjoyed the exercises of the occasion. On the 18th he received intelligence of the death of a dear relative, but was thankful that he had been permitted only a few weeks previous to visit her, and that she died in gospel faith and hope. In this month he made efforts for the removal of a parish debt which rested on his people, and subscribed himself quite an amount towards it. "21. — O, how I am tried with Sabbath breaking. 22. — Parted with a dear cousin. Hardly think we shall meet again. The Lord bless that widow and her children. I felt very solemn when I knelt at family prayers this morning, being about to take leave of her. Aug. 3. — A pleasant Sabbath, except a want of sufficiently deep interest at the monthly concert. Aug. 5. — On the whole had a delightful church meeting. When some unpleasant feelings began to arise in individuals present, I made a few soothing remarks, intimating that all we need is a clearer view of eternal realities." By exchange he preached, Aug. 10, at Lynnfield. On his way thither, the day previous, he was overtaken by a

shower, and being under the necessity of walking some distance in the rain, after leaving the cars, he probably caught a cold, which was the exciting cause of his subsequent disease. He went through the duties of the Sabbath, and returned through Salem on Monday; having there a long, and to himself deeply interesting interview, with Rev. Mr. S., who had just returned from a visit to Palestine and adjacent countries. While in that city, he was deeply affected with the news of Rev. W. M. Rogers' death in Boston. The next day evening he attended the weekly prayer-meeting, and several who were present, went from it remarking upon the unusual earnestness of his petitions in prayer, and especially on some expressions used by him while pleading for chastisements even, if necessary to the attainment of a more elevated Christian walk. During his sickness, Mr. T. often reverted specially to the character of his spiritual exercises on that day. His mind was then unusually weighed down with a sense of his own deficiencies, also of those of the church in general. He saw the urgent need of *better* Christians, to perform the great work of the world's conversion to Christ. When, two days after the one specified, he found himself seriously sick in the hands of the physician, he felt that God was answering his prayer, having undertaken with him the work of necessary discipline. This impression remained during all his subsequent sickness, for the most part furnishing his mind with a confident expectation that he should ultimately recover, and be permitted again to preach the gospel. Aug. 18. — By the hand of his wife, he made a record in his journal; speaking of himself as having reached the *fiftieth* anniversary of his birthday, and as lying on a sick bed. Sept. 1. — He expresses gratitude for the continuance of reason, while prostrated by disease; alludes tenderly and thankfully to the kindness of friends, who administered to his

wants; and intimates that he finds it inexpressibly solemn to take a review of his past life, while the judgment-seat appears at hand. Especially did he desire to keep in mind the terrors of *that* night, August 21, when the thunders rolled in awful grandeur around him, and the tornado swept with fearful destruction over some of the towns in the vicinity of Boston. In regard to his own spiritual state, though saying that he is in much darkness, he adds, that he is not without some light, and has inexpressible desires that his trials may work out for him, through Christ, a happy issue. Should his life be spared, he will have new things to say of the goodness and the mercy of God; if called soon to die, he hopes to enjoy a more animating view of the Saviour's love ere that event shall arrive.

During the first two or three weeks of his sickness, he was led to scan closely his motives and conduct during life, from his earliest recollection. He saw much to condemn in himself before God. The cloud of remembered sin was so dark as for a time to shut out peace and hope from his soul, and he was left to mourn over the hidings of the divine countenance. Often as he tossed on his sleepless couch, did he repeat these words: —

> "The happy in Jesus may sleep,
> But, O, 'till in me he appears,
> Be this my employment to weep,
> And water my couch with my tears."

Not long, however, did *He*, whose face was so earnestly sought, deny its smiles to his suffering servant. While he was listening one day to Romans v. 1, 2, 3, the cloud dispersed, never again *so* to intercept the sun of righteousness from his view. The twelfth day after his attack, the fever abated and the symptoms grew more favorable. His friends were encouraged for a short time, but soon

these hopeful appearances vanished, and the disease, which was *dysentery*, continued with some variation of symptoms. September 17 he was very low. The next day he revived a little, and remarked to a friend, "that he was creeping back to life." He spoke of the President's reception in Boston, adding, "how worthless such pageants seem to me, and how infinitely momentous the question relating to our final reception into heaven." Soon afterwards he remarked, "he had just enjoyed a sweet visit from the Saviour, which perhaps came in answer to the prayers of *that* circle in Boston. You know, Deac. P. said he would mention my case in their morning prayer-meeting." On the 20th he was able, for the first time, to partake of food with relish. He appeared very grateful for this favor and remarked, "I have prayed to God that he would direct me to something I could eat and he seems to have heard my prayer."

Under the last named date, the writer visited this brother and supplied his pulpit on the following day. I had seen him once before during his sickness. It was my purpose to leave for home early Monday morning; but on entering his sick room to take leave of him, I found that the encouraging prospects of the two preceding days had been clouded during the last night; that he had slept but very little, and that the disorder had increased. He said to me *you must not leave me to-day*. Accordingly I remained. The next morning, after I had prayed with him, and offered him my parting hand, he clasped it with both his own, and could not consent that I should then leave until I informed him that duty demanded it; when he said you *must* go. Still holding my hand, he said, "my brother, my dear brother, my eldest brother, you have carried me *directly* to the Saviour. O, you have helped me so much! It has been a great comfort to me to have you with me." Still retaining my hand, he offered a

brief, but most touching prayer, asking the Lord to be with me, placing underneath me the everlasting arms. During this scene, the tears gushed from his eyes, as he lay upon his pillow. He was almost overcome with emotion, and concluded his petitions with a solemn amen. While at M. I engaged a member* of the church there to keep me constantly informed of the condition of my sick brother. In the afternoon of the 23d, Mr. T. said to his wife, that he felt very calm and peaceful; that he should like to recover that he might glorify God in preaching the gospel; but added, "whether I live or die, I have a sweet assurance that I am the Lord's. His sustaining arms are round about me."

Extracts from Miss L.'s letters:

"SEPT. 24.

"We fear that the disorder has assumed a *chronic* form and cannot be subdued by medicines. 25. — Our hopes revive that his valuable life may be spared. 26. — He says himself that he now feels more like returning to health, than he has at any time since he was taken sick. P. M. — Your brother has continued comfortable through the day and is certainly gaining strength; his voice is natural, and he has seemed brighter than for some time." On Sabbath 28, he had the family called into his room and then offered a short prayer with them. "29. — We cannot but feel encouraged more and more in regard to your dear brother. He is decidedly better in some repects and we hope the worst symptom is gradually disappearing. His appetite is improving, and he has been raised nearer to a sitting posture than he had been before, and so reclined for some time, seeming to enjoy this position very much. He looks natural and appears in other

* Miss L. C. L. From her letters frequent extracts will be made in the ensuing narrative.

respects like himself, though much emaciated. Oct. 1. — Since Monday morning there has been a gradual but perceptible and decided improvement in your brother's case. 2. — I am sorry to tell you that your brother was not so comfortable yesterday as the day before. His countenance has changed and does not look as much like returning health as a few days since ; still, he is bright and his hope is strong that he shall yet preach the gospel. He feels that the Saviour is on his side and is inexpressibly precious. The burden of his prayer is, that the church may be revived and sanctified, and the thoughtless all around us, especially the young, *young men* may be brought to repentance." 3. — About two hours in the night, he was very nervously excited, " so that he sprang up in bed saying, how strong and well he felt." He became calm, however, and rested the remainder of the night. " His mind is so intensely active, that it seems impossible for him to rest sufficiently to recover health and strength." Going into his room one morning about this time, says his wife, I remarked to him, you were so still I thought you were sleeping, and feared to disturb you by coming in sooner. He replied, " *it will be stiller soon, I fear*, — I am very feeble." He then breathed out this expressive petition : " In life, in death, in time, and in eternity, O, my Saviour, I, thy redeemed child, thy covenant disciple, as I would hope, look to thee." Soon after, addressing his wife, he said, " I hope we shall yet live many years to do good and glorify God ; but I have a sweet assurance that I am *his*, and that a place is prepared for me in heaven —

' Some humble place, beneath my Lord, the Lamb.'

This is a long way around which I have to travel. It may lead to the land of Goshen, and it may end in Hebron." He asked to have a passage read to him from

Pilgrim's Progress, about the chamber of *Peace*. On hearing the last part of Isa. 32 : 17, read, "the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance forever," he said, "it was a passage he had tried to recall. Righteousness, he added, such as angels possess, but chiefly the righteousness of Christ." It was also near the time of the last date, that expressing doubts of his recovery he added, "the Saviour is very near me and precious. I can hardly trust myself to dwell upon his *name*, it so overpowers me. I seem almost to hear the rustling of those angels' wings which are to bear me away. I can leave wife, and friends, and flock, and go, if such be the will of the Lord."

Under date of Oct. 4, Miss L. writes : "I regret to inform you that your dear brother had a very sick day yesterday. While suffering in body he seemed also to endure great mental distress. It was agonizing to him for a time, and his pleadings with the Saviour for divine aid in the awful struggle were intensely earnest and affecting. It was not long, however, before he felt that his petitions were answered. In the evening he offered a short prayer audibly, asking God's protection of them all and committing himself unreservedly into the hands of the Redeemer. He repeated two lines,

'Jesus, I throw my arms around,'

etc., adding, and is there not a smile on his face for me? I feel there is; I will lean upon *thine* arm; I will leave myself entirely with *thee*. In the morning he observed to his wife, I had a terrible day yesterday. It is not possible that I can go through with many such. We must prepare now for my sudden departure. Yet in a moment after, he dropped a remark, showing that he did not consider his recovery impossible. He said he desired only that the will of God should be done." On the 6th

his prospects for returning health brightened. In the evening, he was placed in an easy chair, where he sat some time, enjoying the change of position. Being laid again upon his bed he requested his wife to sing,

"Thus far the Lord has led me on,"

etc., when he fell asleep, and had a comfortable night. The next day his brother from Wenham came to see him. Their interview was exceedingly refreshing to the sick one. His brother read to him the 71st Psalm, and as the reading proceeded, tears rolled down his cheeks, while with inexpressible delight, he drank in the precious truth. His attention was particularly arrested by the twentieth verse. As that brother was about leaving, Mr. T. said to him, "you have done me a great deal of good; you have led me to Jesus." For several days following, he appeared gradually to improve. His strength made perceptible advances from day to day. On the 11th he had the family again called into his room, and himself led in devotional exercises. One obstacle in the way of his restoration was thought to be, his ardent desire to engage in study. A few books *must* be brought from his library into the sick chamber. He had requested that they might be laid by his side so that he could just *glance* at them. He confessed, when night came, that he had used them rather too much. Being left alone a few moments, one evening, he made a powerful effort and brought himself upon his feet. The sensation, he said, was very peculiar, differing from any he had ever before experienced. Rev. Dr. Woods, of Andover, supplied his pulpit Sabbath — Oct. 12th. The venerable man, entering the sick room on the eve of the sacred day, was addressed as *father* by Mr. T., who was almost overjoyed to see him, and poured out the emotions of his soul in an almost unbroken current, for a long time. Dr. W. found it impossible to check

him or get away from him till he had spoken enough for "*three sermons.*"

"Oct. 14.

"Dear Mother: I do not take my pen in order to write you, but use Mary's hand. It is hard upon *nine* weeks since I have even taken myself from my couch. But I do set apart a few moments for dictating a line to you. I am now sitting on the side of my bed wrapped up in blankets, with my feet in a chair and am under the influence of opiates. Nothing like my present sickness have I ever before experienced. During the last fortnight, my friends say I have been decidedly convalescent. Not yet, however, have I been able to bear my own weight, or set my foot on the floor. I am looking forward with much anxiety to the time when I may do both. It seems to me that my heart would overflow with gratitude for the privilege. I greatly feared when I bade you farewell at the graveyard in Plainfield, that I might never see you again. But it was of your advanced years and slender health I was thinking, rather than of my own mortality. For several years my strength has been gradually declining, and I have allowed myself to relax somewhat in regard to bathing and other appliances, upon which it so much depended. Knowing how you have felt on such occasions of sickness, I can well imagine what questions you would propose to me. 'How have you found yourself *standing with Christ*,' would be one of them. The experiences of God's children at such times, is, I believe, quite uniform, and it is that which you will find particularly portrayed in the last chapters of Job; in the 51st Psalm, and especially in the 6th chapter of Isaiah. All find God to be holy, *holy*, as they approach him. Their sins rise around them on every side to a shuddering height except as they

behold him through faith in the Lord Jesus. God has taken me out into the gulf-stream of death, and shown me the flaming boundary — the awful line which the wicked pass in going to their eternal doom. With horror have I gazed upon it, and had a conception which I can not express, of the consequences attendant upon unrepented sin. Christ has again and again been brought up before me as the only refuge of the transgressor. I have had hopes, and I have had fears; all the motives of my past life have been arrayed before me. I have found myself obliged to rest everything on Christ, *on Christ.* He, I think, has proved to me a solid foundation. I endeavor to take him as my portion; to consider his will as my only rule, and to lose myself in it. Let us strive, dear mother, daily, nay hourly, to surrender ourselves wholly to him. Read Rom. 5: Being justified by faith, etc., and embrace these statements with all your heart. My dear mother, there is none other name under heaven, but Christ's, whereby we can be saved. All my hopes centre in that name. The language of my inmost heart in this respect is,

'Jesus, I throw mine arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest.'

"Receive this as a brief expression of my views during my sickness. My hope is, soon to be able to indulge myself more at large on the wings of thought and feeling. But all else is of little importance in comparison with a calm waiting on the divine will and a preparation to be received at last into the everlasting kingdom of our God, which may he graciously grant to us both. Amen.

"From your affectionate son."

He remarked Oct. 24,* that he felt more like returning to health than he had done at any time previously during his sickness. His strength increased rapidly, and with the aid of two individuals he was able to walk through two rooms and *look* into his study. His physician and nurse both felt encouraged in regard to his ultimate recovery. About this time his eldest brother passed a night with him, and though when they parted the sick one was regarded as recovering, it proved to be their last interview. Dictating a note to Deac. P., Sabbath morning, Oct. 26, concerning the appointments for the ensuing week, Mr. T. says:

"Just before I began to dictate this to you, my eyes were pained in beholding from my window, *ten* young men or lads, apparently on their way to the seashore. When, O when, my dear sir, will our young men — not to say others — become wise in regard to the things that relate to their everlasting peace. 'I see them on their winding way.' A winding way indeed it is, and as certainly leading downward, as there is a conscience in man, a God in heaven, or a future state of existence. I know, *I know*, nor have I intensity of language enough to express my earnestness and solemnity in regard to the matter, that this *Sabbath-breaking* course, so freely indulged by many among us, if continued, will lead to ruin, *for eternity.* It is a sin, that has infolded in it the germs of myriads of other sins. It will itself alone, sooner or later, bite like a serpent and sting like an adder. I have been, as you and also my young friends of the Sabbath-school, to whom I wish you to read this note, are aware, more than ten weeks confined to my sick room; and not

---

* At a meeting held in the city of New Haven, Connecticut, Oct. 22, 1851, by the American Oriental Society, Mr. T. was elected a *corporate* member.

a small portion of the fore part of that time I was called to sail directly forth to a full survey of that terrible line which the wicked have to cross, when they bid farewell to hope forever; and let me tell you, my young friends, that it is not merely an awful thing to be without hope and without God in this world, but it will be most inexpressibly dreadful to be called to enter eternity without *a good* hope. Most sincerely do I rejoice that so many of you hold out in fidelity to your Sabbath-school. It was an occasion of particular joy for me to learn that even one of your number has lately become hopefully interested in Christ. Nor can I but believe that more of you are secretly inquiring what you shall do to be saved. But, O my dear young friends, that you would all be induced to make more earnest work in this most important of all subjects. My hope is, that God is restoring me to health, and I fondly anticipate the time when I shall be able again to make my appearance among you, and raise to you once more my warning voice in your presence. In advance of that time and from this sick room, receive the solemn and earnest exhortations of one who still rejoices to subscribe himself, your affectionate pastor, and who would delight in nothing so much, as in taking you all by the hand and leading you to the Lamb of God."

Oct. 27, Mr. T. was *carried* into his study where he sat a little while. "It was affecting to me to sit there for the first time since the commencement of my long illness. Thoughts of mercies and judgments crowded upon my mind. My hope is that this period of confinement will prove one of the most important seasons to me, and that God has thereby been preparing me for higher usefulness. Certainly, my study never before appeared so solemn a place to me." 30. — In his journal, by the hand of his wife, he says: "I am very much rejoiced to learn that the

difficulty which has for some time past existed in our *choir*, has been amicably adjusted." After having described minutely the circumstances of the death of a young person in his parish, he speaks thus of himself: "I am lingering along in great feebleness, making progress, I hope, towards a state of confirmed health, but very slowly." Nov. 7, he wrote to his brother T. The letter was partly penned by himself and partly by his wife. "Through the grace of God I am still convalescent. My prospects now are, that with caution, I shall be restored again — but O, *what care* is requisite. I can just tottle along alone. There is one difficulty under which I am laboring; whether it be peculiar to me, or common to our race, I will not now say, namely, the pressure of a hard, ungrateful heart in view of mercies received. I am oppressed, too, with a constant sense of vastly inadequate views of the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ and of the infinite desirableness of being swallowed up in his glory. There is one thought most deeply impressed upon my mind by the disease from which I am emerging; if I am to live and enjoy health, I must return to my original rules of regularity in regard to the preparation of sermons. All must be completed as early at least as Saturday noon. I am certain that great sin is committed by ministers at the present day in the violation of physical laws. The Lord help us to search out and repent of all sin."

Nov. 8, he wrote to the ministers of the Association, to which he belonged, respecting some plan by which a sick brother might be aided in the supply of his pulpit. The suggestion was very kindly received and proved a great relief to his mind. He records, at this time, visits from several Christian friends, and observes: "Well did I tell Mr. H. yesterday, that when I prayed for chastisement, if it might be necessary for my spiritual good, I had no

more adequate idea that God was so near than Jacob had when at Bethel." This day his brother from New Jersey arrived. Their meeting, he says, was exceedingly delightful. Sweet in Christ, he observes, is the intercourse of *our fraternity.*

The ensuing letter was dictated Nov. 9 :

"DEAR SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHERS AND PUPILS : — I am still confined to my sick chamber, though convalescent, and am held back by my Lord and Master from seeing you and addressing you in person ; but need I tell you that I think of you often, and imagine myself in the midst of you, meeting those little ones who used so fondly to smile upon me. And what do you think I have hoped during my sickness, in regard to you ? That at least some among you have thought of me, and prayed for me ; not because I am worthy of your prayers, but because I have been set to minister to you in the name of Christ — have endeavored to lead you to him and thus make you happy forever. I have, my young friends, frequently endeavored to pray for *you.* I have felt that you are like lambs in a wide wilderness and exposed to ravenous wolves. I have bowed before God, saying, O Lord, spare these lambs of the flock ; preserve their young and tender minds from evil ; suffer them not to utter falsehood or disobey their parents, or break the Sabbath, or take the name of the Lord their God in vain. O, how I have wished to take you by the hand of faith and holy love, and lead you to him who said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me.' Since I have been sick, I have many a time thought, how pleasant it would be to myself if the little ones of my charge would pray for me in language something like this : O Lord, our minister is sick, so that he cannot come and preach to us ; and now we beseech thee to be with him and bless him and restore him to health,

if it be consistent with thy will; but whether he live or die, may he be wholly thine. I have imagined how delightful it would be to know that I am thus remembered every morning and evening by the little Sabbath-school children throughout my flock. I am certain it would do you good, because it would lead you to think of the Saviour, who has told us thus to pray one for another. But, my dear friends, there is a particular event which has led me to dictate a few lines to you this morning; indeed, I should say *events;* the recent death of two individuals who have been most intimately connected with you, one of them having been a pupil, the other a teacher in your school. I desired to notice these events last Sabbath, but the week previous I was so feeble as to render it unsafe for me to do it. Perhaps it is not too late now to speak to you a profitable word. I was rejoiced to hear that those impressive events did affect you — that the departed ones were called to mind last Sabbath, and that it was a solemn day. Is it, my dear friends, too much to hope that some of your hearts were then so moved as never again to become insensible? You are sinners by nature and by practice; the wrath of God will hang over you until you repent; you are liable to be cut down any moment by it. In order to become truly and forever happy, you must repent and believe in Jesus Christ. By these solemn scenes you are urged, my young friends, to inquire whether you are prepared for death, judgment and eternity. Will you allow this favorable opportunity of seeking the Lord to slip out of your hands? O, how *much* I wish to say to you on this subject in order, if possible, to arouse you to attend to it. I would lead you to the grave and aid you in surveying it; and would point you to *him* who will eventually be seen coming in the clouds of heaven, to judge the world. Let me assure you most solemnly that the idea of being happy *without* Christ is a

delusion; and that you never can be happy *in* him, without repenting of sin, and believing on his glorious name. O, forsake sin and love him; love him because he is supremely worthy of your love. Love him, because he loved you so as to die for you. Behold him standing at the door, knocking, and saying, 'If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him and he with me.' Look up to the gate of heaven and see the kind angels inviting you thither. Hear the voice of one who was lately a Sabbath-school teacher to some of you, speaking from the world of bliss, and saying, 'Prepare, dear children, to meet your God.' These few words of exhortation please receive from your feeble pastor, whose prayers accompany them that they may be set home to your hearts in everlasting blessings."

To Mrs. McF., Nov. 11:

"My dear, dear Cousin: — Strange and unexpected are the allotments of Providence towards us all. Since the 14th of August I have been confined to my chamber by a violent disease, which still continues in a chronic form; and though I have left my bed and sat up more or less, I am now but just able to tottle across the floor. I am surrounded, however, by many palliating circumstances; have a dear companion, whose attention to me day and night has been most assiduous; have a people and other Christian friends who have borne me unceasingly in the arms of prayer; and a covenant Saviour from whose love I hope, nothing in heaven, earth or hell, will separate me. Shall I also revert to the sweet attentions, in particular, of my own dear brothers since I have been sick.

"And now, my dear cousin, I come to the last sad point to be touched in my letter — *the death of your dear and only son.* Would that I had consolations to impart to you; but *I* have none. You are acquainted already with

redeeming love, and know that Christ has a voice which speaks peace to the submissive soul, when all around is tumult. If you lean on Jesus in penitence and confiding love, you will find in him true consolation. But you can find it nowhere else. I am afraid, my dear cousin — and let me say it with all the tenderness of a brother — I am afraid P. was your *idol*, and that it was necessary he should be taken away in order to your own better preparation for death. You will now naturally review all the past of your life, placing yourself, I trust, at the feet of Jesus, repenting of everything that may have been wrong in you, and bowing in sweet submission as a child of God to his chastising Providence. O, what blessings you will find to flow from this event if it draw you nearer to Christ and fill your heart wholly with himself. Believe me, their was a deep meaning in *that prayer* of your dying father, when he asked God to send on his children whatever afflictions might be needful to wean them from the world and bring them home to his everlasting kingdom. From the manner in which the Almighty is dealing with you, my cousin, not to say myself, though I may *almost* number myself among your father's children, I cannot but hope that the prayer is receiving an answer. I might enlarge, but forbear. That you may be enabled to make the best improvement of your sore bereavement, is the earnest prayer of your deeply afflicted, but sympathizing cousin."

Nov. 14. — Mr. T. again wrote his mother by dictation. In his letter he speaks of the precious visits from pious friends. Of his sickness he remarks: "O how long and tedious a scene it has been to nature, but I hope it will prove profitable through grace. There is much, dear mother, very much of a spiritual bearing connected with my sickness and the history of the last summer relative to my-

self which I wish to say to you. But let me express the whole in a single thought. Eternity is swallowing up everything, and it will be but a breath of time before we have all passed into another world. Nay, as I have often said to my own flock, it will be but as the twinkling of an eye before two and even four hundred years shall have rolled over the places we now occupy, filling them with other inhabitants and bringing us and all the worldly scenes with which we now stand connected into oblivion forever. I remain your feeble, though I hope convalescent, and certainly affectionate son." Journal: "16. — My health has been constantly improving the week past. I have far more strength to rise out of my chair, and can tottle around the room though still in need of some one to watch me lest I fall down. I am laboring under great hardness of heart, but feel there is in the Saviour infinite love. Fain would I be lost in him. O, that emerging from this dark valley of chastisement, if indeed it be his will that I should thus emerge and engage in his service, I may be as a new man, feeling that my time is short at best; that eternity is just at hand and renewing consecration of myself to his great and glorious service. 18. — Have this morning parted with my dear brother R., whose visit has been to me comforting beyond expression."

To Mrs. M——d, of Alleghany City, Pa.:

"My Dear Cousin: — A few days since by dictation to my wife, I wrote a letter to your sister M——a. To that I refer you for particulars in reference to my health. It was only a few days since that I for the first time heard read your letter of Sept. 1st, and now I am not able to reply to it with my own hand; nor must you expect a long reply. I occupy the room which was assigned to you when with us. It has been my residence for fourteen

weeks. Here I lie on my bed while my wife takes down my words. The Lord, I think, has stood by me, enabling me to bear the confinement far better than I could have anticipated. He has provided for the wants of myself and flock in most wonderful and unexpected ways; and I hope to be able to say, through whatever dark valley he may lead me, his blessed will be done. Believe me, dear cousin, it is of infinite importance that this flesh be purified, and that grace be made to predominate. If we are only armed with faith, patience and hope in the Lord, we shall find everything coming out well eventually. O, think of the brightness of glory directly to be revealed to every child of God! How happy shall we be to sit on those heavenly hills and sing of victories achieved through redeeming grace. O, glorious prospects which constantly open before every child of God. We have but a little distance to pass ere we shall enjoy their reality. Then, in comparison, of what little account shall we regard the few sorrows and pains experienced in their attainment? Happy, happy child of God! With what most favored one of earth would he exchange his situation?

"I was inexpressibly pained, my dear cousin, to hear of the loss of your trunks, and cannot but hope you have already recovered them. Please hasten to let me know how it is, as soon as possible after the receipt of this. I suppose, of course, my *daguerreotype* was lost; the mate of it I presume you left with my mother as I requested you, though she has forgotten to mention it. I rejoice at the opening favorable prospects of your daughter in regard to teaching. Should my health be restored I shall love to visit you and my Pittsburg friends in some healthful seasons of the year, that I may become more intimately acquainted with those various interesting characters, of whom you have such numbers around you. Please remember me most cordially to Mr. Walker, Dr. McGill,

and Dr. Gale, also, Dr. Swift, from whom I received such kind attentions; likewise to our dear friends across the river. God bless you and your children, granting you abundantly of his grace here and preserving you to his everlasting kingdom. So prays your afflicted but affectionate cousin. My wife unites with me in this prayer."

Journal: "Nov. 27. — Thanksgiving in this and twenty other States, to-day. In many respects to *us*, as a family, it is a solemn day. I am still confined by sickness, though am thought to be recovering. As I partook of my frugal and prescribed meal, my wife intimating that she preferred a *morsel* at my side to a feast elsewhere, brought her plate and dined in my room. Then the scenes of my sickness came over me in all their force, and I burst into tears. Yet numerous are our reasons for gratitude. God has, in various ways, all along shown himself our friend." Mr. T. then alludes to the kind attentions of various persons; to *presents* from Boston and elsewhere; to the favorable manner in which his pulpit had been supplied, and to other kind orderings of divine Providence.

Nov. 30, Mr. T. dictated the following:

"Dear Sabbath-school: — Allow your Pastor once more to address you in a few words. He will endeavor not to be tedious, and he hopes you will lend a listening ear. The prophet Jeremiah has a passage of Scripture, (8 : 20,) which is especially adapted to our consideration on this occasion: 'The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.' For everything there is a time and a season; a spring, a summer, and an autumn, or harvest. The seed must be sown, the germ must be put forth, the blade be formed, the corn make its appearance, and come to autumnal maturity. We have seen again, in the natural world, each of the seasons pass before us.

The snow has melted around us; the ice of rivers and brooks and the ocean, has broken up; the trees have budded; flowers and fruits appeared; and we were all gladdened by the return of the birds again to us from their winter retreats. We have seen the summer clouds arise from time to time, and heard the summer thunder roll and break over our heads; we have watched the progress of things onward, from one degree of ripeness to another; all nature moving on in her steady course, until autumn has once more returned, and we have been permitted to regale ourselves with the fruits of the earth. We have collected around us on every side the bounties of Providence; and we, as also the people of this nation, throughout the length and breadth of it, have been allowed to meet on the occasion of our thanksgiving festival, with our friends, and to praise God for these gifts of his goodness. The seasons of another year, in the natural world, have now all passed away; this is the last day of autumn. Its sun will never shine upon us again. All that we can now do in this respect, is to say with the prophet, 'The harvest is past, the summer is ended.' There is, however, a solemn lesson of instruction, which we can draw from the fact. Spiritual concerns have also their times and seasons: a spring time, when seed may be sown; a summer, in which it may grow; and an autumn, in which it may come to maturity. Indeed, such must we regard the seasons just closing, as they have flitted by us, in reference to ourselves. They were not given for the mere purpose of life's temporal business; cultivating the earth — amassing wealth, and pursuing earthly pleasures, — but for spiritual purposes, seeking an interest in Christ, and preparing for the nobler state of existence just at hand to all the people of God. And how have you improved it, my dear friends? Have you attended to this great subject as these seasons have been gliding along?

To multitudes of those who began the year with as fair hopes as yourselves, it would be useless for me to address this question, for their ears are sealed up in death. You, who are still living, I may ask, — for you can yet hear me, — this solemn question; and pray listen — this last day of autumn, before its sun has forever set: How have you improved the seasons of the past year, in relation to the salvation of your immortal souls? If they have not been employed in securing eternal life, they must be set down as worse than lost, and will be found at last turning the scale against you. Not a few of you certainly, had not been 'saved' when the spring opened upon you. You knew nothing of Christ by happy experience; you had neither been brought to see your need of him, nor had you tasted the joys of redeeming love; and can you say that your sins are forgiven *now*? Have you wept at the Saviour's feet in view of his pardoning mercy? Were this last sun of autumn now shining upon your graves, where would your spirits be found? With Jesus in paradise, singing praises to his name, or in the regions of the lost? Ask yourselves this question in seriousness, and let it press upon your consciences with deep solemnity.

"Sabbath-school Teachers: — The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and not a few of those pupils, with whom you have been associated from Sabbath to Sabbath, are certainly not yet '*saved*,' and is the fault yours or theirs? Have you been so faithful in dealing with them for eternity, that were the Shepherd to call you to account in reference to them, you can stand before him with a clear conscience? Have you felt and wept and prayed for them as you should? And with what desires do you hope to enter upon the new season which may be allotted you for the prosecution of this glorious work? How cheering to behold the husbandman returning in autumn,

bringing his sheaves with him! But more so will it be to see the Sabbath-school teacher presenting himself before the Saviour above, in company with those whom he has been instrumental of leading thither? May this, my friends, be your happy portion!

'Ye sinners, fear the Lord,
While yet 'tis called to-day;
Soon will the awful voice of death
Command your souls away.

'Soon will the harvest close,
The summer soon be o'er,
And soon your injured, angry God,
Will hear your prayers no more.'"

In the latter part of November, Mr. T.'s disease, which had been so obstinate, seemed to be yielding, and great encouragement was taken by his physician as to his recovery. Early in December, however, he complained of soreness on the lungs, with feverish symptoms, not at once clearly developed, but soon indicating an attack of influenza, or lung fever. On the 8th he had a fainting turn, which much alarmed his friends. Indeed, for a few moments he seemed to be quite gone. From this time he had many doubts of his recovery, but did not himself entirely relinquish the expectation, nor did his friends feel that his case was without hope.

The following memoranda were made by his wife on the 14th: "For several days Mr. T. has enjoyed a sweet sense of the Saviour's presence; at times such, he thinks, as he never before felt. Last Sabbath, when he began to be much more ill, he was engaged most of the day in earnest supplication that the cup of suffering might pass from him, or grace be given him to drink it with due submission. All the remainder of the week he could speak of sweet peace in Christ. He requested me to look up his sermon on the text, 'That in me ye might have peace.' He

wished to see if he had treated the subject as he would now do. He thought he could add some hints, which would, if he should ever preach it again, enable him to do it with more effect; and added, 'This peace is found *in* Christ. It is only *in* him that we can have peace.' In an interview with Rev. Mr. S. this evening, he spoke of his long cherished desire to visit Palestine, and remarked: 'I may yet be permitted, in the providence of God, to do it; but not, perhaps, until I hover over it, resting on the wing of an angel. I should love to visit it in company with Gabriel. I have always felt, that in order to go there, I must have a furlough from my Master.' He then spoke of his desire to preach the gospel, as greater than any other; of his willingness to give up all for Christ, and to count everything beside as worthless in comparison with him. He said there were some few literary labors which he should love to accomplish, but if permitted to do so, he would wish to undertake nothing except on his knees."

On the 15th and 16th, Mr. T. remained much the same. He was dressed, and sat in his easy chair a part of each day, and walked without assistance into the next room. About dawn on the morning of the 17th, he said to his wife, who was sitting by him, that he had been for some time enjoying a wonderful visit from his Saviour. He remarked that for several days, about the same hour, he had been refreshed with similar visits, but *this* had been more vivid and overwhelming than any other. He had been made to feel an inexpressible sense of his own vileness, and to possess an all-absorbing desire to be lost in the glory of God. Especially and intensely was his soul drawn out in desires for the conversion of his dear people. "You know," he continued, "how this subject pressed itself upon my mind in the early part of my sickness. You remember the day when the doctor came in and found me weeping. I have had anxieties for myself. I

think God has heard my prayers. I have arranged all my worldly matters, and have nothing of this nature to trouble my mind. I feel no desire but to be wholly absorbed in the divine glory, and if the conversion of this people could be brought about by means of my death, how joyfully would I depart this moment." He then for some time prayed audibly with intense emotion, and the whole burden of his prayer was, "For my dear flock, my people, — the flock thou, dear Shepherd, hast committed to me." He requested his wife to join him in earnest entreaty for this *one thing;* said "he knew the tempter was near to divert his thoughts." Soon afterwards, he remarked: "I feel, I think, as Isaiah felt, when he saw the glory of the Lord in the temple; and as Job, David, and Hezekiah, on particular occasions. Never before, in all my sickness, have I been made to feel as I now do. What God has before me I know not, whether it be to remove me by death or restore me to health. It may be that God intends to raise me up to speak again from the pulpit, and that he is showing me these things to fit me for this further service." In the course of the forenoon of the 17th, he was asked, by one writing to an absent friend, if he had any message to send, when he dictated the substance of what has just been stated, and added: "Several hours have elapsed since their commencement, but these feelings and intense views remain the same. I wish them recorded for the glory of God." Twice during the day he was assisted to dress, and sat in his easy chair. In the morning he led in family prayer. Portions from the 12th, 13th and 14th chapters of Luke had been read to him successively for two or three days, and each day as the Bible was opened, he would say: "Read on where you left off — that is so sweet." To a brother who visited him on this day, he remarked: "You see to what we may be brought. How infinitely important that we be found *in* Christ.

During the whole period of his sickness, Mr. T. sought to benefit spiritually all who entered his sick room. He had a word in season for each. His *reason* was remarkably preserved. The activity of his mind was such, that at times he doubtless taxed himself intellectually too much. He could not throw off his love of books, or resist his long cherished cravings for knowledge; he must keep some run of the news of the day, and see that his papers were all on file. Preëminently true was it of him, that his ruling passion was strong in death. A habit of minute journalizing, formed in early life, he continued even to the last day of his earthly existence. Under date of Dec. 16, we find him lying upon his bed, and noting down a few items with a trembling hand; but soon, unable to proceed, he requests his wife to record among other things, an angel visit from his brother J. On the 17th, he alludes to the severity of the cold, to a refreshing visit from a dear brother-in-law, and to a cough which had for some time been troubling him; but especially he desires to have placed on record for the glory of God, the wonderful manifestations to himself on the morning of that day, by his Saviour, to which allusion has already been made; states that he wishes now to be anxious for nothing but the spiritual welfare of his people, and his own preparation "to enjoy the high privilege of going up to the throne of God, and of being received into the arms of his love, amid the songs of angels over those who are turning to the Lord."

The following letter will describe the closing scene:*

"It was my privilege to be with your brother during the last few hours of his life. I called at the house about 6 P. M., and had been there only a few moments, when

* It was written by Miss L., and sent to the brother in New Jersey.

the nurse sent for Mrs. T., who had stepped down stairs to see me. Mr. T. was coughing. She went immediately to him, and as she did not return, I soon followed her up stairs. Together we raised the dear sufferer, and supporting him in bed, gained for him a little relief, though he was still greatly distressed with incessant coughing. His lungs seemed loaded, and he had not strength to relieve them. It was very difficult for him to converse. 'The Saviour,' he said, 'can send me ease, and none but he; and he will do it if he sees best.' He then asked to have prayers offered. A friend and neighbor present led in prayer. After this as Mrs. T. stood by him he inquired, 'who is in the room, my dear?' She replied, no one but L. who is holding the chair behind you. He now looked at me for a minute with intense emotion, and then with tones of inexpressible tenderness and affection said to his wife, 'Mary, can you tread this thorny road with Christ? give me a kiss, then.' At about 8 he remarked, 'Well, I don't know but this is the beginning of the end.' I said, I hope not, I trust you will be relieved soon, and so indeed I thought. In a minute he said, 'I have no fear, I am not agitated in the least, if this be death.' Various remedies were tried, but nothing seemed to afford relief; the coughing continued. Becoming very weary of his position, he was laid down in bed, and as the cough did not seem aggravated, nor the difficulty of breathing increased by this change, we still hoped that ease would again return. A friend having come to watch, at 10 came to the bedside, but owing to the dim light of the room, Mr. T. did not at once perceive who he was. On being told, he said, '*good evening*, Mr. M——e, *I love to have my brethren about me.*' In talking, he was obliged to pause at nearly every word, and the difficulty of course increased as he grew weaker; but still he made constant effort, frequently commencing some Scripture promise or

verse of a hymn for those about him to finish repeating. Between ten and eleven the coughing was so incessant that I held a teaspoon more than three-quarters of an hour to find an opportunity for him to receive its contents. During this time, I think it was, he said, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit' — 'be found in him' — 'are we *all in him.*' Later he asked, 'what o'clock is it?' On being told almost 12, it wants only four minutes, 'O, is it not later than that,' he said. So severe was his distress, no wonder the time seemed long to him; it surely did to us. Very soon a cloud passed before him, and he exclaimed, 'O, I am afraid, because I have not the presence of my Saviour. O, I have it not as I had it this morning. Pray for me.' Mr. M——e offered a few petitions, and he himself prayed with great earnestness: 'Dear Saviour, did I not lay myself at thy feet this morning — didst thou not accept me? Thou wilt not cast me off. Thou wilt not forsake me.' The verse commencing,

'The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,'

was repeated to him, and he was soothed by it. *He* commenced the one,

'There is a fountain filled with blood,'

and Mrs. T. finished it. The darkness, which was only comparative, seemed to vanish, and he exclaimed, 'but O to be absorbed in the glory of God; this is what I want.' And these were the last words he uttered. Previous to this he had asked to be raised up, and also for more air. The doors were thrown open and a fan was used. He ceased coughing — his head fell gently upon the right side, and almost before we were aware the pure spirit had winged its way to that bright world where sin and suffering are alike unknown." *

---

* He expired 15 minutes after midnight, Thursday, Dec. 18, aged fifty years and four months.

His funeral occurred Tuesday, P. M., Dec. 23, amid a snow storm of great force. Hundreds, anxious to attend it, were prevented by the severity of the weather. Even the clergyman appointed to preach the sermon, though residing but four miles distant, could not reach the place. Two of Mr. T.'s brothers were present, also two brothers of his wife. Neither his mother nor any of his four sisters were permitted to be present on the solemn occasion. Not one of them was able to visit him during his sickness.

His remains were borne to the sanctuary and the coffin placed upon the platform in front of the pulpit where he had often stood to administer the Lord's Supper. Appropriate exercises were performed by several pastors who had succeeded in pressing their way through the storm. A set piece, the 18th hymn, book I., and the 456th of the Select, were sung. The pulpit and the entire gallery were hung in mourning. Mr. T. was interred in the central part of a new cemetery, very near the spot where he stood a few years before and delivered a dedicatory address. An appropriate funeral sermon was preached in M. the next Sabbath by Rev. Dr. Crowell of Essex. The parish assumed the expenses of the funeral, and in conjunction with the donations of *individual friends* are about to erect a suitable monument at his grave. The *inscription* is not yet prepared.

Before night set in, the storm ceased, and the sun sent his beams into the chamber where the *shepherd* had expired.

Until the death of Mr. T. his mother's family had remained unbroken for nearly thirty-two years. On the demise of his father, Jan. 5, 1820, four sons and four daughters constituted the household of his widowed mother.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

NOTICES OF HIS DEATH — ESTIMATE OF HIS CHARACTER.

THE following notice appeared in the Boston Daily Traveller, on the day following Mr. T.'s decease:

"It is with grief that we are called to announce the death of the Rev. Oliver A. Taylor, of Manchester, Mass. Mr. T. has been the pastor of the Congregational church in M. for more than twelve years, and sustained among his people and all who knew him, the highest reputation as a faithful pastor, and as an eminently devout man. He was a man of remarkable simplicity and sincerity of character; and as a scholar had no superior in the county and few in the country."

From many letters of condolence received by Mrs. T. on the death of her husband, the following are selected as expressive of them all. One individual writes:

"I hope you need not *this* to assure you that I sympathize most sincerely and deeply in your affliction, in the removal by death of your dear husband. When *we* saw him last he addressed us in a few and affecting words indicating his own exceeding peace and the infinite importance to us and to all to be ready for the great and solemn change. To you, surely, I need not say that you have lost a most excellent and devoted husband; his people a most faithful and learned pastor; the ministry of this region, one of its most valued and respected members, and the community at large, a sincere, honest and high-souled man."

Another writes:

"He is gone! The scholar, saint, and pastor — the

husband, brother, friend, we shall behold on earth no more. His meekness and quietness, the liberality of his feelings towards those who differed from him in sentiment — his general kindness, his prayers so simple and natural, that they seemed the very breath of devotion, and his learning so extensive, and yet so unostentatious — all these, henceforth, belong to memory alone. For my own part, I shall miss him, and mourn him. My opportunities of intercourse with him have not been very frequent, but each successive one has raised him in my estimation and regard. I will not pretend to suggest to you the consolations which are appropriate to your situation. I rejoice in the thought that you have, and will have every religious comfort that can attend and alleviate affliction. And you will need it all. May the Almighty arm sustain you."

Another :

" Allow me to express to you the deep sympathy which I feel in your affliction. I had long known your dear husband, and loved as well as esteemed him. I loved him not only for traits of character shown in his common intercourse, but also for that tender and self-sacrificing affection which he manifested towards his mother and the younger members of the family. He has gone to his reward. Your desolate heart must grieve, but joy too is mingled in the cup — joy that you have been blessed with the aid of that devoted servant of Christ for so many years in the pursuit of that glory which you hope soon to participate with him. May he who has made the wound bind it up, and indeed be to you more than the best earthly friend."

Another :

" My dear Mrs. Taylor : — Many, very many are

the hearts which have been turned most affectionately towards you, and are still directed with intense desire, that you may experience in the fullest measure all the sympathizing consolations of Him who wept with the sorrowing Martha and Mary. He is indeed the Christian's confidence in life and in death. And blessed, unspeakably blessed are they that mourn with the 'joy of grief' which is your own."

The following Resolution was passed by the Essex South Association, at a meeting held in Salem, Jan. 6, 1852, and forwarded to the widow of Mr. T. :

"*Resolved*, In view of the recent decease of our highly esteemed and dearly beloved brother, Rev. Oliver A. Taylor, late pastor of the church in Manchester, and a member of this Association, greatly valued for his varied literary and theological acquirements, his simplicity of character, and his devoted piety, that we deeply deplore his loss to his afflicted partner and friends, to the mourning flock of which he was the able and affectionate pastor ; to the members of this Association ; to the interests of Zion in this community and at large ; and that we tender our heartfelt condolence to the bereaved family and people, and commend them to God and the word of his grace."

At a meeting of the Salem* Association, held Feb. 10, 1852, at Beverly, the scribe was directed, by a unanimous vote, to place on their records the following minute, and send a copy of the same to Mrs. T., viz. :

"Having been associated, for some years, in intimate ministerial relations with the Rev. Oliver Alden Taylor, late pastor of the church in Manchester, we would devoutly recognize the admonitory voice of Divine providence, in removing him from his earthly labors and great

* The Essex South and the Salem Associations constituted only one body till a short time previous to Mr. T.'s decease.

usefulness. In all our intercourse, and more especially in circumstances of trial peculiarly suited to reveal the spirit of his heart, we have found him a brother, whom we have continued to love with the most entire cordiality. We shall ever cherish his memory, with very high esteem for his character, as 'a good man,' and 'a good minister of Jesus Christ.' We would tender an affectionate condolence to Mrs. Taylor, in her heavy affliction, and to the church and people, among whom our deceased brother was so signally favored with the blessing of the Holy Spirit."

Soon after the decease of Mr. T., the church and society in Manchester, united very cordially in giving an invitation to Rev. Rufus Taylor of Shrewsbury, N. J., brother of their late pastor, to settle with them in the ministry. Though occupying an important field, he felt it his duty to accept this call, and on the 6th of May last, was installed as successor of his brother, and at the request of the compiler, he has forwarded the ensuing estimate of his predecessor as a *pastor:*

"After an intercourse of several months with those among whom he spent his entire pastoral life, I will endeavor to give you the impressions made in various ways upon my own mind respecting him, in the sacred relation of pastor. These impressions will be corroborated more or less by the testimony of individuals who knew him intimately and long.

"He was a very *laborious* pastor. The amount of labor that he performed for his people must seem incredible to those unacquainted with his active, stirring habits, and even with my knowledge of these, it is difficult for me to credit the testimony of many respecting his labors. He visited much, and turned his visits to good account. Considering the extent of his parish, if any dependence is to be placed upon general testimony, one might suppose

he could scarcely have done more in this way than he did, if he had done nothing else. One person has stated that during a sickness of three months the pastor did not omit his calls for a single day. But while he was doing so much for a single afflicted family, in one direction, few, if any of those who called him pastor, had occasion to think that his well-known step and kind voice were less frequently heard by themselves than at other times. When the weather would permit he was almost daily moving among his people, speaking to one by the way-side or in the shop, to another in the field, while for a longer or shorter time he would call at the residence of a third. Long before the sun or his people were risen he was accustomed to go from house to house with periodicals which he laid at their doors, and in this employment it is said he was sometimes near a mile from home before the dawn of day. But as much as he did in this way, these things, for the most part, were only his relaxation from the labors of the study where his mind was taxed to the utmost, and to a considerable extent for the immediate benefit of his people. So far was he from bringing before them in the name of the Lord, that which cost him nothing, that if he erred in this matter it was in having his discourses too labored. None of his parishioners were overlooked; none had just cause to feel themselves neglected. Those whose age or infirmities necessarily kept them from the house of God, were special objects of his attention.

"He was a *faithful* pastor. In his efforts for the good of his people it was his aim to bring out the whole truth of God — to keep back nothing that would be profitable for them. Evangelical truth which early took a strong hold upon his own mind was continually taking deeper and deeper root there and bringing forth corresponding fruit for the benefit of his people. His aim was to watch for souls as one who must give account, and he was satisfied

with nothing short of seeing Christ formed in them the hope of glory. To secure this result he not only preached in a bold, earnest and faithful manner, but warned the impenitent and delinquent professor in private as well as from the sacred desk. He probed most thoroughly the hearts of convicted sinners lest they should rest on something short of Christ. He was never at ease in Zion but constantly on the watch for opportunities to do good. He was very *apt* in turning the various providences that occurred among his people to good account, and in having a word in season for every one. His standard of usefulness was high; he was constantly striving to reach it and mourning over his failures.

"In the examination of candidates for admission to the church, he was not satisfied with any experience short of a deep sense of entire ruin by nature and of dependence on the merits of Christ alone for salvation.

"Our late brother was also a *tender* and an *affectionate* pastor. Few have possessed more delicate sensibilities, a warmer heart, or purer and more ardent affections. To all these he gave full scope in the discharge of his parochial duties. He knew well how to deal with the bruised reed and to bind up the broken-hearted. Especially did his tenderness and affection manifest itself towards the *lambs* of his flock, for whom he 'always had a kind word and often some little book.' He seldom returned from the neighboring city without a supply of presents for them, many of which are now carefully preserved as mementos of their affectionate pastor whom they will see no more. 'He was an unspeakable blessing to the rising generation.' He was a very *sympathizing* pastor. He could weep with those that wept, as well as rejoice with those that rejoiced. In obedience to the dictates of his heart, rather than from a sense of professional duty, he was found promptly and often at the bedside of the sick,

and in the habitations of sorrow. After he was laid aside from his active labors, one in affliction said, 'O that we could have our dear minister to visit us, for no voice ever soothed my aching heart like his.' Similar to this was the language of many.

"Especially were the *poor*, objects of his care. He sought them out and in addition to such substantial aid as he felt able to render them, he would in a private way secure for them the assistance of benevolent friends who were ready to coöperate with him in every good work. He thus relieved the wants of many. And here I may allude to his scrupulous exactness in the performance of all his promises, however much sacrifice it might cost himself. He never in any way raised expectations without intending to meet them. As a pastor, he cultivated the benevolent feelings of his flock. 'During his ministry our yearly contributions more than doubled.' 'He never frowned on an agent' of any of our benevolent institutions.

"Our brother was a *successful* pastor. At the present day we could scarcely commit a greater error than to judge of the success of a pastor by the numbers added to his church. But if *he* should be thus judged, his success in the ministry would probably equal that of the majority of judicious pastors, similarly situated. 'For two winters after he took the charge of this flock the place enjoyed powerful revivals, during which his labors were blessed to the salvation of many souls.' While he was thus gathering into the garner of the Lord from the world, he was not less useful in building up the saints in the most holy faith. The natural turn of his mind and the peculiar way in which God had led him, well qualified him for this work. He could from personal experience enter into almost every class and shade of trials that others might think peculiar to themselves. But in addition to the good accomplished in these ways, we must not lose sight of his

deep-laid and far-reaching plans for the future benefit of his people. In this repect his works will not only follow him, but like the rays of departing day, after the sun has gone down, it will be long before he ceases to bless the earth. The savor of his name among the people of his late charge is as ointment poured forth. 'He spread the gospel net wide,' and probably left this people better indoctrinated than they ever were before. Whatever good developes itself here for years to come will be owing, in a great measure, to his labors and prayers while he lived, and to that happy influence which he has left behind as the heritage of his people.

"In conclusion; — our brother, as a pastor, exalted the Saviour. It was obvious to those who sat under his ministrations that, to him Christ was the absorbing theme, the great central point towards which his efforts were directed. In his every-day walk as well as in the pulpit, self was very much abased while Jesus was extolled. As the highways for a great distance from a metropolis converge towards it, and as all the rivers are tending to the ocean, so his themes, wherever they commenced, not only tended to Christ, but terminated in him. He loved to be in no other place so well as at his master's feet. He hid himself behind the glorious gospel while he unfolded in glowing language the great truths respecting man's ruin by sin and recovery through Christ. One who has here been a professor of religion more than half a century, testifies that she never returned from the house of God after hearing *him* preach, without increasingly adoring thoughts of God. Thus constantly was he magnifying his office.

"But his *sepulchre* is with us. As I pass it and repass it from time to time, in my endeavors to carry out the plans which he laid and matured for the good of this people, I look towards it and am instructed; but when I think of him as beyond storms, trials and cares, in that

ocean of love for which he aspired, I would not call him back but would have his precious dust to sleep on, while his influence lingers, and his prayers for his people are answering."

## HIS LIBRARY.

Mr. T. had collected a large and valuable private library. His books, as numbered, amounted to 2,562. Some of them were indeed of little value, while not a few were very costly. He had a rare collection of foreign works. The purchasing of so many books may have been to some extent an error, but he denied himself many a luxury and even comfort in order to obtain them. Most of them were procured before he became a pastor. His salary did not, during the greater part of his residence in M., meet his current necessary expenses.

Before his death he gave directions in regard to the disposition to be made of his library. To Union College, his Alma Mater, he gave his Arabic works which cost him about $150. These he intended as payment of a debt of honor to the institution. They were received, however, as a legacy. His wife was requested to select whatever volumes she might desire for her own use, and he left directions that enough be sold to obtain the sum of $200 for the refunding, with interest, of loans due the Albany Presbytery. Soon after his death, the eldest brother communicated this fact to that Presbytery, when they very generously through a committee, of whom the Rev. Dr. Sprague was chairman, surrendered the notes held against Mr. T., on condition that the books be not sold, but retained by the family. A donation had been designated by Mr. T. for his brother-in-law, E. L. Cleaveland, D. D., of New Haven, Conn. The will of the deceased has been very carefully carried out in this particular. The three surviving brothers were to receive the remainder of

the library, with the expectation that they would in this respect remember their mother and four sisters. This desire of the departed has also been executed. It was furthermore his request that if the brothers should find volumes which would not be of special service to them, such should be presented to the library of Amherst College. A valuable donation has accordingly been forwarded to that institution, and the following note has been returned :

" The Trustees of Amherst College have received from Rev. T. A. Taylor, Rev. R. Taylor, and Rev. J. Taylor, three hundred and eighty-five volumes of German and other books, from the library of the late Rev. O. A. Taylor of Manchester, for which they return a grateful acknowledgment.

" Edward Hitchcock, *President.*
" E. S. Snell, *Librarian.*
" Amherst, Mass., Aug. 5, 1852."

The donation was estimated by the college officers at the value of $450. It included one hundred and ninety-five volumes of the best standard German books ; forty-four volumes of other foreign works ; ten volumes of Antiquities ; one hundred and thirty-six American and English books; three hundred and eighty-five in all.

So perfectly systematic was Mr. T. in all the arrangements of his library, that there was not a book in it, the place of which was unknown to him as he lay on his sick bed in another room. When not taken down for immediate use, each occupied its own place. The same exactness of order pervaded everything pertaining to his study ; pen, ink, letters, periodicals, receipts and other papers, all had their appropriate places. Nor was he less particular in the business matters of life. He kept an account of all the letters which he received, also of those that

he wrote. Money received and money expended were recorded in a book for the purpose.

## PUBLICATIONS.

The following list, containing some of the articles published by Mr. T., is in part *copied*, and in part filled out by the compiler.

"While I was at Meadville, Pa., at the request of my uncle, I was accustomed to write pieces of poetry, some of which he inserted in the papers. The first of the kind was written on the occasion of laying the corner-stone of Bentley Hall, July 5, 1820. I spoke it standing on the *corner-stone*. This was published in the 'Western Standard,' for August, 1821. The second was an ode composed for the 22d of December, 1820, or the two hundredth anniversary of the landing of our forefathers. This event was celebrated at Meadville, and the ode was sung in the evening. It was published in the above-named paper and republished in a neighboring one. The third article which appeared in print was a poem spoken at the close of a funeral oration delivered on the death of J. Hamilton, a student of Alleghany College. This was also in the 'Standard,' the latter part of 1820 or a little later. The next consisted of farewell lines to Mr. David Remington and lady, who were on their way as missionaries to the Choctaws. They were in the 'Standard,' Dec. 22, 1821. When a member of Union College, I furnished several articles in verse for the Mohawk Sentinel. The first, entitled 'Charity,' was inserted Oct. 28, 1824. The second, 'The Banks of the Mohawk,' Dec, 23, 1824. Another was 'The Slave.' While at Andover Theological Seminary, I wrote 'A Mother's Soliloquy over an Only and Profligate Child.' It appeared in the Boston Recorder, Dec. 23, 1825. It was afterwards imitated very closely by some one, and the imitation was printed in a

Philadelphia paper. While at Gloucester in 1827 and 1828, I furnished for the 'Telegraph' a dissertation which I had previously written and read before the Society of Inquiry at Andover, on Western Africa. It was published in a regular series, with one or two exceptions, making eleven numbers in all. In the last named paper, April 26, 1828, I inserted a fragment of a poem entitled Greece. My signature in this paper was 'Olivo.'

Andover Theological Seminary, 1828 and 9. During the year past, I have translated various articles from the Conversations-Lexicon, in German, for Dr. Lieber, and received for my labor nearly thirty dollars. The articles are too numerous for specification. Some of the longest, are Gnade or Grace, Gnosticism, Catholicism, Coronation, Gold, Goldbeater, Goldbeating, Ignition, or Glowing Heat, all of which are in the Encyclopedia Americana. Reinhard's 'Plan of the Founder of Christianity,' in 1831, I translated from the German, spending about ten months upon it. I commenced with the *fourth* edition, but afterwards obtained the *fifth*. Without any prospect of selling my manuscript when completed, I began the translation. It was, however, sold for me to the Carvill's of New York, by Mr. Woodbridge of Hartford, and was published in 1831. Many of its pages cost me one or more days' labor on a page to get it into English. I derived assistance occasionally from brother Schauffler. The work, as printed, has a few, though unimportant mistakes in it. I read it over from six to eight times and procured the reading of most of it by one or two others. March, 1832, I published 'Memoirs and Confessions of Reinhard.' The preparation of the *Memoirs*, or second part, cost me more labor than all the rest. April 16, 'Whate'er God does is kindly done,' I inserted, by request, in the Journal of Humanity. It was a translation from the German. A

review of Gurney on the Sabbath, in the Spirit of the Pilgrims, was published June, 1833. This has a number of typographical mistakes which I have marked in my copy. 'Augustine on Preaching,' is inserted in the Biblical Repository, Vol. III., No. 11., July, Art. 4, page 569. In May, 1834, I prepared an Index for Schmucker's 'Popular Theology.' January, 1835, published 'Brief Views of the Saviour.' Pfeiffer on Hebrew Music, accompanied with Notes, appeared in the numbers of the Biblical Repository for July and October, 1835, Vol. VI., pages 136 and 357. Reference is made to these articles in the Comp. Commentary, Vol. II., page 780, Vol. III., page 139 and 279." In 1838 appeared his Catalogue of the Andover Seminary Library.* In the summer of the same year he prepared a "Sketch, Statistics, etc. of the Theological Seminary, Andover, together with a list of all the Seminary *Alumni*, inclusive of the then graduating class." This document was published in the American Quarterly Register, Aug. 1838. Vol. seventh, second series of the Biblical Repository contains an article by Mr. T. on "Augustine as a Sacred Orator." See the April number, page 375. In volume eight of the Christian Review there is an article of his on Chiliasm or Millenarianism; see page 115. Sometime in 1844, the Mass. S. S. Society published a Memoir of Mr. Andrew Lee, written by Mr. T. The title of the work is "*Piety in Humble Life.*" A translation of the "Dies Iræ," by Mr. T., was published in the Christian Parlor Magazine for Aug. 1851.

---

* Professor Jewett, in the Preface of his Catalogue of the Library of Brown University, makes the following allusion to the above work: "In the arrangement of the Catalogue, I have followed the plan of Mr. O. A. Taylor's Catalogue of the Library of the Theological Seminary in Andover, Mass.; a work far superior to all others of the kind, which have been published in this country, and which has been pronounced in Germany a *model for a Catalogue.* I have found my labors considerably abridged by the use of this accurate work."

Letters relating to the subject of this Memoir, which the compiler has received, with permission to use them. Only those parts of the letters are here inserted which bear directly on the design of this work.

From Rev. Dr. Crowell, of Essex, Mass.:

"I had the pleasure of some acquaintance with him, before he was installed as pastor at Manchester. But I did not know his worth, until he came to be my neighbor. We had many pleasant interviews, and his conversation was always instructive and profitable — free from censoriousness, full of candor and kindness, cheerfully serious, and often spiritual. He probably was guilty as little of the sin of idle words, or foolish talking and jesting, as any man living. He was always affable, ready to converse, but never disposed to engross the whole conversation. In his intercourse with his brethren, he was truly fraternal, treating all with kindness, courtesy, and respect. In associational meetings, his gentleness, affection and candor, were as manifest as his talents and learning.

"We held frequent correspondence by brief notes in *Latin*, which he wrote with great apparent ease. These, like his conversations, were marked with good sense, Christian affection, and devotion to the cause of the Redeemer. Some extracts perhaps might profitably be given, were it not that translations by any other hand than his, would destroy their identity.

"As a preacher, he was highly acceptable in all our churches. His sermons were rich in argument, illustration, and persuasion; sound in the faith, addressed to the conscience, in language chaste, perspicuous, forcible. He had the reputation among us of being an instructive, spiritual, and faithful preacher. The tears of his flock in their bereavement, and their continued affectionate remembrance of him, bear witness that he was a diligent, faith-

ful, and kind shepherd over them, as well as an able and profitable preacher.

"I might say many things more of his excellent character, devoted life, and eminent scholarship; but my design in this communication is simply to give, as briefly as possible, my humble testimony to his great worth, *from my own personal acquaintance with him.* His loss is deeply felt by us as of a neighbor, friend and brother beloved. May the Great Head of the church raise up many more of a like spirit and temper, to build the walls of Zion, and restore her waste places."

From Rev. Mr. Campbell, of Newburyport, Mass.:

"I once heard him preach in the Harris Street church, and shall never forget the sweet and melting influence of that sermon upon my own heart. — He appeared remarkably free from that ambition which glorifies self at the expense of the cross. As a Christian, and as a preacher, he was sincere, unaffected, unpretending, and seemingly unconscious of his own real worth. I loved him almost from the first moment of our acquaintance. Here is a man, I said, in whom is no guile. I can open my heart to him without reserve, and have nothing to fear. Our little seasons of communion together, I shall ever remember with peculiar interest. So far as I recollect, we never met, but he had a word for Christ's kingdom, before we parted. I was ever made to feel when in his presence, that he was in earnest; that he was living for eternity."

From Dr, Nott, President of Union College:

"It is in keeping with your brother's character, that he should have remembered his Alma Mater, even after so long an absence. The books you mention which he has bequeathed, will be received rather as a memorial of an esteemed alumnus, than as the payment of a debt, and

will be placed in the college library as such. Your brother, while at college, sustained a high character as a scholar. The catalogue he prepared while at Andover, was a *model catalogue*, and so it has been regarded both here and in other countries; and many of the papers he has written have done credit to him and to us. But his work is done, and in the midst of his days he has been called to render in his account, and I trust, to receive from the Master he served, that note of approbation, 'Well done, good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.' May his death be sanctified to the friends he has left."

From Bishop Potter, of Pennsylvania:

"You are correct in supposing that I was a Professor in Union College when your brother Oliver was a student. It is now more than a quarter of a century; and you will not be surprised to hear that the lapse of years, the change in my pursuits, and the great number of young men (some two thousand) who were under our care at different times, have conspired to obscure my recollections of him. His person and manners, indicative of a studious and thoughtful life, are distinctly before me. I remember him also as addicted to a larger range of studies and to severer application than was common in those days. His conduct was always unexceptionable, and his proficiency in some branches of learning marked. Being at that time Professor of Mathematics, and desiring to prepare a translation of a French work on Analytic Geometry, (Legendre's, I think,) I employed your brother to execute a rough draft of it. It involved great labor, and a good knowledge both of the language of the original and of elementary mathematics. I was called away soon after to another field of duty, and never undertook the revision of his work. It will be found, I think, in the library of

Union College, executed with great neatness of penmanship, and with, I doubt not, creditable accuracy.

"At subsequent periods of his career, I met evidence that he was fulfilling the promise of his college course. The works which he published, and of which I have seen but a part, indicated an erudition much more extensive than common, and one always consecrated to the service of religion. The death of such a man is a public loss, and it afforded me mournful satisfaction, that, as a Trustee of his Alma Mater, I had the opportunity, at its last annual commencement, to offer a resolution commemorative of his virtues, and of the liberality with which he had contributed to the increase of its library. The collection of books in oriental literature which he bequeathed to it, is an expressive monument of his extensive scholarship, and of his filial attachment to the foster parent of his earlier studies."

From Professor Hackett, of the Theological Seminary, Newton, Mass.:

"My acquaintance with your deceased brother commenced, if I remember right, in the autumn of 1830. With the exception of some private instruction, which I received from him in one of the modern languages, I had no personal knowledge of him as a *teacher*. We were in the habit of occasional intercourse so long as I remained at A., yet after all I saw him but seldom. My chief means of forming an opinion of his attainments are those furnished by his articles in the literary journals, and his other published writings. Yet limited as was my personal acquaintance with him, I knew enough of his character and habits to entitle me to say, that he possessed eminently some of the best traits of a scholar; he had an uncommon aptitude for acquiring knowledge; he was unwearied in his industry, was enthusiastic, and loved

study for its own sake. Philology, when I knew him, was probably his favorite pursuit; and of his proficiency in it, we have honorable testimony in the translations from different languages which he gave to the public in the Biblical Repository. He very justly regarded the German language as the key to the richest literature of modern times, and spared no labor to make himself a thorough master of it. He was an admirer of the noble language of the Hebrews, and knew how to read and enjoy the Old Testament Scriptures, as those can hardly imagine who know them only through the medium of a translation. He was fond also of patristic studies, and I have read with interest some of his productions relating to them. His knowledge of books was extensive. Few men knew better than himself where to find the information which he needed, on almost any subject. In point of learning, he stood certainly among the best informed of our clergy, and his death in that respect has deprived this body of one of its most able and useful members. I was in a foreign land at the time of his decease, and received intelligence of it from the late Prof. Edwards, of Andover. It will be gratifying to you to know that he mentioned your brother in a manner, which evinced both sorrow at his death and a high estimation of his character."

From Rev. Dr. Dana, of Newburyport, Mass.:

"With your beloved and lamented brother of Manchester, I had considerable acquaintance, but not so much as I wished. Still, the views I have entertained of his character and worth, I have no hesitation to express.

"I have ever regarded him as distinguished for a genuine warmth and kindness of heart. *Book-worm* as he was, his intense and various reading did not seem to chill the ardor of his affections.

"For this ardor of feeling, he was probably indebted in part to natural temperament. Probably, too, it was

cherished by his early education. Yet it was *religion*, I trust, which rendered it more intense, and more tender, more uniform and extensive. It was this which fastened his sensibilities on the *proper spot;* and which, while it inspired strong desires for the temporal comfort of his friends, and of others, rendered even this object of small account, compared with their spiritual and everlasting well-being.

"He was a genuine scholar, and a ripe one. With him, study, and even intense study, seems to have been a recreation. None can read his Catalogue of the Library of the Andover Theological Seminary, and not perceive indications of learning, various and accurate, extensive and minute. This work, which, on the plan adopted, would seem to constitute, in ordinary cases, the business of a life, was compressed by the indefatigable author into a few years. He modestly claims for himself nothing more, than to have set up for others *a guide-board to the fountains of knowledge.* But in doing this, he has exhibited a mind highly disciplined, and abundantly enriched. Professor Tholuck, unless I mistake, has spoken of the work as stamping on its author the character of an accurate and distinguished scholar.

"But amid all his scholastic and literary attainments, he came to the *Bible* with the simplicity of a child. Here he found his heart refreshed, and his piety nourished. Here he found a solid, unfailing basis for his own hope, and his own religion. The same basis of hope and of piety, he uniformly recommended to his dear people. In his preaching, *the doctrines of the cross* were ever uppermost — the Saviour's divinity, his atoning blood, his justifying righteousness, his sanctifying grace, his perfect example — in short, his *religion* — a religion commencing in the heart of a fallen, perishing, helpless sinner, by the almighty power of God, and carried to its perfection by the sovereign and gracious energy of his Spirit.

"I might expatiate on the uniform purity of his life, and the excellency of his Christian example. But these were matters of general observation, and general acknowledgment. There were, indeed, certain *idiosyncrasies* in his character and manners, which sometimes afforded food for criticism. But with those who best knew him, these things were merged and lost in the solid excellencies of his character.

"On the whole, it is delightful, and edifying as delightful, to contemplate a man of learning, laying all his acquisitions at the foot of the cross — a classical scholar, prizing his acquaintance with the Gospel,

'Above all Greek, above all Roman fame.'"

From Rev. Dr. Woods, of Andover, Mass.:

"During the many years your brother resided in this place, I had an intimate acquaintance and free intercourse with him; and this intercourse was continued and attended with growing endearment, through the whole course of his ministry at Manchester. While at Andover, he was a diligent and successful student, and very regular in his deportment. He was distinguished for literary talents and acquisitions. For a time, he was so devoted to intellectual pursuits, and aspired so ardently after literary eminence, that his friends doubted whether he would be so happy or so successful as might be wished, in the labors of the sacred office. But after he entered that office, a most desirable change manifested itself in his religious feelings and habits. He loved his work, and labored in it with unwearied diligence, and through the divine blessing, with remarkable success. I well remember what ardor and satisfaction he showed, when he gave me an account of the work of the Holy Spirit among his people during a revival of religion, and with what joy he afterwards spoke of the durable fruits of that happy work.

At that time, and through the subsequent years of his life, he made evident progress, not only in the clearness and extent of his theological views, but in his attainments in vital godliness. He searched the word of God with great earnestness, and adopted its obvious teachings, as set forth in the Assembly's Shorter Catechism, and in the writings of Edwards and other divines of the same Puritan school. To him the doctrines of evangelical religion were not mere speculations, but matters of Christian experience. I learned from his brethren and his people, that he evinced a growing interest and zeal in preaching the doctrines of grace, and in discharging his pastoral duties.

"During last October, after Mr. Taylor had been sick more than a month, I spent a Sabbath with him by his request; and it was a Sabbath which I cannot reflect upon without very lively emotions. It was my first visit to Manchester. The evident seriousness and tenderness of the congregation in the sanctuary, showed that they were mindful of the visitation of God's providence in the dangerous sickness of their beloved minister.

"But it was my visit in his sick chamber which made the deepest impression on my mind. He had been wasted away by a protracted disease, and was so exhausted and feeble, that it was a matter of doubt, particularly in my own mind, whether he could bear the excitement even of a short visit, without injury. But he insisted upon seeing me; and I was truly surprised as well as gratified at the brightness of his countenance, the clearness of his thoughts, and the earnestness and strength of his utterance. He spoke very affectionately of our former intercourse in the seminary. He manifested the kindest feelings towards his church and society, and expressed his gratitude to God for the encouraging success which had attended his ministry. He conversed freely of his own Christian experience; of his convictions of sin; of his severe con-

flicts with the pride of his own heart; of the discovery he had had of the excellency and all-sufficiency of Christ; and the rest of soul he had found in his abounding grace. He spoke of his love to all who bore the image of Christ, whatever might be their failings. He spoke with joy of going to his home in heaven. But he still said, that he should be glad to get well, — for he wanted to preach Christ more earnestly and fully than he ever had done; although he had taken great pleasure in dwelling upon that theme. But whether he spoke of living and laboring in the cause of religion, or of closing his ministry and going to be with Christ, he did it with fervent and happy emotions. His language was free and earnest throughout. But he evidently had inward conceptions and aspirations, which he strove in vain to utter. The whole frame of his mind, his recollections of the past and anticipations of the future, his thoughts of the gospel ministry, his views of divine truth and the salvation of sinners, his views of Christ and the Holy Spirit, his views of the evil of sin and the beauty of holiness, all plainly showed that he was near to heaven. That visit was a precious one to me, and he said it was so to him. I shall remember it as my last interview with a former pupil and a beloved servant of Christ, who in his labors and trials, especially in the latter years of his life, and during his long-continued and painful sickness, exhibited clearer and more satisfactory evidence than is common among ministers, that he was *a good man, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith.*"

## CHAPTER XXV.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

Address prepared for a particular people on an ordination occasion, but not delivered :

"You are at length united in the choice of a pastor. He has accepted your call, and by the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery, has been consecrated to his work. The relation between a pastor and his flock is a mutual one. If the former has *his* duties to perform, so also have the latter *theirs*. It is not enough for the prosperity of the gospel, that the pastor prove faithful. He must also be sustained by a faithful church, and have his heart constantly encouraged by their smiles, gentle words, and ardent prayers. It is very proper, then, *that you* too should receive a charge on this occasion, as well as he. Time will permit me to press upon you but a few suggestions, although the circumstances would inspire me with many.

"1. *Receive him with unanimity.*

"Let not the harmony which you have evinced in making choice of him, be merely external, but let it descend deep into your souls and not only penetrate the body-corporate in its outward actions, but run through each individual and animate every thought and feeling. Forgive and forget the past, where there is anything to forgive and forget. Unite together in the work of God. Look forward to brighter prospects.

"2. *Receive him as your pastor in the Lord,* — as one set over you to feed the flock and watch for souls.

"Receive him as such; not in mere outward appearance, but in deed and in truth. Pay him all due deference, as your spiritual guide. Deal very tenderly

with him, in all respects, as your religious teacher, and so much the more in that he is young, and cannot, as yet, be supposed to have acquired all the wisdom, experience, and power of endurance of one who has long been accustomed to the duties of such an office. Protect him, as far as possible, from all extraneous evil. Rally around him, at all times, to guard him against the tongue of slander. Be very careful how you bring hasty accusations against him, yourselves, even when he may have erred. See that you hinder him in nothing relative to his work, either by failing to perform your own duties, or by officiously interfering with his. Aid and support him in all that is proper and good, each in your own station, in becoming ways and measures.

"3. *Make the best you can of him just as he is*, without trying to transform him into something else.

"In order to be useful, we must, as Christians, employ to the best advantage the powers and faculties which we have received from the God of nature, without trying to assume or act out those which we do not possess. Wise in this respect, was the resolution of my deceased classmate and friend, the Rev. Samuel H. Stearns: '*Resolved*, that I will never be disturbed or diverted from my purpose by the remarks, conduct and opinions of those who do not know my character or understand my motives; but will ever maintain that self-possession, freedom, independence and liberality of feeling which constitute true dignity. Why should we be forever undoing the work of life? Why should we wish to be just like every-body else? I will be myself, and make the best of it. God grant that I may grow better.'

"Of course, you also will show yourselves equally wise, if you resolve to take your minister just as he is, provided he is a Christian, and gives you substantial Christian instruction. Nay, you are in duty bound to do

so. What if his thoughts should flow in channels different from yours, if the water of life be there? Will you presume to complain, or attempt to prepare artificial channels for them of your own, which, after all, may not be as good as his? Would you have him run all his ideas into your moulds? The conceit is vain, and unprofitable, nay, distracting, in all its tendencies. Make it your object to hear what he says, and like the bee, to draw sweet from such flowers as you find, without attempting to change the nature of the flowers themselves. Listen to what he says; draw truth from it, and make the best of it, nor be always complaining for the want of something you do not receive, and which, if you could obtain, would suit nobody else. Bear in mind that possibly he may be the wisest, and that it is very questionable whether wisdom will *die with you*, after all.

"4. *Receive him in much affection and love.*

"This you are bound to do, for his work's sake. This you will do, if you truly appreciate the importance and the dignity of his office. He comes to you as a messenger of God. He comes to you as the ambassador and representative of the Holy One of Israel. He comes to you with the most solemn and important messages. He comes to you under the protection of most weighty declarations and precious promises, together with the solemn injunction from the Lord: 'Touch not mine annointed and do my prophets no harm.' He comes to you to warn you of dangers, to weep with you in adversity, to bend over the sick-bed, to follow you to the grave, expecting to meet you at last at the dread tribunal of God. O, then receive him in love. If you have proper views and feelings, you will do so. And doing so, how tenderly will you deal with him. How fearful will you be of unnecessarily wounding his feelings! How watchful against complaining to him of every little minute circumstance, of every little slip of the

tongue, and apparent imperfection of statement in uttering the truth. How much will you guard against unreasonableness in your requisitions of him, for visits and other pastoral labors. How much will you at all times endeavor to conduct yourselves towards him as Christian gentlemen should do, and even with much more tenderness of demeanor, since, from the very circumstances of his office, it will generally be necessary for him to conceal the wounds he may feel, for the sake of the cause in which he is engaged; to avoid the appearance of being injured, when, perhaps, a poisoned arrow has pierced his very heart. Remember that his brain is constantly to feel the pressure of his high responsibility, and a little thing, added to his burden, may greatly weigh him down and almost crush his spirits. He will bear, indeed, sustained by divine grace, all your carelessness and slights, and imperfections; but how much, how very much you may aid him by your affection and love. Receive him, then, with love unfeigned, in the Lord, and abound toward him in kindness, for his work's sake.

"5. *Receive and sustain him in the arms of prayer.*

"His hands will soon grow weary, and his heart begin to faint if you do not. In some of you, I have great confidence, in this respect. You will remember him in the closet, and in your morning and evening devotions at the family altar. You will call him to mind on the morning of the holy Sabbath. You will bear him continually on your hearts. And there is great reason why you should do so, — not merely because of his weakness without divine aid, — but because of the vastness of the work he has to perform in this place. If, however, I have confidence in some of you, there are others, of whom I stand in fear. You will too soon forget him. You will not pray for him as you ought. He will tell Jesus of the neglect, and leave you to settle the matter at the Judgment. I

would fain say more to you on this occasion, but am admonished, by want of time, to close. I have addressed you as the organ of this Council. Were it expedient, I might add various expressions of the interest I feel for you personally, — laborer as I myself once was with you, for a while, in the gospel, and also of the regard I have for your new pastor, — associated as we formerly were together, as teacher and pupil, in Biblical studies, — *E fontibus puris Hebraicis aquam vitæ haurientes*, — drawing the waters of life from the pure fountain-head. Enough, however. Forget not that the new relations you have now formed, extend in their bearings into eternity. So live, then, and labor, and suffer together, as pastor and people, that when your bodies shall lie in the grave, your souls may be united together in singing praise and ascribing glory to the blessed Trinity, around the eternal throne."

"Reasons why I cannot unite in fellowship with the *new society*, in Manchester. Written April, 1843:

"I have known from the very beginning, the character of the new society which has been formed among us during the winter past; and, so far as occasion required, taken my stand aloof from it as one which I could not possibly fellowship. Having had no occasion, however, which called for a public expression of my views, I have hitherto confined myself, in general, to a private expression of them. The time has now come which calls for such a disclosure, and I freely make it.

"*First.* Had the society been ever so orthodox, I should question the propriety of holding fellowship with it, at present, considering the manner in which it has been formed. If persons, who have been accustomed to worship together, at length find themselves so differing that they *must* separate, there is a kind, courteous, Christian

way in which such separation can be effected. The new society has not been formed in that way, but, as it were, by tearing limb from limb. A man came in and preached among us occasionally, saying that he did not intend to injure the church ; but his at first infrequent visits became more numerous, and he effected a permanent lodgment, though all the while uttering the most solemn declarations of having no such object in view. I should not fellowship the devoutest Christian brother, were he to come among us after this manner. The proceedings are wholly unchristian. It cuts directly across the cords of brotherly love, and can be justified on no scriptural grounds. The only apology which such intruders can offer is, that they do not consider us as Christians, and hence feel themselves under solemn obligations to preach the gospel among us, in order to save us from eternal ruin.

" *Secondly.* I cannot do anything implying fellowship with this new society, because it does not embrace the fundamental principles of the gospel. It is founded on dangerous errors.

" *Thirdly.* I cannot do aught that would indicate approval of the man* who preaches to the new society, for I have no evidence that he has been regularly set apart to the ministry. He fancies he has received a call from God to preach ; speaks of an inward feeling prompting him to set himself up as a public teacher. He has been heard to say, that he considers himself as equally inspired with the apostle Paul. Furthermore, he teaches Millenarianism in its grossest form. This he has done in our community for about a year. Moreover, he claims to be *perfect ;* says the wicked will be annihilated, and denies the doctrine of total depravity. Some of his associates say that total depravity has been done away since Ezek-

* He styled himself a *Christ-ian.*

iel declared that there should be no longer occasion to use in Israel the following proverb: 'The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge.' This man despises learning, holding it up to contempt, contrary to Titus 1: 9–11. He rails against salaries, in direct opposition to what an apostle teaches, and indeed contrary to his own demands, being himself a lover of a salary. All creeds and covenants he berates, rendering it impossible to distinguish him from other heterodox teachers. He advocates females speaking in public and aims to destroy, utterly, church government; thus arraying himself against the Scriptures, as we find in 1st Cor. 14: 34; 1st Tim. 2: 12. His measures, with inquiring souls are adapted to mislead them. What he does say is confused and self-contradictory. The great argument which he has here used for the accomplishment of his heretical designs, is blackguardism. Though exceedingly loose in all doctrinal matters, yet he so teaches the necessity of immersion in the ordinance of baptism, as to imply that it is essential to salvation. Finally, he is notoriously a Sabbath-breaker."

REVIVAL IN HAWLEY, 1816. — Written at H., 1846.

"What a flood of thought and emotion the discovery of the above notice * caused to rush through my mind! The meeting-house directly east of me, is the one in which was then witnessed such a display of divine glory! From the chamber of the little white cottage in which I am preparing to send you a letter, I look out upon its pulpit window; and were my old minister there engaged in preaching, I could distinctly hear his voice. I enter the sacred place, and find it the very same, the inroads

* He refers to an article in the *Panoplist* of 1816, which he had just seen.

of time alone excepted. I was one of those *fifty-three* that filled up the broad aisle. That revival was the first one I ever witnessed, and it produced a great change in the religious state of this town. For years previously, as we climbed the mountains, on our way to the house of God, some in wagons, some on horseback, and more on foot, little or nothing was heard, even among professors, but conversation about worldly affairs; and we descended these mountains on our way from the house of God, engaged in no better employment. At noon, the principal inhabitants were seen clustered together, in summer time, around some well or under some tree, discoursing on politics, and engaged in telling revolutionary stories; or if it were winter, they found some neighboring room with a fire, about which they crowded, and engaged in the same entertainments. I regarded it as a feast to get among them, as a listener. I was quite sure to hear something of what was going on in the world, or to be entertained with war anecdotes. Much secular information did I gather in this way, and many a political discussion did I hear on these occasions; one of which, as I still remember, respected Napoleon's invading this country. There was, indeed, a little *coterie* of professors who met at the minister's, and a few in some other places, who talked occasionally of religion; but even these were engaged in discussing some knotty point of Calvinism, rather than in discoursing on what was to edification in piety. Those who retired to pray, there may have been and probably were, but I saw them not; and they were unquestionably few in number. At length, the revival began to make its appearance. No extra means had been employed to bring it on. Protracted meetings and other new measures had not then an existence. It came in the course of God's providence, under the influence of the ordinary means of grace; and had, doubtless, were the

truth known, been preceded by much individual intercession for it, at the mercy-seat; God having previously poured out a spirit of supplication upon a class of faithful ones. Some time in the course of the summer or autumn of 1815, my father, on his return from meeting one Sabbath, informed us that there were persons under conviction of sin, and that an individual had obtained a hope. This is the first I remember to have heard of the work. About the same time, also, there was a gradual increase in the number and fervency of the prayer-meetings in the more central parts of the town. Never shall I forget a few meetings that I attended about this time, of course as an impenitent spectator; and how much of the allotted time was wasted in excuses and apologies, that should have been spent in solemn prostrations of soul. In course of the following winter, I was laid up with a broken arm. Severe sickness, too, invaded our family, and detained us for some time much from God's house. We continued, however, to hear joyful reports respecting the progress of the work. There has been nothing like it, it was said, since the days of the apostles. It seemed to some, that a new season of Pentecost was coming over the land. The Lord, too, was merciful to our family in its remote corner of the town. My own parents, both of them, appeared almost converted over again. My mother, in particular, on a sick-bed, went through a long and distressing scene of darkness, before she began to tune her harp anew in praise to God; which she did in a meeting held by the minister at our house when she was recovering, in the words of the 18th Psalm, sung at her request: 'Thee will I love, O Lord, my strength.' I began, during my own confinement to the house, to feel an uncommon desire to enjoy the privilege of again going to the sanctuary. I felt that I had hitherto been there all my life in vain; and should hear with new ears, if I could only get within

sound of the preacher's voice. Our neighbors, too, were moved in spiritual things. Family after family, that had lived all their days as if they had never possessed souls, now began to feel, think and talk about finding their way to the prayer-meetings; climbing the long and tedious road to the house of God, on the Sabbath. Freely they made known their feelings to professors of religion, asking what they should do to be saved; nor was it long before an altar of devotion was erected by many a father, that had resolved, like Joshua: 'As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.' At length I found myself restored so far as to be able to revisit the house of the Lord, and to mingle with his people. How changed was the scene! All our way thither it seemed like a journey to Zion. Worldly conversation had vanished, and religious taken its place. Impenitent persons were deeply anxious; young converts, in the language of Canaan, were speaking of what the Saviour had done, as they hoped, for them; while experienced Christians were rejoicing anew at the bright prospects that allured them on. And again, what a different place did we now find our sanctuary! Everything about it had assumed a serious and holy aspect. The very ground around it seemed hallowed. We breathed a heavenly atmosphere. Our minister's words, looks, and tones of voice, had never been more powerful. Every ear was open, and every heart ready to receive the truth, and over many a cheek rolled the tear of penitence. A young lady, who had for some time been serious, yet without obtaining a hope, on arising with the choir to sing the 13th Psalm, L. M., 'How long, O Lord, shall I complain,' burst into tears, and took her seat, unable to proceed. Smiles of joy all around sat on the countenances of those who had just commenced the work of prayer and praise. At the intermission, nothing more was seen or heard of newspapers, revolutionary anecdotes,

or politics. Clustered together here and there, might be seen those who were conversing on the all-engrossing topic, religion, or engaged in reading a good spiritual letter or book; (Sabbath-schools then were not.) 'O, my dear cousin, remember time is short and eternity at hand,' were words that caught my ear as they were read, and they deeply engraved themselves on my heart. Some left the house of God, and resorted to a private room in the neighborhood to unite there in devotional exercises. The chambers of a public house just at hand, whose keeper was not a professor of religion, were consecrated to such services, and became rooms of prayer. And, when the afternoon public exercises were closed, with what reluctance did we leave the courts of the Lord, and return to our homes. All the way home we were conversing of the now absorbing theme, or listening to others who were dwelling on the same delightful subject. In the evening, throughout the several districts of the town, were held religious meetings, at which aged Christians exhorted and prayed, young converts sang praises, inquirers sought instruction, and hardened sinners gazed in amazement. Nor was our religion at that time confined to the Sabbath day. It was carried into the week. We often turned aside from our daily labors to converse on the things of the kingdom. Like Christians in the days of the apostles, we continued, as far as we could, daily with one accord in the temple of God; and breaking bread from house to house, we ate our meals with gladness and singleness of heart. Young converts, in the glow of their first love, were a beautiful sight to behold. Like young Melanchthon, they felt strong for the work of the Lord, and were ready to attack Leviathan in any point. 'O that I could see Joseph,' said one, just as he had returned from a meeting. 'It does seem that I could convince him of the importance of salvation.'

He expressed the feelings of many others. What could be more delightful than to see them sitting or walking together, engaged in speaking of their hopes and fears, and to perceive them frequently retiring, either alone or with a companion, to engage in prayer to God, that he might guide them on their way to Zion. Hallowed friendships thus commenced, were continued until sundered by the different walks of life into which we were afterwards led — friendships, as we trust, to be renewed in a coming world! How precious, even now, is the remembrance of the evenings that I was permitted to spend at the fireside of one still living and walking with God! All those hours, I, with his children, listened to his voice, or inquired of him the solution of doubts, we feeling ourselves most delightfully engaged. And how sweet did *thy voice* then become to me, dear J.! We walked, conversed, and prayed together, and in secret unitedly resolved to be the Lord's forever. Circumstances have cast our lot in places distant from each other; but thy journey, my brother, still lies, I trust, along the river of life, towards the city of God, where may we, at last, happily join in endless praises to our Redeemer. As the season advanced, these scenes became increasingly interesting, especially as we climbed to the house of God, in company. Our thoughts were more and more upon the glories of Christ's kingdom. We longed to mingle again with the people of God within his courts, in prayer and praise. The words of the Psalmist seemed ready to break forth from every individual: 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help; my help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth,' — while angelic voices seemed prepared to respond: 'He will not suffer thy foot to be moved;' and we felt again ready to reply: 'How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts. My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord.' Thus,

from Sabbath to Sabbath, we eagerly ascended the rugged mountain, now pausing to refresh ourselves for a moment at some spring that gushed forth at the road-side, and then pressing on again, ever and anon directing our eyes to the lofty summit above us, as far as tall forests would permit. The ascent served most beautifully to remind us of the going up to Jerusalem in olden time. The opening spring appeared an apt emblem of the dawning upon us of spiritual delights. The ruggedness of the way reminded us, indeed, of the difficulties which we knew, according to the word of God, and the testimony of more experienced Christians, we should, sooner or later, have to encounter; but then the fountains of living waters that refreshed us, brought sweet intimations of the water of life prepared for the weary pilgrim; and full of present happiness, we felt that all would be well. Thus, going on from strength to strength, we continued to make our appearance before God in his earthly Zion, as we hoped finally to do in that above. One after another, we were invited to state what the Lord had done for our souls preparatory to making a public profession of his holy name. At length came the 5th of May! Day of sacred espousals to Christ! Here again how hallowed the scene, in which we were engaging! Most inviting appeared the path of duty, most glorious the prospect before us, while we gave our assent to the articles of faith, and entered into covenant with the people of God, and with God himself. The choir, as we returned to our seats, sung:

'Tis done, the great transaction's done, —
I am the Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.'

Time would fail me to speak of the many delightful walks, meetings, and conversations, we had together, during the following summer, and of the sweet savor the revival long left on our spirits."

## HIS WESTERN TOUR — 1847.

While on the Pennsylvania canal, alluding to that part of his journey already performed, he says:

"As to railways, &c., it is pleasant, in certain circumstances, to shoot through the country like a streak of lightning; but they are not the things for poets or philosophers. 'Give me the man of one book,' it is sometimes said. Give me a man of a knapsack, or a horse, or a horse and carriage, instead of railroads, for mental, philosophical and poetical purposes. Such an one will not go over so much ground, but he will obtain more elements of thought. Why, he might as well be taken upon the wings of an eagle, and be borne along through the air as in a car. How aggravating! There comes mountain scenery, a beautiful valley, a fairy-like land. You wish to catch sight of it, and thrust your face out of the window for the purpose, in danger of having it knocked off; or you run and take your stand for a moment on the front of the cars, at the peril of your life, and under the interdiction of orders, but it is too late; you have indeed caught one glimpse of it, and it is gone.

"*Pittsburg, Saturday night.* — We were introduced into a room under which were congregated all the negroes of the establishment, sixteen in number at least, to my certain knowledge, who kept up a constant noise beneath us. Why, said I to my wife, it would seem that all the demons of the place are holding a jubilee below! Then, we could have written our names on the mantel-piece, in what seemed the dust of ages; and in the morning, a black, heavy column of smoke saluted our eyes, seeming to come directly out of the ground, and rolling toward the heavens. I almost felt myself at length near the mouth of hell; and without half as much exaggeration as the ancients practised, could

imagine myself on the borders of old Pluto's dominions. Nor were matters rendered any better on discovering that the city has no directory by which to ascertain the residence of any of its 70 or 100,000 inhabitants, within a circuit of five miles; nor when, on meeting a man, as soon as we stepped out at the corner of our hotel, all covered with blood, and apparently badly wounded, and with a large crowd about him. He proved to be one from the Texan scene, and who had just been fighting. However, all this is the dark side of the picture. Things soon began to assume a brighter aspect. As I walked along the street at one time, I heard the voice of singing, pious singing, and met devout-looking persons, with prayer-books or hymn-books. We obtained also a better room, and opposite to it there was a meeting of the pious. At the proper hour we all resorted to Dr. Herron's church and heard a most excellent discourse; sweet hymns, too, were sung to fine music, and we soon began to feel ourselves in the midst of God's family and at home among them. During a stay in Pittsburg, we went into the coal mines there to the extent of 400 yards, in a car drawn by dogs, deeply sympathizing with persons who have to spend their days in such miserable places, getting about one and three-quarter cents per bushel by digging, and earning at that rate not far from one dollar and fifty cents per day. We also visited the United States Arsenal, and examined some of the pistols, bullets, etc.; wandered through the forges and foundries where iron is moulded into every shape as if it were wax. The work here is hot, and it is said that none but temperance men can long endure it. We lost one of the most striking features of P. by coming into it on Saturday night. It would have looked far more Plutonic and infernal, we are told, had we entered the city n a night when the fires glow all around.

"*On board the Hibernia, a few miles below Blanner-*

*hassett's Island.* — Yesterday, we gazed with no little interest on Blannerhassett's Island, immortalized by Wirt in his well-known speech. It brought up instantly before us the strange and wicked career of *Burr;* born of religious parents, with high talents, capable ofbecoming an angel, but ambitious as Lucifer, wallowing in the filth of crime and vileness — gone now to his own place. With what unspeakable emotions I found myself standing at his grave in Princeton, a few years since, while his course was yet fresh!

" *On the Mississippi River.* — We looked for the Mississippi river some little time before we came to it, but could hardly discover it. It neither made any noise, nor did it seem of great width. Many a little pebble stone of a stream has danced and roared, and made much more commotion. There was no mistaking its character, however, when we had fairly reached it, and began to sail along on its broad bosom. Moreover, we had no sooner advanced a little way up this ' Father of Waters,' than we were struck with the fragrance that came floating with the breeze, occasioned by the blossoms of the cotton-wood, the vine, and various wild flowers. The day was a most charming one, quite one of those, the heat excepted, which was somewhat intense, to which the poet has referred, when he said:

> ' Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
> The bridal of the earth and sky;
> The dew will weep thy fall at night,
> For thou must die.'

" Still more beautiful was the evening; the moon full and clear, the breeze gentle, the air fragrant, the waters silvery, and all nature wrapped in silence, (the strong heaving lungs of our engine and the ripplings of our boat rushing through the waters excepted.) Even the drift-wood looks as if it had grown old and decayed

while on its long voyage. And then on, on the waters flow like the tide and affairs of life itself, to rush into the ocean and at length be lost in that boundless deep. It is now drawing near the evening of Saturday, and one thought oppresses us; we shall probably not reach St. Louis before midnight, and perhaps not until Sabbath morning. This we had not intended. We embarked in season, but our foundering upon the sand-bank has caused about ten hours delay. What shall be done in this case? The Christians among us are considering the question. We set out on our journey firmly determined not to travel on the Sabbath; but here is a dilemma. There is a female missionary among us, who, not long since, refusing to journey on the Lord's day, was left behind at Wheeling, at which place she had arrived by stage; while others, professors, would proceed. But her confidence in God was not misplaced; for on Monday morning another and lighter steamboat came along, which in the course of the day passed by the one she had declined taking and which had struck on a sand-bank, being thereby unable to proceed; so that the faithful missionary not only kept her conscience clear, but arrived first at her destination.

"*At St. Louis.* — A few days since a Catholic child, playing in the street, was heard to say to another, 'The *next war* will be between the Catholics and Protestants.' My hope is that Catholicism will modify, melt down and entirely vanish before the enlightening influences of Protestantism. I fear, however, we are nourishing an enemy in our bosom to be thrust out at length by fire and sword. I am, at least, exceedingly rejoiced to find Americanism everywhere bearing sway through this city, and I may say through the West. The same books are used in schools; the same tunes and hymns are everywhere sung in the house of God; the same papers of general religious interest are read; the same information circulates in every

part. In none of the Protestant institutions that I visited, was I more interested than in a high school, taught in this city by a graduate of Amherst College. The establishment is *his own*, entirely. I have found nothing that goes beyond it anywhere in New England. A clergyman of high standing said of the proprietor, he is the only man professing to be a Christian, a minister of Christ, whom I could advise to teach school, rather than to preach, as a means of greater good, other things being equal. His school attracts the Catholics themselves. As yet they have found themselves wholly unable to compete with it. Let such schools be multiplied under the influence of true religion, as this is, and nothing can be more favorable to the prosperity of our country and nothing more fatal to Catholicism.

"I had a long conversation with one of the steamboat captains. Himself and father were natives of Virginia, and were brought up among slaves, though his mother was a New England lady. After speaking against Garrisonism, he declared his utter abhorrence of slavery in all its forms; spoke freely of the everlasting perplexity it occasioned him in his present business; said it was impossible for him to conceive how any true ministers could uphold the system, or do anything to countenance it; and solemnly avowed his belief that it must hasten to a close.

"*At Nauvoo.* — We found ourselves passing through the various apartments of the temple, and gazing abroad from its lofty dome, upon the scenery around us. As a piece of architecture, this building belongs to no order but its own — the *Nauvoo* — being neither composite nor Egyptian, but a defiance of all orders.

"*At Peoria.* — Having rested ourselves awhile this morning, we took an early dinner, and then rode out back of the village towards Bishop Chase's Jubilee College, to see the bluffs, barrens and prairies. It was a beautiful after-

noon, though warm. Not a cloud was discoverable that indicated rain. We took not even our ordinary thick garments with us, and went out about eight miles, interesting ourselves in everything by the way — hills, valleys, birds, flowers and emigrants; and, among other things, entering one of the Illinois schools, and giving it a thorough examination. We then turned homeward, and had made two or three miles of our way, when a cloud began to rise in the north-west, from which peals of thunder rolled. We hardly feared it at first, but nearer and more near it came, while we hurried on and still hoped to escape the approaching tempest. At length, when we were within about two miles of our hotel, it had gathered all around us; over our heads were sharp flashes and heavy peals of thunder, and rain began to descend. We feared for the horses, lest some of these crashing thunders, with the glare of vivid lightning, should render them uncontrollable, and then, obliged as we were, much of the way, to descend a steep bluff, we felt that great danger might await us. Scarcely had we arranged ourselves for the coming storm, when the lightning appeared to flash directly across the horses, instantly followed by one of those dreadful bolts of thunder that seem to rend the universe in pieces. The animals were startled, but remained controllable, and on, on we hurried. When we were within sight of the hotel itself, the rain began to pour down in torrents. In an instant after reaching it thick heavy hail, that cut and lacerated the horses, began to descend, yet under the guidance of a very skilful driver, they were permitted to rush forward to a shed connected with the stable, the door of which was instantly thrown open by one present, watching the scene, when they entered, and we were saved — seemingly the narrowest escape from destruction we ever experienced. Hail, often two inches in diameter and almost uniformly of an inch and a half

in diameter, was pouring down like showers of stones. The roof of the building under which we were sheltered, was almost broken in by the perpetual battering of heaven's artillery. The roar of thunder could be equalled only by the continual roar on a field of battle. Floods of water, mingled with the hail, poured down as if a lake had suddenly been overturned upon us. The storm opened its fearful attack about ten minutes after four, P. M. At the end of fifteen minutes the sun had begun to shine and a brilliant rainbow was seen spanning the south-eastern heavens. In twenty minutes the storm was past; but what a spectacle it had left behind! A river was literally running down the streets, sweeping everything before it. The ground was everywhere covered with the large hail-stones; and under the eaves of buildings they were lying at least four inches deep. Windows exposed to the storm had everywhere been dashed to atoms. Some of the roofs, thinly shingled, without boards, in the manner of this country, had been penetrated by the hail. Horses full of wounds that had dashed furiously through the streets until exhausted, were everywhere to be found. Trees were stripped of their leaves and tender branches, and stood desolate, as if they had been rifled by contending armies on a field of battle. Men's hats had been crushed through like paper, by the icy balls, and their arms, when exposed, were palsied. The first flash of lightning, alluded to above, had struck a house, nearly killing a child; the second struck another, tearing it in pieces. Fruit was destroyed, and gardens laid entirely waste. Taken altogether, it was the sublimest spectacle I ever saw; and we bowed in gratitude to find ourselves still in the land of the living.

"*Niagara Falls.* — As we approached Niagara, there was nothing in the appearance of things indicating the Falls to be near. The waters of Lake Erie moved on

with a calm, unruffled surface, towards their narrow outlet. Niagara river seemed scarcely quicker than other rivers, rising even with her banks, and gliding on with a gentle speed. Flowers were blooming sweetly along her borders; and birds were singing melodiously among the trees of her shores and islands. As we drew near the Rapids, above the Falls, the river appeared unusually placid and serene in every aspect. Having lost sight of the river altogether, for a while, we suddenly found ourselves in the midst of a clump of houses and trees which we were told was the Falls Village. We were now prepared for the great survey; crossed over to Bath Island, thence to Goat Island, going down to a point, from which we passed on to the Biddle Stairs, the Terrapin Bridge, and thence quite around the Island. In the afternoon a company of us, five in number, gave ourselves up to the directions of a guide. He took us down to the lower landing, a mile and a half below, where, entering the '*Maid of the Mist*,' a little steamboat, we proceeded up the river, sailing close along the Falls, on the American side, and passing thence to the shore on the British side, running into the mist and spray, and then wheeling and running down a short distance to the ferry landing on the opposite shore. Ascending the bank we found ourselves at the Clifton House; and after having visited Lundy's Lane and the burning Sulphur Spring, we proceeded to Barnett's Museum, the table rock, and the spiral stairs, near it; after which we returned home across the ferry, directly, by means of a barge, rowed by a single individual, and were drawn up the bank on an inclined plane. This completed our first day's tour. The next day we visited Goat Island again, and then passed down the river to Bellevue, the narrows, the whirlpool, etc., after which our guide left us to ourselves and our guide books.

"It would be presumption for me, in a running letter,

to attempt a minute description of these Falls. This has often been done by others; and in a very excellent manner, in Peck's Tourist Companion. The course we took was by no means favorable for first impressions. In crossing over to Bath Island, and thence to Goat Island, one neither hears nor sees much of the Falls. From another point we obtained an extensive view of the whole Fall, while a rainbow in the spray mantled around our feet. From the Terrapin Tower, we had a nearer sight on the English side, and looking down saw again the little 'Maid of the Mist,' ploughing along up through the foam and spray, over the whirlpool and the billows — a most interesting spectacle. But, after all, I found myself returning from this survey with not half so elated feelings, as when I visited Mount Holyoke. Indeed, I began to fear that the various objects of interest I had seen elsewhere had disqualified me in some measure for an examination of this grandest of nature's works. It was not long, however, before I was disabused of this error, in the most effectual manner. Giving ourselves up to our guide, he proposed to cross over with us at once to the Canada shore. Embarking on board the 'Maid of the Mist,' we were soon creeping along up the stream close by the American shore, to avoid the current on the opposite side. In a few minutes, to our surprise, we saw the little boat making the best of her way directly up to the foot of the American Falls, which having reached, she glided along by the Biddle Stairs, etc., right into the foam, mist, billows, and almost the waterfalls themselves, on the side of the English shore. This, taking us as it did, wholly at unawares, effectually aroused us. It seemed to us like a rebuke from the genii of the Falls themselves, for the irreverent thoughts and feelings with which we had at first approached them. The boat on her return held herself in check. We ran to the stream and looked out upon the

awful Niagara for awhile with the deepest, the most overwhelming emotions. It was like standing in the presence of God, according to prophetic representations. We saw his burnished throne before us, the great white cloud hanging over it, a rainbow encircling it, incense ascending in his presence, and deep-toned thunder rolling around; while bowing in awful reverence we were ready to cry out, holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth, and shrink to nothing before him. From this moment the profoundest respect for this great spectacle took full possession of us. We never again either thought or spoke of it but with the deepest emotions. While these feelings were in full flow, we gradually separated from the vision. Our boat had reached the opposite shore, and we were ascending the bank, towards the Clifton House. All the terrors of the former scene had now vanished, and we gazed forth upon the Falls as they presented a new and most interesting aspect; one of completeness, grandeur, and yet of the most perfect calmness; a view, in several respects, in entire contrast with the one we had just taken from the water below. In short, from this time onward, every new point from which we contemplated these Falls, seemed to lay them open before us, in new relations, adornments and charms, like the endless combinations of the kaleidoscope, or a succession in galleries of paintings where one leads on to another, and each, though in itself perfect, appears more beautiful than the last."

The following Address was delivered by Mr. T., at the consecration of the Union Cemetery, Manchester, Mass., July 24th, 1845:

"We have been called together, respected neighbors and friends, at this time, to consecrate this inclosure for the reception of the dead. The ceremony, though in itself very simple, and destitute of all that pageantry which the

rich and the noble contrive to throw around similar transactions, has in it, for us, much that is interesting, — adapted to excite emotion, and lead to solemn consideration.

"The world in which we live is not to be our home forever. We are but travellers through it, strangers and sojourners, as all our fathers were. There is an amazing change coming over us all. Parent and child, brother and sister, husband and wife, ere long are to be separated by death. No usefulness of employment, no adornments of genius and rank, no endearments of affection, can save us from this most solemn of all human events.

"Provision is then to be made for the burial of the departed. We too have need to say, as said the patriarch of old: Give us a possession of a burying place with you, that we may bury our dead out of our sight. — Let us have the field, and the cave that is therein, and all the trees that are in the field, as well as in the borders round about, and let them be made sure unto us for a possession of a burying place.*

"It is most clearly the duty of the living thus to provide for the decent interment of the dead. So the common consent of all mankind has decreed. It is an act, inspired by humanity itself; — a practice, which has been observed even by enemies in time of war; and an honor, which has but rarely been denied in any country, except to those who had violated the laws of nature and God, in some most aggravated manner. David passes high encomiums on the men of Jabesh-Gilead, who rescued the bones of their king and prince from their enemy's wall, and committed them to their family vault.† It is part of the praise of Tobit, (as we read in the Apocrypha,‡) that he went

---

* Gen. chap. 23: 4, 17, 20.

† 1 Sam. ch. 31: and 2 Sam. 2: 5. ‡ Tobit, chs. 1 and 2.

about burying his murdered countrymen, at the hazard of his life; while Jeremiah threatens it as the greatest temporal punishment, that the wicked should be left unburied, or, as it is emphatically expressed, should be buried with the burial of a beast.* Herodotus tells us, that in Egypt, if a native or a foreigner were found, either destroyed by a crocodile, or drowned in the water, the city nearest which the body was discovered was obliged to embalm it, paying it every respectful attention, and afterwards depositing it in some consecrated place. Isæus brings it as a proof that Cleon was not the son of Astyphylus, because he neither buried him, nor performed his funeral exequies. A law of Athens compelled the burial of a dead body found by accident, and pronounced the refuser impious.†

"The heathen writers on ethics place the duty of interring the dead among the first. To leave a body unburied they regarded as the height of impiety. Some of them carried their attention to the dead beyond the grave. Solon, we are told, by an express law forbade any reflections on their character; † while the Egyptians made them pass through the form of a trial, and regulated their funeral rites and ceremonies according to the result.

"As to how and where the dead should be buried, customs have varied in different ages, and different nations, as also among the same people, under different circumstances. We will not stop to discuss these points here, for time forbids.

"It is obvious to remark, that, as a general thing, all wish to die in the midst of their friends, — to fall asleep in the arms of affection, — to find repose in the land of their nativity, and to be gathered to the sepulchres of their fathers. Circumstances can indeed modify this feeling, and Christianity produce a still more elevated one in

* Jer. 8 : 2 ; compare with 22 : 19. † Rees, Art. Burial.

its place. Sir John Moore,* the hero of Corunna, used to say, that he should like to die and be buried on the field of battle; and the pious Leighton used often to remark, that the place where he should prefer to end his days, above all others, would be at an inn; since the whole world was to him but a noisy inn, and he himself but a mere pilgrim in it, hastening away as fast as possible to his father's house.† These, however, were evidently only exceptions to a general rule. The feelings of mankind on this subject are, as a whole, deep and strong. We derive pleasure from the thought that death will overtake us amidst those we love, and our remains be laid where friends can visit them, and honor them with kind remembrances and tender regards.

"'Let him speak on this subject, who has been on a pilgrimage for health to a foreign land. Let him speak, who has watched at the couch of a dying friend, far from his chosen home. Let him speak, who has committed to the bosom of the deep, with a sudden, startling plunge, some relative or companion. Let such speak, and they will tell you, that there is scarcely anything which rends the heart of the dying, — aye, and of the surviving, too, — with a sharper pang, than the thought that the departing are to sleep their last sleep in a land of strangers, or in the unseen depths of the ocean.' ‡

"The poet has told us how this is, in lines not only of great beauty, but of perfect truth:

> 'For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
> This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
> Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
> Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

* See Wolfe's Remains, p. 30, for a part of my authority; the rest is quoted by memory, from some memoir of Moore that I have read, as I suppose.

† Leighton's Works, ed. Andover, p. 46.

‡ Judge Story's Address at the consecration of Mt. Auburn, either in his Misc. Works, or in Guide through Mt. Auburn; the last, p. 67.

'On some fond breast the parting soul relies;
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries;
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires!' *

"And then, let Revelation speak on the same point: 'Bury me not,' said good old Jacob, trembling on the verge of the grave, — 'bury me not, I pray thee, in Egypt, but I will lie with my fathers; and thou shalt carry me out of Egypt, and bury me in their burying place. — There they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac and Rebekah his wife; and there I buried Leah.' † Such are the natural expressions of the dying, the instinctive feelings of the human heart, on this subject. We would not merely pass our lives with our friends. We would fall asleep among them, and repose with them in the grave.

"Besides, what is more natural than that the burial places of the dead, wherever chosen, should be regarded as sacred? Among the Romans, these enclosures were looked on as religious places.‡ Among the Greeks, they, as well as all other things belonging to the dead, were had in such esteem, that to deface, or in any way violate them, was pronounced sacrilege, and thought to entail certain ruin upon the guilty offenders. There is a tradition handed down, that Idas, having broken one of the pillars in Aphareus's sepulchre, was immediately struck dead by one of Jupiter's thunderbolts, for the crime.§ With similar reverence do the Chinese regard the depositories of their dead; often visiting them; and, at the anniversary of their parents' death, as well as at the annual feast of the tombs, all persons must present offerings to the manes of

* Judge Story's Address, ut supra; or Gray's Elegy, Aikin's British Poets, p. 654.

† Genesis, chap. xlvii., v. 29 sq., and chap. xlix., v. 31 sq.

‡ Adams's Rom. Antiq., p. 406.

§ Potter's Gr. Ant., p. 565.

their progenitors.* How it was with the ancient Egyptians, may be judged from the time and expense devoted to the preparation of their subterranean palaces and their pyramids, or, in other words, their tombs.†

"We who live under the light of the gospel, being able, by means of that light, to penetrate, in a measure, the gloom that, to the heathen, hung over the future, can look upon the dead with different, at least with greatly modified emotions. The body is but the casket in which a gem is deposited for a while. That gem is not lost. It still sparkles, in the light of immortality. Beneath the dull cold marble there rests nothing but the body, divested of all that adorned it. The spirit that animated it has flown to another world, and is now engaged in other scenes.‡ Can persons of such a belief feel a reverence for the dead, like those who have nothing of the kind on which they can rely, — to whose minds, in many cases, death seems the end of all things? Are not Christians, indeed, charged not to sorrow for their deceased believing friends, as those without hope?

"And yet, with all our religious knowledge, we too look upon the repositories of the dead as sacred places, and feel an unusual awe come over us, as we contemplate the tomb. In some respects, indeed, this awe is greatly increased by our very belief, — the consideration, that the body and soul are not separated from each other forever, but must one day be united again, — the mortal putting on immortality. Why, indeed, should it not be so? Is

* Medhurst's China, p. 175.

† Comp. Wilkinson's Æg., II. 392, etalib.

‡ The sentiment here is taken from the beautiful monument of Emily Binney, in the Mt. Auburn Cemetery, as follows:

"Shed not for her the bitter tear,
Nor give the heart to vain regret;
'Tis but the casket that lies here, —
The gem that fill'd it sparkles yet."

the sword of a Washington, or the chair of a pilgrim, capable of arousing noble thoughts and keen sensibilities; and shall we not feel an unwonted sacredness collect around the ashes once animated by an immortal spirit, — now either an angelic form, engaged in the glorious employments of heaven, or else wearing the drapery of some demon, wandering over the dark fields of eternal ruin? Who can visit the grave of a Washington or of a Napoleon, without peculiar emotions, and the gushing up of a thousand thoughts of the past, as well as the glancing forward of the mind's eye into the future?

"Years since, I visited in Newburyport the vault in which repose the remains of Whitefield. Would you not have me feel, at such a sight, all the facts of his past life, the goodness of his heart, his devotion to the gospel of Christ, and his amazing power over the soul, — starting up into recollection, and passing in review before the mind? 'How small a pattern of a man' must he be, who, without more than ordinary feelings of sacredness and awe, 'can contemplate the frame of the house in which dwelt such a tenant as Whitefield's soul, — the very ribs that were knocked with the beatings of his great heart;'* or look with indifference upon his grave? I passed thence, at once, to the room in which he died, and in imagination beheld him gasping and panting for breath, with a convoy of angels around him, waiting to bear him away, feeling, as said the poet, that

> 'The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
> Is privileged beyond the common walks
> Of virtuous life, — quite on the verge of heaven.'

"'The next day after I arrived at the Holy City,' says Pliny Fisk, in a letter to some Christian friends, 'I made my first visit to the tomb of my Lord. I did not stop to

---

* New York Obs. July 12th, 1845.

inquire, whether this place, pointed out as his sepulchre, is really such or not. If in this thing there is any delusion, I was willing to be deceived for the moment. The church was full of people; but though surrounded by them, I could not suppress my feelings. I looked at the dome which covers the tomb, and thought of the death and resurrection of my Lord, and burst into tears. I entered and kneeled by the marble which is supposed to cover the spot where the body lay. My tears flowed freely, and my soul seemed to be moved in a way I cannot describe. I dedicated myself anew to my Lord, and then offered up my prayers for my father, brothers, sisters, and particular friends. I implored a blessing on Andover, and all ministers and missionaries, and on all the world. It seemed then, as if Christ the son of God had really suffered, died, and risen from the dead. The period of time that has elapsed since his death, dwindled, as it were, to a moment. The whole seemed present and real. O, what sufferings, what love! Dear brethren, it was for us he died. Shall we not then live for him? If you think I have made any sacrifices, or undergone any hardships, I assure you, I forgot them all, when in the church of the Holy Sepulchre!' *

"Such were the deep feelings of this man of God, on viewing the spot where once the Redeemer lay. Was it not natural for him to feel, under such circumstances? And in like manner, is it not natural for us all to experience some corresponding emotions, as we gaze on the sepulchres of the departed, even those of the most insignificant that ever lived? To what gushing thoughts and feelings may not such a sight give rise, in the contemplative mind!

"How full of instruction is the graveyard to all the

* Bond's Mem. of Fisk, p. 286.

living! *It acquaints us with the nature of sin.* It was *this* that brought death into the world, and all our woe. How dreadful an evil, then, must sin be! The place of burial reminds us of our mortality. We are not to be in time forever. We shall, in a few days, be carried to that place, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest, — where the prisoners rest together, and hear not the voice of the oppressor any more, — where both the small and the great are found, and the servant is free from his master.*

"*We are reminded of a future state.* The grave even is not to be our everlasting home. It is but a stopping place, where travellers meet for a night's repose.

> 'The time draws on,
> When not a single spot of burial earth,
> Whether on land, or in the spacious sea,
> But must give up its long-committed dust
> Inviolate.' †

"And then, with the summoned body and reunited soul, there must also come up all the past, to be adjusted for eternity. O! the terrors of that day, when

> 'Jesus on his throne of wonder,
> Every veil is rent asunder,
> Round him rolling vengeful thunder.' ‡

"The graveyard also calls upon us, with a most solemn voice, not to fix our thoughts supremely on earthly things, but to make our escape from sin, through faith in the atonement, seeking the things that are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Would we listen to such instruction, how would it lead us to commune with ourselves, — moderate our turbulent desires, calming our agitated passions, and drawing us after heavenly things.

---

* Job, 3 : 17–19.

† Judge Story's Address, ut supra, p. 73.

‡ From my version of the Requiem, "Dies Iræ."

" For myself, I blush not to tell you that I love the graveyard; and often, in my journeyings, stray away, all alone, to look it up. It is soothing, though saddening, to roam over its little hillocks and commune with its silent inhabitants. If it remind me of what I have lost, and, so long as on earth, am still exposed to lose, it also brings its own consolations. If it make me tremble, as a sinner, on the verge of ruin, it also speaks to me of glorious hopes, the winding up of the sorrows of life and the weary pilgrim's safe arrival at his eternal home! Taking my station in some obscure corner, I give myself up to the contemplations that involuntarily arise. 'How brief a space has elapsed,' say I to myself, 'since these very bodies were animated with celestial fire! The world was all before them, as they thought, " where to choose!" They entered upon life's journey with bright hopes. With nimble steps and eager aim, they chased its phantoms! Methinks I now see them before me!

'They rage and strive, desire and love!
But, — all their noise is vain!'

"'As pass away the fluttering crowd, at the close of a gala-day, leaving streets and commons in silence and repose — these are departed. The dying agony is over! The last farewell has been uttered. The funeral procession has done its work. The loved form has disappeared forever from human view; and friends drowned in tears have strewn flowers over the grave! How silent are the dead! Life's fitful fever over, sweetly they slumber! No care corrodes them. No discords disturb their quiet! And is *this* all that is left of man, I ask?' Instantly my thoughts break away from their revery, to follow the immortal spirit in its flight.

'Whither, ah, whither has it gone?'

is an inquiry that presses upon me, and my thoughts pass

to the utmost boundaries of time, and would penetrate the secrets of eternity, beholding departed souls either exalted to the glories of heaven, or plunged into the miseries of hell; but a voice from the eternal throne, 'Fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man,' bids me desist. Then, standing on a point from which both worlds can be contemplated, I feel, that for the first time, I am forming a proper estimate of earthly things, and am learning how to live. O, what errors are rectified, what darkness is chased away from the soul by a little light from eternity!

"Were there time, I should like to address you awhile on the principles by which we should be governed in the selection and adornment of our burial-places. They should neither be decked with too much gaity, nor yet be altogether hung over with gloom.

"On the one hand, they should speak a cheerful language to the Christian, — pointing, as with a finger, on every monument, in every walk and shade, to the tranquillity of heaven, the rest that remains for the people of God. On the other, they should speak in direful omens to the sinner, — thundering in his ears the terrors of the law; flashing upon him the fearful truth that the way of the transgressor is hard; and beckoning him, at every step, to prepare to meet his God! It is time for me, however, to revert to the occasion that has brought us together, and to the more immediate object of these exercises, namely, to set apart this enclosure, in a consecratory act, for the reception of the dead.

"You are aware that the first burial places in this region, were those of the aborigines of the country. Of these, three in particular have been discovered in this town — one, where Capt. John Knight's new barn now stands, or near there; the other, not far from the sea, at Kettle Cove, in a spot marked by a mound of earth; and

the third a little south of the spot where we are now assembled. Of these, the last named one is doubtless the most recent, — that, probably, of the Indians who lived here subsequently to the discovery and settlement of this country by the whites, and a little before. The other two are probably quite ancient; at least, the first-named one. When it was discovered, it bore indubitable marks of antiquity. In addition to these, it is not at all impossible that the Indians buried elsewhere, and often, even, in a private way.

"The first white inhabitants of the place were probably buried a little to the south and east of the Congregational Meeting-House, — dead bodies and coffins having been found there, in the removal of the earth for building purposes. The first notice I find on record, in reference to the origin of our old yard, taking Dr. Leach's Manuscript History of Manchester for my guide, is dated in the year 1660. It formerly extended across the present road. There is also an old burying place, as you are aware, at Kettle Cove, which has, for some years, been disused. Whether this was ever set apart as a public burying-ground or not, I am unable to say. Nor do I know when it was first devoted to burial purposes. Probably, however, it was subsequent, in its origin, to our present public yard; usually called the town burying-yard, and was never anything more than a private enclosure, used by those, in particular, who resided at that Cove.

"The town yard was, at first, very small; and has often been enlarged, and for the third time, at least, very recently. It is even now much crowded, and is in other respects objectionable. These facts led several of our enterprising inhabitants, some time since, to think of another spot, for themselves and families, with the intention of opening it to such others as might be disposed to join them. The result of that movement you see before you

in the present enclosure. In reference to the purpose to which it is to be devoted, by all among us, who wish to have the members of their families here collected together side by side, when they sleep in death, it has been called the *Union Cemetery.*

"It makes no proud pretensions. It presumes not to vie with *Père Lachaise*, *Laurel Hill*, *Mount Auburn*, or *Harmony Grove.* It has, however, its own beauties of location, will admit of suitable ornaments, and is well adapted to the purpose for which it was intended; and we are now here to consecrate it by suitable exercises. Henceforth, then, let it be remembered that this is sacred ground. This soil which we now see around us enclosed, is set apart for a hallowed use. Here the dead are to be laid, and to sleep until the morning of the resurrection. I now stand before you by the request and direction of the proprietors, to declare, that from the present time onward, this enclosure is consecrated to such a hallowed purpose. Hereafter, this ground, in the noblest sense, 'belongs no longer to the living, but to the dead.' May it remain forever inviolate.

"And here, before I close, how easy would it be to glance into the future history of this little field! What weeping processions may come here and deposit their precious burdens. What blighted hopes may be laid low, in *this* earth! It is indeed removed from the walks of the great. No proud Mausoleums, no haughty monuments may here arise. Yet kind and noble hearts will here be laid, — those that had beat high with the love of God; yes,

> 'Here, in this sequestered spot be laid,
> Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
> Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
> Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.'

"I must not, however, pursue this thought. Let me

ask you all, before parting, to consider, each one for himself, how soon you may be brought here to slumber. A few years since, I saw a laborer engaged on a private burying-yard, just laid out near our public ground; and I hesitated whether I should not ask him, if he had been so wise as to secure a mansion of rest for his soul, as well as a grave for his body; but I passed on in silence. Only a few days after, this very man was laid down there, in the sleep of death. It is wise to think of this subject on the present occasion.

'While here ye enclose
A spot where your ashes in peace may repose, —
Where the living may come and commune with the dead,
With God, and his soul, and with reverence tread,
On the sod which he soon may be sleeping below, —
Have ye chosen the home where the spirit shall go?

'Shall it dwell where the gardens of Paradise bloom,
And flowers are not opening to die o'er the tomb?
With the song of an angel, a vesture of light,
Shall it live in a world free from shadow and blight;
Where the waters are pure, from a fount never sealed,
And the secrets of heaven are in glory revealed?'*

"Let us not forget, that while we think of others, we ourselves are hastening to the tomb; and while the melancholy fact of life's uncertainty, and the nearness of death alarm us — let us look through the gloom of the grave to the light of heaven; and, by faith, secure its joys and glories as our own. Fearlessly, then, shall we be able to look into the tomb, and with the poet, exclaim:

'Corruption, earth and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
'Till my triumphant spirit comes,
To put it on afresh.

---

* Poems, by Miss H. F. Gould, p. 34.

'God, my Redeemer lives,
And often from the skies,
Looks down and watches all my dust,
'Till he shall bid it rise.

'Arrayed in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine;
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.'"

---

An Ode, written in Meadville, Pa., and sung at the celebration, in that place, of the *two hundredth* anniversary of the landing of our Pilgrim Fathers on Plymouth Rock. As here printed, the Ode is much altered from its original form. The changes, however, in it, were made by Mr. T. himself. At the time when he first composed it, he was nineteen years of age.

## PILGRIMS OF LEYDEN.

With joy to celebrate the day,
When our forefathers' *grateful lay*,
From Plymouth Rock first rose,
In songs of praise, let all aspire,
And glowing with celestial fire,
God's altar round enclose.

To-day, *two hundred* years ago,
Fresh from the Mayflower moored below, —
Well furled her tattered sails, —
They bent around in holy form,
The ocean rolling and the storm
Still heaved in sadd'ning wails.

Pilgrims of Leyden, hallowed band,
Far from their homes and native land,
All stained with martyr's gore,
They sought a vine and tree to find,
Where peace might dwell, and they reclined,
Securely, God adore.

Thanks to Old Holland's generous aid,
For peace and quiet, walk and shade,
Perfumed of heavenly flowers;
Beyond the reach of pope or king,
Or other such infernal thing,
They sought to plant their bowers.

Behold them on the crested wave,
Delft-haven leaving, sad but brave,
The unknown seas to dare;
Kind hearts, the Christian and the true,
Along the shore have waved adieu,
And now stand weeping there.

On, on they plough across the main,
Back beaten oft, they try again,
While round the tempest roars;
Now hanging on the billowy brow,
Now sinking in the gulf below,
While each his God implores.

In vain death stares in horrid forms,
And hell excites infernal storms,
To merge them in the waves;
Their Lord is with them on the deep,
His *church* is sailing in the ship,—
His mighty presence saves!

Though tempests howl and dangers thrill,
His voice they hear, so calm and still,
*'Tis I, be not afraid,*—
Till straight along the sandy shore,
They hear the billows break and roar,
Beneath the bow displayed.

And now — bless'd hope, and pledges sure,
To those who faithfully endure! —
Behold the hallowed band!
With lulling gale and joyful song,
They coast the broken shore along,
And reach the promised land!

O, day of darkness, doubt and fears,
When round that rock the scalding tears,
First fell in grateful prayer;

The Indian, famine, winter's cold,
Disease and other woes untold;
Yet God they felt was there!

And *he was there*, old Israel's Sire,
The shining cloud, the train of fire,
The manna and the rod;
To-day, from tyrants disenslaved,
We live, because *above them* waved,
The banner of their God!

Then come, ye sons and daughters, bring
New honors to this mighty King;
Our fathers' God adore!
Roll, roll his rapturous praise around,
From hill to vale, until the sound
Extend *from shore to shore.*

---

## LINES TO AN AFFLICTED SISTER. — 1839.

Mary, my dear, you do not *hear* me,
For hills divide and many a care;
Yet I am often sighing near thee,
And weeping for thee fast in prayer;
O, surely you might feel me there.

But late my closing eyes espied thee
In anguish sore; much gone to waste;
I rose and ran and knelt beside thee,
And called salvation's cup in haste; —
Methinks my sister would not taste.

Just laid upon my anxious pillow,
That oft for thee with tears I lave,
I saw thee on a broken billow,
And a life-boat gliding near to save;
Yet Mary struggled with the wave.

I've borne thee oft to Zion's mountain,
And walked with thee around the brink
Of Calvary's gushing healing fountain,
Where I was cured; yet hard to think
My sister would not stoop to drink.

I see it all around me flowing —
God's love — an ocean deep and wide,
I feel its raptures through me glowing,
And fain would sail along the tide,
With Mary smiling at my side.

O come, my sister, cease thy weeping,
A brighter day must sure be nigh —
The star of morn I feel is sleeping
For thee in yonder cloudless sky;
Come, yield thy heart and wipe thine eye.

What though no more the spring delight thee,
And flow'rets vainly strew thy way, —
Eternity is dawning brightly,
How lovely is the opening day!
While angels whisper, "Come away."

---

## SPRING. — 1842.

Sweet Spring is coming, is coming;
I smell her fragrant breeze,
And hear the birds a humming,
In merry glees,
Around me in the trees, —
Sweet Spring is coming, is coming.

As wont, the zephyrs quaffing,
I walked, at dawn, to-day,
And heard a robin laughing,
On a lofty spray,
And a warbling brown bird* say,
Sweet Spring is coming, is coming.

And hark! the frogs are peeping;
See! the lambs are sporting by;
While the serpent forth is creeping,
And the wild geese cry,
On their journey through the sky,—
O, surely Spring is coming.

---

*The Fringilla Juncorum, or Rush Sparrow.

Just now, in beauties blushing,
I plucked a Venus' Pride,
And found my foot was crushing,
Yet undescried,
A violet at its side;
O, surely Spring is coming,

I know it, the word is spoken;
The reign of storms is o'er;
The chains of ice are broken,
From shore to shore;
I have heard the torrent roar,
For Spring was coming, was coming.

Farewell, departing Winter,
Thy favors we recall,
Long evenings for the printer,
Or the Lyceum-hall,
Or religion's solemn call,
Yet tearless, tearless sever!

Sweet Spring, our bosoms bless thee;
All hail thy gentle reign!
With flow'rets fair to dress thee,
We'll hasten to the plain,
With all the youthful train,
For welcome is thy coming.

---

## TO MY WIFE ON THE DEATH OF HER MOTHER. — 1845.

The vital spark of heavenly flame,
Has surely, surely fled;
The cold that creeps along her frame,
Proclaims that she is dead.
She wings her way among the spheres,
To where the throne appears.

Last eve she sweetly closed the day,
Rapt in redeeming love;
This morn she's on her shining way,
To join the songs above.
She wakes amid seraphic strains,
Upon the heavenly plains.

O, gentle death, without a sting!
Is this indeed to die?
Borne on an angel's balmy wing,
She passes to the sky!
And yet we're drowned in tears of grief,
For here 's the withered leaf.

We knew that eighty years had spanned
Life's checkered scenes away;
And long in Beulah's happy land,
Had heard her sing and pray,
With Zion's city full in view,
Yet seemed it not so true.

Though she had felt the stern control
Of age, disease, and care,
Warm were the affections of her soul—
There was no winter there;
And in God's house she still was seen,
Fragrant, and fair, and green.

'Tis sweet to call her form to mind,
That glowed with inward grace;
Her looks benign, her words so kind,
The gentlest of her race!—
The charity, the prayer, and praise,
In which she passed her days.

Who can her listening ear forget,
Her eye devoutly closed;
When round the mercy seat we met,
In holy thought composed;
Or with what joy her soul would beam,
When Jesus was the theme.

Alas, to think she's gone, she's gone!
That tenderest earthly friend!
While here we sought to cheer her on,
And every want attend!
O, how we'd fear to give her pain,
If she were here again!

But ah, no tears will her restore,
To cheer our lonely home;

We find her in the room no more,
  Smiling to see us come.
Her books we find, her place of prayer,
But mother is not there!

You need not go, my dear, to-night,
  Before your eyelids close,
Or rise, betimes, ere morning light,
  To look for her repose.
Deep sleep is on her aged brow,
She sleeps in Jesus now.

Yet Mary, wipe away that tear,
  Nor be with sorrow riven;
For shining angels have been here —
  This is the gate of heaven;
Ethereal fragrance spreads around, —
I feel 'tis holy ground.

We'll bear the precious dust away,
  And plume our wings to fly;
While waiting for eternal day,
  We hope like her to die, —
To wake amid angelic strains,
Upon the heavenly plains.

---

## HYMN.

*Sung at the reopening of the Orthodox Congregational Church, in Manchester, Mass., April 9th,* 1846.

COMPOSED BY THE PASTOR.

The Heaven of Heavens, Great God, in vain
Expands, thy glory to contain;
  And in its sapphire blaze
The Archangel, with his starry wings,
Stands veiled and trembling while he sings,
  Unequal to thy praise.

And will the Almighty condescend,
In temples made with hands, to attend
  Devotion's feeble flame?
The pledge is given! Thy words declare
That humble souls shall find Thee there
  Who meet in Jesus' name.

The thunders of thy voice are o'er;
Thou com'st in robes of fire no more;
All is serene and still;
And yet, around the altar bowed,
We feel thy glory like a cloud,
Encircling Zion's hill!

The house behold! Great One in Three,
That we have here prepared for Thee;
And in thy boundless love
Upon its walls inscribe thy name,
Upon its altar light the flame
That glows in hearts above.

Here often have we met and prayed,
And seen thy wondrous power displayed,
And sung of sins forgiven;
O, make it still a "dreadful place,"
Thy house of holiness and grace,
And still the gate of Heaven.

And when the trumpet's mighty swell
Shall rive the dead through earth and hell,
And judgment roll along!
Let thousands rise, to join the strains
That echo o'er the starry plains,
"Jesus forever lives and reigns!"
Who here began the song!

---

## C. MARDENBOROUGH NICKELS,

*Only son of Rev. C. M. Nickels, of Gloucester, Mass., who died Aug.* 18, 1846, *aged 5 years.*

Near where loud roar the angry waves,
Along the rocky shore,
And sailors often find their graves,
Two kindred souls adore;
And with them there was one,
From heaven received, an only son.

Whene'er I sought their love to share,
And met the bounding child,

To see his curly locks of hair,
And mark how sweet he smiled,
Would soothe my cares away;
A cherub round me seemed to play.

Oft, when some little thing I sung,
For him or for his mother,
Around my chair he fondly hung,
And asked me for another;
Or ran to get his toys,
And showed them to express his joys.

And then, to hear his father tell,
How, in his simple way,
His eyes with tears for sin would swell,
And heartily would pray,
And Jesus' words repeat,
As if he thought them very sweet!

The other day I sought the door,
Alas, poor Mardenborough!
He met me with his kiss no more;
His parents full of sorrow,
Showed me his little bed,
And where he lay, but cold and dead!

Beneath the stroke of grief, they felt,
*How much* their hearts were broken,
As round the mercy-seat we knelt,
Cannot in words be spoken.
'Twas hard to see him die,
Though angels kindly hovered nigh!

"I long to go," one day he gently sighed,
"And live with Him in heaven,
Who children loved, and came and died,
That we might be forgiven;
I long his face to see,
Pray, mother, would you go with me?"

A dream came o'er him like a wave,
He seemed Death's vale to tread,
Till with a kiss that Jesus gave,
The strange enchantment fled;
He breathed to earth, farewell!
And with his Lord began to dwell!

## DIES IRÆ.

The celebrated Latin Hymn, beginning with *Dies Iræ*, is known to all scholars. My object, in the following version of it, has been, in connection with the spirit, to retain, as far as possible, the exact rhythm of the original, so that both the one and the other could be sung to the same tune. Of course, like all poetry transferred from one language into another, it must be regarded as an imitation rather than a translation.

It was my primary intention also to give a critical history of the hymn itself; and I early began to make collections for this purpose, but since the Rev. Dr. Williams has gone so far into it, (though a volume might be written in continuance of the same,) I have concluded to omit it. It may be simply remarked, that it is supposed to have been written by Thomas de Celano, a Minorite monk, and a native of Italy, about A. D. 1250. Many versions have been made of it into almost all languages. Of those in English, several may be seen in Williams's work. The last version into English that has met my eye, and probably the most successful one, preserving, like my own, the double rhyme, and beginning with,

"Day shall dawn that has no morn,"

was first published in the Newark Advertiser, and is said to have been made by Dr. Abraham Coles, of that city. My own version, here published, was made several years since, and before I had seen any rendering of it into English verse, preserving the exact features of the original. In the first stanza, I have preferred to drop the heathen idea that the Sybils were capable of truly prophesying. Those who wish to retain it, may read the second line,

"Sybils sung, and David's lyre."

There are several various readings of parts of the hymn,

of which no notice is taken ; and one, of the first stanza, dropping the idea respecting the Sybils and introducing that of the standard of the cross waving in triumph over the world, as the Saviour comes to judgment. This last may be expressed with a tolerable degree of exactness, thus, —

"Lo the day, that day of ire,
Burning with devouring fire,
Waves the banner of Messiah."

The closing stanza of the hymn, as will be seen, is peculiar. In the original, the two closing lines are made to contain a prayer for the dead, thus : —

"Pie Jesu Domine,
Dona eis requiem."

I have so far varied from it as to have nothing shocking to the feelings of a Protestant Christian. Indeed, this is the only place in which there comes out anything peculiar to the Roman form of Christianity. All the rest of the hymn is of the purest doctrinal character, and has faith in Christ for its fundamental principle ; thus showing that even in the dark ages there were those who had the light of life in great, if not in perfect purity. Those who wish to enter more at large into the subject of this hymn, may consult "Anthologie christlicher Gesänge aus der alten und mittlern Zeit, von August Jacob Rambach 3 Bds. Altonæ in Leipzig, 1817," vol. I., p. 32 seq. ; and especially, Dr. William R. Williams's Misc., 2d ed., N. Y., 1850, p. 78."

[Translation.]

Lo the day ! that day of ire,
Sung by Zion's hallowed lyre,
Burning with devouring fire !

O, the terrors vast arising,
Of the Judge all scrutinizing,
On a cloud the world surprising.

Hear the trumpet loudly swelling,
Through earth's dark sepulchral dwelling,
Man before the throne compelling.

Death aghast, and wide creation,
See the dead of every nation,
Rise in Judgment-expectation.

Forth is brought the Book of Ages,
Flashing direly with presages,
All things blazoned on its pages!

Jesus on his throne of wonder!
Every veil is rent asunder,
Round him rolling vengeful thunder.

Ah, me! shrink those, righteous being!
Heaven and earth prepare for fleeing!
Can I bear the eye all-seeing!

Yet, enthroned in sapphire-blazes,
Awful King, thy grace amazes, —
Save me for its endless praises!

By thee once in death extended,
Was a ruined world befriended!
On thee hang my hopes suspended.

For me thou didst bless the manger,
Bear the cross and brave its danger;
O, remember still the stranger!

Let compassion, kindly yearning,
The demands of justice spurning,
Blot the leaves against me burning!

Hear the plea thy suppliant urges,
Trembling on destruction's verges —
'Neath him rolling fiery surges.

Must I from thy face be driven,
When vile Mary was forgiven,
And the thief assured of Heaven?

Justly may thy vengeance lower;
Yet in mercy show thy power —
Let not endless flames devour!

In the last adjudication,
Grant my guilty soul a station
With the children of salvation.

From thy joys celestial never,
With the vile my spirit sever,
In thy wrath to burn forever.

Joined with myriads now before thee,
Would thy guilty worm adore thee —
Hear his trembling voice implore thee!

Day of grief and woe surprising,
When to judgment all are rising,
Then, — in mercy veiled, each feature, —
Spare, O, spare, the guilty creature;
With thee, Lord and Saviour blest!
Let him find eternal rest.

AMEN.

---

## MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION.

[Front Side.]

THE REVEREND

OLIVER ALDEN TAYLOR,

BORN AT YARMOUTH, MASS.,

AUG. 1, 1801,

INSTALLED HERE AS PASTOR,

SEPT. 18, 1839,

DIED. DEC. 18, 1851.

---

[Opposite Side.]

RESURGEMUS.

He was a man of clear intellect, of deep and various learning, of rare humility, candor and kindness; a laborious Student, an able Preacher, a devoted Pastor; he was in every relation faithful, and lived as one "who must give account."
Torn, while yet in his full strength, from the warm affections of wife, kindred and flock, he calmly resigned them all and fell asleep in Jesus.

3477 7

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: April 2006

**Preservation**Technologies
A WORLD LEADER IN PAPER PRESERVATION
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 017 452 289 3